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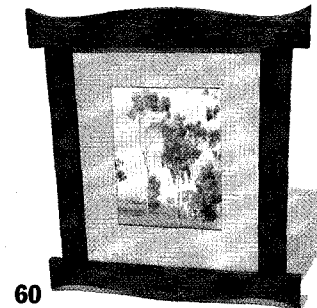
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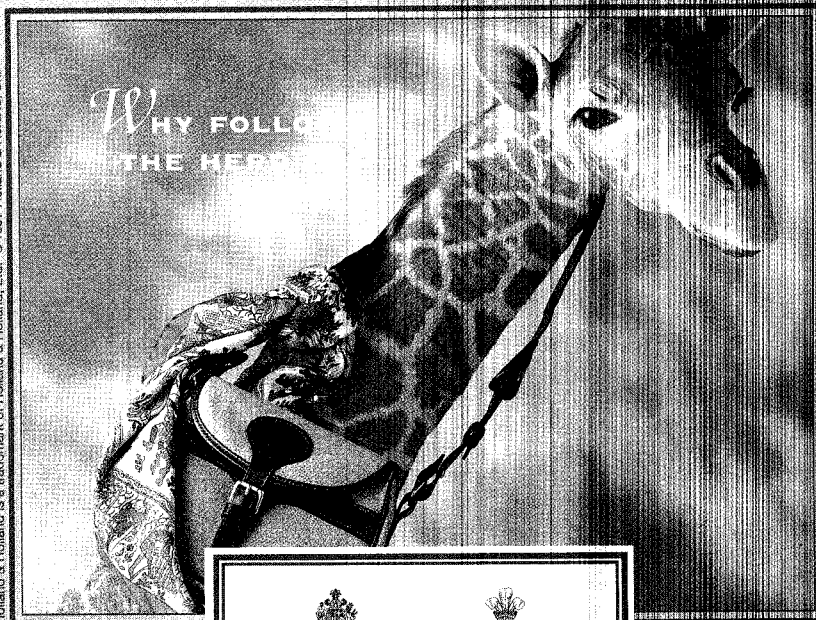
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A Pretty Mess

*Jennifer Dunn's substance, not style; is Ellen
pathbreaking or all but passé?; parents as protectors.*

HANNA ROSIN'S SCATHING COMMENTARY about Representative Jennifer Dunn, "Pretty on the Outside" [April 28], proves the sad lack of truth in the notion that women enjoy full equality in all arenas. The fact that this superficial and sexist article was written by a woman just drives home the irony that such anti-feminist perceptions still exist—flourish, in fact—30 years after the dawn of "women's liberation."

If Rosin had done her homework, she would have discovered what we at the WISH List have always known: Jennifer Dunn has been a strong and vocal defender of women and their interests. She helped lead House efforts to pass the Working Families Flexibility Act, which gives parents a choice between overtime pay or compensatory time off to be with their families. She led efforts in the last Congress to require Medicare coverage of oral drugs to treat breast cancer, pushed for additional funding for breast- and ovarian-cancer research, and called in February for extra research into mammography screening for women aged 40 to 49.

These activities constitute but a sampling of Representative Dunn's many endeavors in Congress on behalf of women. They illustrate why we at WISH count her as a loyal friend—one well worth keeping in the U.S. Congress.

*Patricia A. Goldman
President, The WISH List
WASHINGTON, D.C.*

HANNA ROSIN'S CLEVER WORDING AND ability to turn a cynical phrase make her prose pretty on the outside. But her work was ugly in many more important respects. First, it was just plain ugly in its sexist assumption that women care only about the tired list of so-called women's issues always trotted out by the left. The profile was also ugly journalism, wholly inaccurate in portraying Representative Dunn as someone who is not a serious legislator and who,

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specifically, voted to cut federal help to poor working mothers trying to escape dependence on the government.

I've known Jennifer for more than four decades. Contrary to Ms. Rosin's assertion, Jennifer Dunn has always been liked and supported by women: in high school, where she was an elected leader; during her eleven years as the Republican Party chairman in Washington State; and into her distinguished short career in Congress. Indeed, she has won the support of the vast majority of women voters in all three of her congressional campaigns.

*Lynn Goddess
MANHATTAN*

CAN THE PROM QUEEN BE VALEDICTORIAN? Can she be a feminist? No, according to Hanna Rosin. Sociobiologically speaking, intra-sex competition seems to have gotten the better of Ms. Rosin in her attack on the attractive and politically savvy congresswoman Jennifer Dunn.

More alarming than this nasty ad hominem cut is Rosin's supposition that a good congresswoman is necessarily a women's activist and not a slick politico. Fund-raising, parties, and packaging fall within the province of Washington. Certainly a woman can play with the boys, even Republican boys, without being reduced to a date or a mascot.

*Lisa Miller, Ph.D.
MANHATTAN*

HANNA ROSIN'S ARTICLE IS RIGHT ON THE money. That Ms. Dunn is the anointed front for the Republican Party's latest sham effort to "soften" its message comes as no surprise. Her feminist credentials are as strong as Strom Thurmond's.

*Bruce McIntosh
SEATTLE, WASH.*

Out There

ARIEL KAMINER, YOU ARE A VICTIM OF THE New York-Los Angeles mind-set ["The Culture Business: The Glass Closet," May 5]. Though your rose-colored ideals are sweet—"We all know they're gay"—I wonder who exactly "we" are. I have lived in Manhattan since the age of 14, went to a liberal East Coast school, and returned to Manhattan to work in the film industry; I am part of your "we." The

rest of my family, back in Colorado and Arizona, is not. My family was, and is, shocked about Ellen's coming out. A friend of mine, who is also in the film business, told his sister of a popular icon's lesbianism. She was floored and horrified. She lives in Long Island—a mere 45 minutes outside Manhattan.

*Genevieve Lohman
MANHATTAN*

IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE PAID ATTENTION to the pseudo-cool culture that's developing around sexually ambiguous celebrities. There was a time when coming out was up there with martyrdom—today, sexual ambiguity is the latest craze. From celebrities like Dennis Rodman to movies like *Chasing Amy*, being straight has become passé. Being bisexual, gay, or sexually ambiguous has evolved into something as trendy as smoking cigars.

*Anna Zaydelman
MANHATTAN*

Safe and Sound

NEW YORK KIDS CERTAINLY BECOME SAVVY earlier in life, but they do not have to become degenerate ["City Kids: Babes in the Woods," by Ralph Gardner Jr., April 28]. I was a lifelong Spence girl, and I can attest that the kids who went to clubs, partied a lot, and did not aim to make it to the Ivy League were those whose parents were constantly socializing, away on trips, or otherwise letting the nanny mind their children. Those of us who excelled in school while still having fun had parents who had lives but who were actively involved in ours and who were *not* going to take it lying down if we wandered in drunk at four in the morning. In New York, you may not have to schlep your kid to soccer practice, but you had better be involved enough in his life to make sure he actually is going to soccer practice and not to smoke pot in the Sheep Meadow.

*Michelle Forrest
BALTIMORE, MD.*

Correction The "Gotham" story "Udi Aloni's Mega Billboards" (by Norman Vanamee, April 7) incorrectly reported that Aloni's work had been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. ■



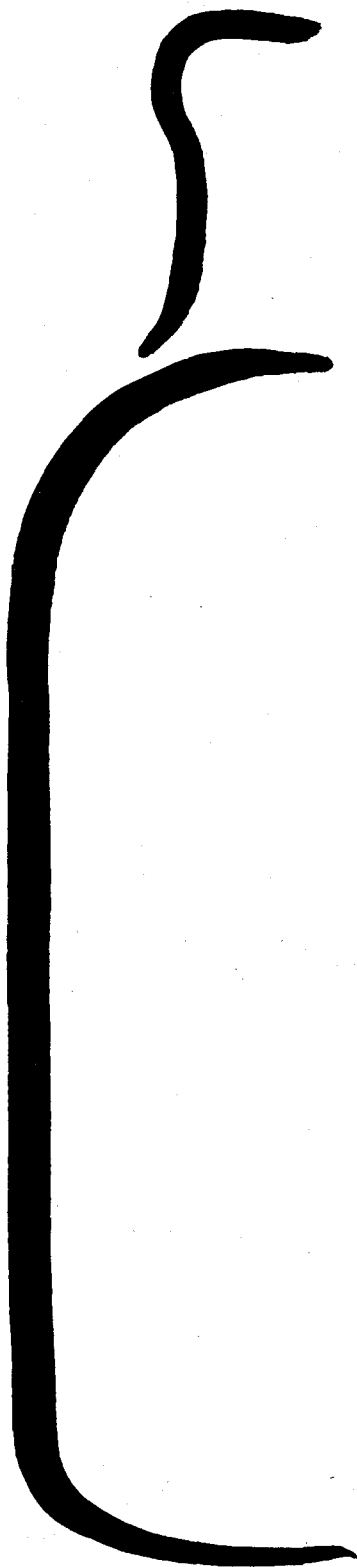
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INTELLIGENCER

REPLACING THE BIG APPLE

New York *Times* metro editor **Mike Oreskes** is leaving town. According to *Times* insiders, the respected newsman, who has frequently been named as a possible successor to managing editor **Gene Roberts**, will be taking over the *Times's* Washington bureau this fall, and **R. W. Apple** will be leaving that post to become a roving cultural correspondent for the paper. Oreskes would say only, "**Arthur Gelb** was metro editor for ten years, so I have six to go." But word is that Oreskes's deputy **Joyce Purnick** is the leading candidate for the metro slot, although **Michael Winerip**, the national-news reporter, and **Suzanne Daley**, the South African-bureau chief, are also said to be un-

SORVINO IN ALLURE: NOT A MIRA IMAGE

As far as the friends of **Mira Sorvino** are concerned, **David LaChapelle** should have his artistic license suspended. LaChapelle's pictures of the actress in the current *Allure* magazine are a sort of photographic *Hollywood Babylon*, with Sorvino playing a variety of silver-screen goddesses in their moments of scandal. Sorvino had no problem posing as Frances Farmer, both pre- and post-lobotomy, or as Lana Turner the night of Johnny Stompanato's murder. But she balked when LaChapelle asked her to do Joan Crawford axing her rosebushes, the famous *Mommy Dearest* scene. Still, there's a picture in the magazine of the rosebushes and the axes, with a caption that reads, "A nod to Joan Crawford." LaChapelle must have used a computer to superimpose a picture of Sorvino dressed as Marlene Dietrich onto his Crawford tableau, even going so far as to alter her makeup digitally to make it look more Crawfordesque. A source familiar with the situation reports, "PMK [Sorvino's publicity agency] is very mad at David LaChapelle and doesn't want him to work with their stars." A furious Sorvino took the matter to her attorney, **Michael Adler**, who says only that he's planning "to pursue my client's rights and remedies." LaChapelle, his agent, and PMK did not return calls.

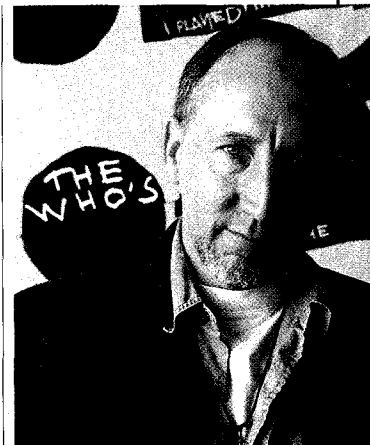
WHO DOESN'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT

It seems **Pete Townshend** hopes he saves before he gets old. The Who guitarist was recently spotted dining at the tony uptown restaurant L'Absinthe with his wife and another couple. "He looked the picture of Upper East Side respectability," says a fellow diner of the aging rocker, who was wearing a close-cropped white beard and quite a few gray hairs. But when Townshend reached for the check, he also presented the TransMedia discount-dining card. After checking with the maître d', the waiter informed Townshend that L'Absinthe was most certainly not an establishment that participated in the discount program. "We know Mr. Townshend very well," says a L'Absinthe spokesman, "but we don't belong to those sorts of groups." Maybe he needed change for the pinball machine.

der consideration. The decision about who will now succeed Roberts is still the subject of discussion. **William Keller**, another top contender, whose personal life became very public because of a high-profile relationship with English journalist **Emma Gilbey**, is said to still be very much in the running.

SLIM PICKENS FOR T. BOONE'S BOY

One New Jersey company has suddenly found itself in need of a father figure. Visual Telephone International, Inc., made headlines last January when venture capitalist **Michael O'Brien Pickens**, son of notorious corporate raider and billionaire **T. Boone Pickens**, purchased \$475,000 worth of shares of the fledgling corporation. Now VTI claims Pickens has paid only \$60,000 to the company and has defaulted on his promissory note for the remaining \$415,000. Desperate to have the debt paid, VTI co-president **Carl Ceragno** tracked down the Pickens patriarch, T. Boone. "Boone hasn't talked to Mike in years, because he's sick of his son's behavior," Ceragno reports. The father's heart softened, to a point. "He said he would bail out his little boy if his little boy would come to him," says Ceragno. Responds Pickens, "Why should my father give \$400,000 to a bunch of yahoos in New Jersey? These guys never capitalized on leads or took advantage of opportunities. If I gave them the



Pete Townshend:
In the cards

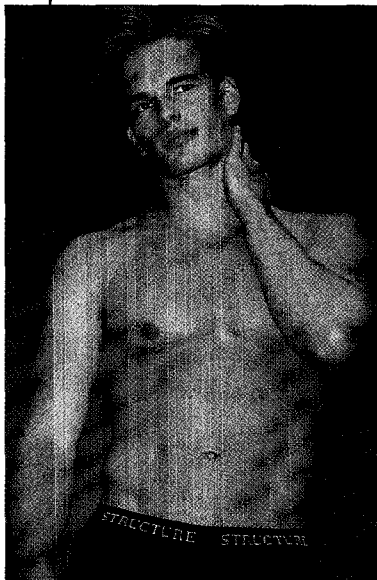


Sorvino:
Mira dearest

\$400,000, they'd blow that, too." Ceragno and his partners have contacted a lawyer, who has issued a written demand for payment. Laments Ceragno, "I am dealing with a 43-year-old child."

20/20—GUILT BY ASSOCIATION

A recent *20/20* exposé of a sleazy modeling agency may have done more harm to a reputable outfit than it did to the program's subject. The *20/20* report, which aired a few weeks ago, spotlighted International Modeling and



Joel West:
Student body

Talent Development, a New York outfit that takes money from aspiring models and has an alarmingly low rate of success in getting them modeling gigs. The day after the segment ran, calls started flooding in to the International Model and Talent Association, an Arizona-based trade group with an upstanding reputation in the modeling industry. "It was chaos and confusion after that piece," says IMT Association president **Helen Rogers**. "I had students and modeling-school directors saying they no longer wanted anything to do with us." Rogers quickly began damage control, issuing an explanatory letter to all IMT Association school directors and contacting Ford Models president **Katie Ford**, who had appeared on the *20/20* that damned the IMT agency. Ford offered to write a memo to all concerned IMT Association schools. "I am very happy to be working with models from many of your members," she writes. No doubt—the IMT Association produced Calvin Klein model **Joel West** and new Cover Girl face **Christina Thé**. Now the agency exposed

NOT EVEN A TUNICK TO WEAR

Will an artistic statement result in a mass arrest? Last November, avant-garde artist **Spencer Tunick** made headlines when he assembled nearly 100 men and women on Wall Street, had them all disrobe, and photographed them lying on the sidewalk. Now the shutterbug is heading to SoHo. Tunick, who says of his *au naturel* creations, "I'm trying to do something very beautiful and serious," would not disclose the exact date or location of the nudefest, adding only, "I'm not comfortable discussing my work with people who don't truly care about what I'm doing." But Tunick then extends an invitation to all interested parties to take part as models. "They'll get a signed print afterward," he promises. They could get more than that. A SoHo police precinct confirms that anyone caught in the buff will be slapped with an indecent-exposure charge. "Oh, man, if they do that down here, we'll bring them right in," vows one officer. Responds Tunick, who has been jailed before, "Whoever would call the police has no concern for the creation of art."

on *20/20* has a new problem. "We've issued a cease-and-desist order to stop them from using that name any longer," reports Rogers.

SELLING I.D.; SEINFELD SPREE

I.D. CRISIS: Just two weeks after a New York *Times* article declared that American Society of Magazine Editors (ASME) Awards are most useful as doorstops, proof comes that the honors don't guarantee a long shelf life. *I.D.* magazine, which won ASME awards last week for general excellence and design, is once again looking for a new home only two years after being offered for sale, and withdrawn, by owner **Marshall Cogan**. When asked about the sale, *I.D.* editor **Chee Pearlman** was reluctant at first to discuss the subject. "The smartest answer for me to give would be 'No comment,'" she says. "But the truth is, we have been put on the market." At least, with two Ellies under her belt, Pearlman can have bookends. **PLAYING DEAD:** Rumors are floating around the Grateful Dead world of a big East Coast concert—the first benefit for the Dead's Rex Foundation charity since the passing

of Jerry Garcia almost two years ago—this fall. "There's very serious talk about it," says one source, who adds that the Rex board, which includes concert promoter **John Scher**, is trying to line up stars like **Bob Dylan**; **Neil Young**; **Crosby, Stills & Nash**; **Sting**; **Bob Weir's** Ratdog; and **Mickey Hart's** Planet Drum.

A WESTERN EXPOSURE: Both **Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy** and **Jerry Seinfeld** hit the club scene last week, checking out



Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy:
A new venue

the Upper West Side lounge Venue. Bessette-Kennedy, dressed in black, arrived with in-law **Anthony Radziwill** and a couple of girlfriends. The newly single *Seinfeld* showed with fellow comedian **Mario Joyner**, and the two puffed on stogies and sipped nonalcoholic cranberry and orange drinks until 3:30 A.M. "The Upper West Side is full of *Seinfeld* fans. Girls kept going over and trying to pick him up," says one observer. Bessette-Kennedy, who was there the night before, was not one of them.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

CHECKING IN ON DAVE

David Letterman isn't just staying at a hotel in St. Barts—he's buying one. According to Caribbean sources, the nocturnal funnyman has purchased the former Au Tour du Rocher, which was first built as a nightclub, then converted to a hotel with approximately twenty rooms. The building suffered some fire damage five years ago, then took a pummeling from the hurricane in 1995. But sources say Letterman, who is fond of spinning around the island in a covered golf cart, backward baseball cap protecting him from the sun, plans to renovate the structure and turn it into his vacation home. According to a source at a neighboring St. Barts hotel, "It's very private and secluded, and there are sea views from everywhere. He will not use it as a hotel; he will use it as home, just for himself." Letterman confirms the purchase: "It's true. I hope one day to open a camp for talk-show hosts."



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GOT HAM



A dissonance comprised of a thousand noises—Walter Lippman

Madison Avenue

ADVERTISING AWARD SHOWS FACE OFF IN THE JINGLE JUNGLE

ON MAY 13 AND 14, ART DIRECTORS, copywriters, and ad-agency executives from more than 60 countries will converge on Town Hall for the Clios, the first time advertising's best-known awards show has been held in New York since Chicago businessman Jim Smyth bought the scandal-plagued operation four years ago and moved it to San Francisco.

The timing is no accident: Next week, many of those same people will reconvene uptown at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall for the One Show, which stepped in when the Clios left town. And in late June, they will all head for the south of France for the International Advertising Festival in Cannes.

After years of playing Sundance (small but prestigious) to Clio's Oscar (big, better-known, more glamorous), the One Show had, during the Clios' years of exile, come to regard itself as the premier American celebration of the advertising business—positioning its promoters are reluctant to cede.

"We're the show that people in the industry take seriously," says Mary Warlick, executive director of the One Club, which runs the One Show. "It's about time that we got the recognition we deserve." Not surprisingly, Smyth disagrees. "We've got the name recognition. What I'm hearing from people in the

industry is that there should only be two shows in this business," he says. "Cannes and Clios."

Advertising executives grumble that there are too many competitions—more than twenty major shows each year in the U.S. alone, the Clios and the One Show being the biggest. "Overall, it's become too diluted," says Donny Deutsch, head of Deutsch, Inc. "If you asked five top creative directors, 'Who swept the Clios and the One Show last year?' nobody would even remember."

The Clios once fielded as many as 25,000 entries in various TV, print, and radio categories, handing out Oscar-like statues to a staggering 3,500 winners (14 percent of the entries). But that all came to an abrupt end when Clio Awards Enterprises owner Bill Evans did a highly public crash-and-burn, reportedly using Clio money to put up a group of young male prostitutes and crack addicts at his posh Sutton Place brownstone and showing up late at the now-legendary 1991 ceremony where a caterer had taken over as emcee. A near riot ensued as people rushed the stage to steal the coveted statues.

By the next year, the number of entries had dropped to 4,000. In 1993, Smyth bought the enterprise for \$2 million and moved it to San Francisco. He has been steadily rebuilding, emulating some One Show traits, enlisting better-

known judges, toughening standards, reducing the number of awards. This year, entries reached 16,800, and for the first time in four years, the show anticipates a profit (from entry fees averaging \$175).

Nevertheless, the taint persists. "It's still judged by secretaries and assistants," says Dean Stefanides, of the Hampel/Stefanides agency, who has served as a judge for both competitions and last year sat on the One Show's board of directors. "It's laughable to people in some creative departments." (Nevertheless, his firm entered both competitions.)

And, of course, the One Show hasn't been idle. In 1991, it moved to Lincoln Center—Clio's old turf. This month, the One Show launched a glossy quarterly magazine. In 1995, it began accepting foreign-language entries as Warlick drummed up business in Clio's global territories. This year, there were 14,800 entries, up from 12,000 six years ago.

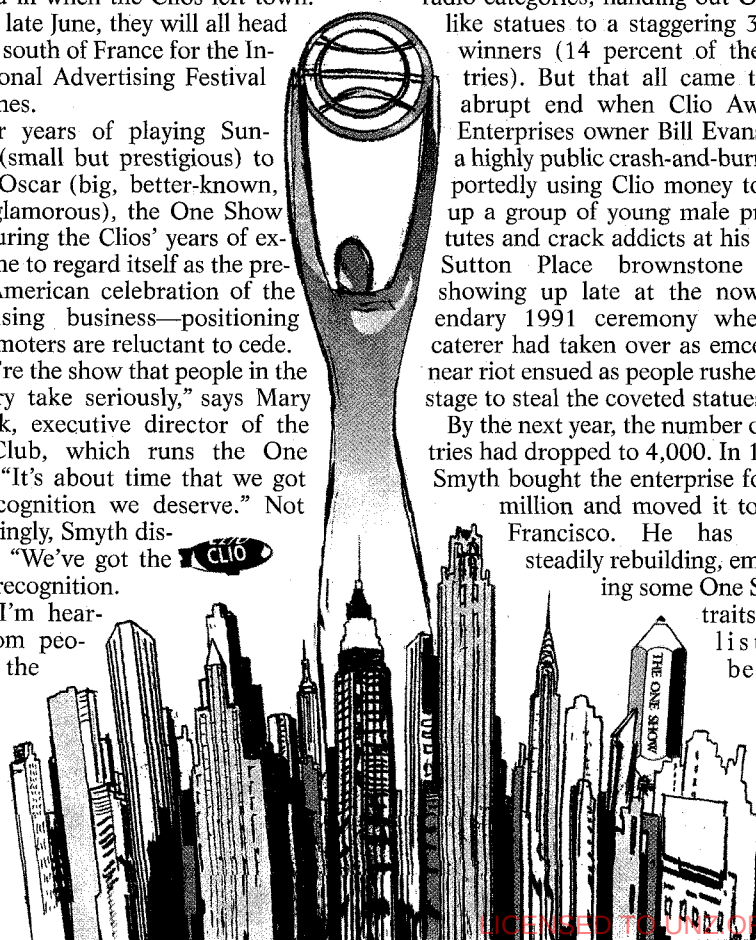
But critics complain that it's too inside-baseball. "There's a feeling a lot of times," said one creative director who asked to remain anonymous, "that the awards have nothing to do with making a successful ad for your client."

Other ad people, however, complain that neither show has filled the void left by the old Clios. "What's happened in the meantime," says O. Burtch Drake, CEO of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, "is that clearly the premier awards show that a U.S. agency now aspires to win is Cannes."

Typically, a few ads win top awards at both shows: Last year, for example, Cliff Freeman & Partners won three gold Clios and a gold One Show "pencil" for its Little Caesars "Training Camp" spot. But opinion is divided over the awards' relative worth. "Clio has all these categories," says Stefanides. Last year, 42 gold Clios were given out in the television category, compared with just 10 gold pencils.

At least one winner says there's room for both shows. "I'm glad the Clios are back. In the past, it's been a big, fun, glamorous spectacle, and it will be good to see that return," says Freeman. "But to win a pencil in television... it's like, *How the hell did I ever manage to do that?*"

NORMAN VANAMEE



Letters

THE POETRY PROJECT, CRADLE OF N.Y. PUNK, TURNS 30

"FEMALE AS THUNDER, THE AIR FILLED WITH thought, felony, drainage . . ." began Jim Carroll, reading a new poem at the Poetry Project. Jim's reading, with Lou Reed and Anne Waldman, was part of four days of events in early May at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery celebrating the literary center's thirtieth anniversary. The afternoons featured poets with ties to the Project telling audiences "secret gossip" from its history. Some of the favorite stories were pretty public, though, like the tale of how, at an infamous reading pairing Allen Ginsberg with Robert Lowell, Gregory Corso used his infant child as a noisemaker, brutally pinching it to get all the help possible in messing with Lowell.

I confess that I'm one of the people for whom the project was important way back in the late sixties. As a teenager, I learned from the outsider poets there the do-it-yourself approach that we brought to seventies music at CBGB. At the

church, the young writers were too cocky, too advanced and subversive, to depend on uptown publishers or the stodgy academic poetry journals to get their work out there. They just ran off their pamphlets and magazines on mimeo machines; those messy books still feel exciting. I remember going with Tom Verlaine to see Patti Smith there in the earliest seventies. She spit on the floor between lines, throwing away each piece of paper as she read, and had only worked up one number, with Lenny Kaye, who accompanied her on electric guitar. Jim Carroll was the teenage janitor-bouncer, sort of, skimming from the door donations to buy drugs.

Incidentally, the Poetry Project is an ongoing beauty pageant, and I don't mean just literary aesthetics. The women who go there are the most beautiful alive. Since men poets tend to be homely, I've often wondered, why are poet women so gorgeous? I don't know the answer.

Of course, there are other reasons to get into poetry besides girl-watching or an appetite for rude charisma. Two right off: the jokes, and a trip to the river inside you (thanks, June Leaf). New York



The Poetry Project at 30: Jim Carroll and fans.

poetry is notorious for its jokes. There's a whole school of New York poetry, a marriage—to oversimplify horribly—of Walt Whitman's loose conversational friendliness and the sophisticated (but unpretentious and funny) French moderns, such as Apollinaire, Pierre Reverdy, and the surrealists. The Poetry Project is its campus, clubhouse, headquarters, home. Just hearing the names of the New York poets who created the scene—among them Ted Berrigan, Ron Padgett, Anne Waldman, Bernadette Mayer, Jim Brodey, Larry Fagin—conjures visions of years-long talkfests; the pharmaceutical smell of fresh black mimeo ink rising from a sweet, hilarious Joe Brainard cover drawing; the avid, hankering crowd at a Wednesday-night reading featuring Padgett with his mug-shot face, reassuring voice, and deadpan delivery intoning, maybe, "the windowpane is streaked with rain / trying to come in / to go everywhere / to make everything wet / I am lying in my bed / head near the window / aware of all this / thinking How Great / We Win."

Naturally, the Poetry Project has changed over the years. Thanks largely to its current director, Ed Friedman, it's more stable and organized, as well as more eclectic, than it was in the sixties and seventies. The annual New Year's Marathon readings, featuring whoever's around, from William Burroughs and Laurie Anderson to Nick Zed and Paul Beatty, have become required downtown viewing. But the original aims and generous spirit still prevail. The audiences are there because they love what writing can do, and most poets agree that it's the best place to read in the city, if not the world. It's an institution. **RICHARD HELL**

SITE LINES

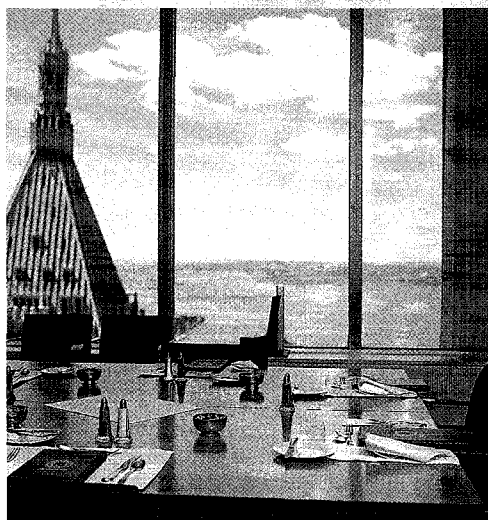
Chase's Advantage

New York's office towers are full of secret places—boardrooms, dining rooms, and clubs—that offer select executives sights the rest of us never get to see. As a rule, when invited to one of these off-limits enclaves, one should always go. On Sunday, May 18, from noon to 5 P.M., the Alliance for Downtown New York is sponsoring an open house, a free self-guided tour of ten significant postwar buildings, including the World Trade Center, One Liberty Plaza (formerly the headquarters of U.S. Steel), and 55 Broad Street (a.k.a. the New York Information Technology Center). A guidebook written by architectural historian Anthony Robins, available for purchase at the Church Street entrance to the World Trade Center, leads sightseers across endless plazas, past monumental sculptures, and through spotless lobbies.

But the real reason to take the tour is that it provides an almost unheard-of opportunity to visit the sixtieth-floor executive dining rooms atop Chase Manhattan Plaza. Designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, this 1960 tower sits lightly on rows of aluminum-clad columns. On the top floor, the wraparound view is both expansive—on a clear day you can see Coney Island—and intimate, offering a nose-to-nose encounter with the pyramidal spire of neighboring 40 Wall Street.

While the sixtieth floor's open dining and conference areas are cluttered with unlovely furnishings, many of the private dining rooms are pristine and elegant, some furnished with Mies van der Rohe's cantilevered Brno chairs and sleek, wall-mounted marble-topped sideboards. Extraordinary works of art hang everywhere—a Warhol here, a Nevelson there. For one day, the public can penetrate Chase's private observatory, a living museum where the golden age of corporate modernism endures.

KARRIE JACOBS

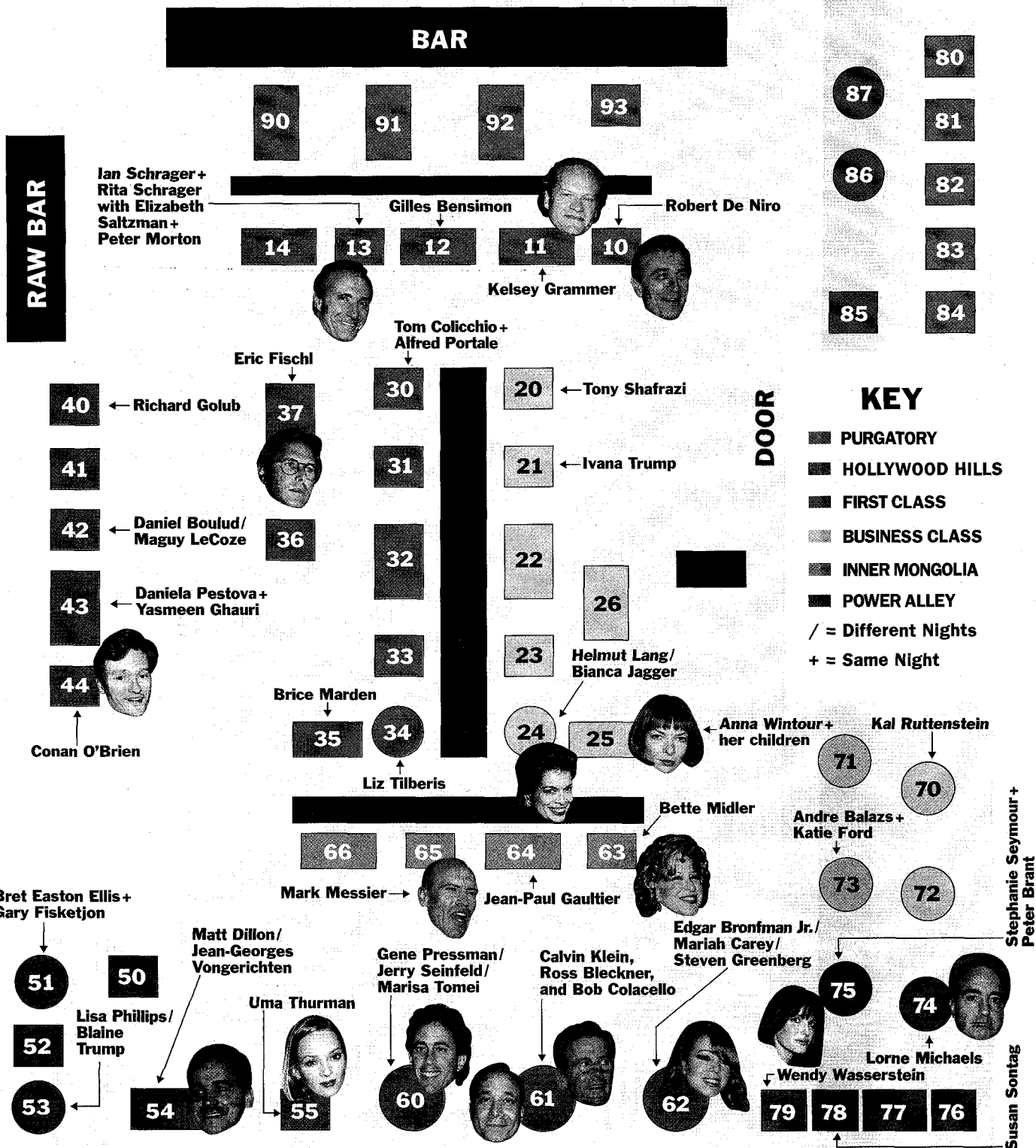
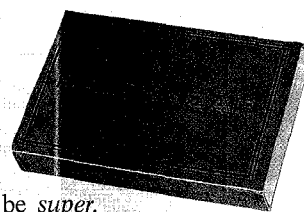


Pyramid power-dining atop Chase Plaza.

Eat Your Heart Out

Bianca was there twice. Calvin showed up, too, as did Uma, Mariah, and Anna. Conan O'Brien brought a date who looked a bit dazed, and the newly single Jerry Seinfeld brought no one at all, which *really* got the crowd whispering. For the first week of its life, Balthazar—Keith McNally's Spring Street bistro—drew more stars than there are in the whole Michelin universe. People who, in their day jobs, rule the world (of fashion, entertainment, art, and finance) were throwing themselves on the mer-

cy of the overwrought maître d', begging for a place at a table, any table—though a banquette would be *super*, thanks. Who knows how long its restaurant-of-the-moment status will last, but right now, the wait for reservations is three weeks and counting. To figure out who was landing the hot seats last week, *New York's* Braden Keil sneaked a peek at Balthazar's top-secret Big Book. Be there or be Cher.



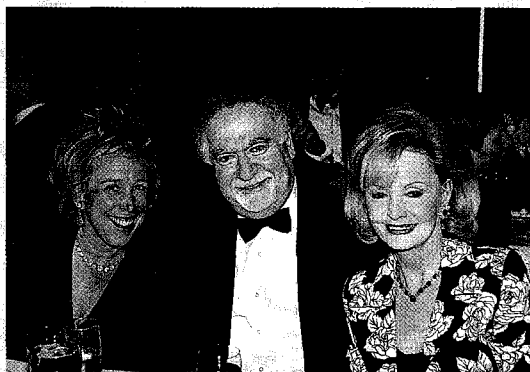
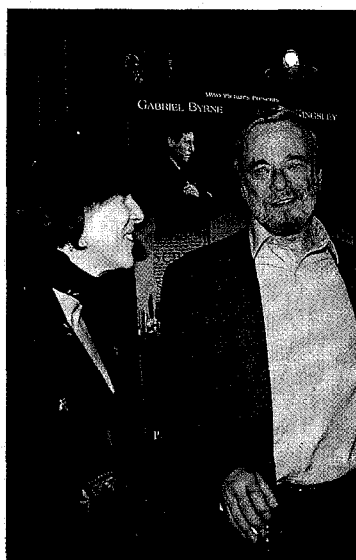
The Pet Set

At an awards ceremony for service and therapy animals, and at benefits for GMHC, Southampton Hospital, and the Kitchen.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Clockwise from above, D. D. Ryan and C. Z. Guest at the Chinese Porcelain Company for "Walter Lees: Through the Camera's Eye"; Nora Ephron and Stephen Sondheim at Le Cirque 2000 for the premiere of HBO's *Weapons of Mass Distraction*; Linda Wachner, Vartan Gregorian, and Iris Cantor at the Literacy Partners Evening of Readings and Gala Dinner Dance.



Counterclockwise from left, Eliza Reed with her mother, Annette de la Renta, at the Delta Society's 1997 National Service and Therapy Animal Awards; Chuck Scarborough and Bill Beutel at the home of Lynette and Howard Gittis for a "summer party" to benefit Southampton Hospital; Vernon Reid congratulates Philip Glass at his 60th-birthday party, which benefited the Kitchen.



Remembrance A BRIEF ELEGY FOR A MAN OF MANY WORDS

I WALKED OUT OF DAY TWO OF last year's Republican convention in the company of Christopher Hitchens, Carol Blue, and Murray Kempton, all of us grouching about the day's proceedings, which reached their apex with Newt Gingrich's treatise on the liberating virtues of beach volleyball. Murray, so disgusted with Bill Clinton by this time that he'd come out for Bob Dole in his column, carried the conversation, as usual. "These bastards *would* have to wait until I joined their party," he said, "to put on this appalling spectacle."

I don't know if he traveled the full route from Communist (which he was briefly in the thirties) to Republican in the course of his 79 years, although he did seem serious about Dole. Ideological purity was not the point with Kempton; a man who has watched eight decades of life stroll past his window can surely be forgiven the dissipation of his earliest ideological fervors. What, then, was the point? He was less interested in what a person believed than in how strongly he held to those beliefs—"the way politics and character mixed, or didn't mix," as Steve Wasserman, who edited Kempton's 1994 collection *Rebellions, Perversities, and Main Events*, puts it.

Murray's distaste for Clinton comes clear in this context. Likewise his sympathy for Roy Cohn and G. Gordon Liddy (which, despite what the obituaries said, came with reservations). Less alloyed was his enthusiasm for Anthony Scotto, the longshoreman whose racketeering trial Kempton covered in 1979. When *The Village Voice's* Wayne Barrett attacked Kempton, Pete Hamill, and others over their kind words for Scotto, "Pete didn't speak to me for ten years," Barrett says, "but Murray wouldn't shut up." He labelled Barrett the "sea-green incorruptible," invoking Carlyle and—as even Wayne agrees—getting it just right.

One particularly fruitful Kemptonian relationship was with *Grand Street*, which in the eighties, under founding editor Ben Sonnenberg, was the finest quarterly in America. Murray wrote for it just twice: a Cohn piece and a defense of the old *Partisan Review*. Both are collected, and well worth tracking down.

"He was as near as we had to Homer taking the first ill-digested thoughts about the Battle of Troy and hammering them into shape," says Alexander Cockburn. For proof, read him on Martin Luther King Jr. or the 1968 Democratic convention. Or any of a hundred other topics. They record an age deeply enriched by his presence.

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Not Their Finest Hour

The worldly chattel of Pamela Digby Churchill Hayward Harriman hits the block at Sotheby's, and the whole clan is in a swivet about having to bid on the keepsakes.

EVEN HER DEATH WAS SOMETHING out of Judith Krantz: in the pool of the Paris Ritz, mid-lap. And what eulogies. President Chirac of France lauded the deceased, Pamela Harriman, as "a beautiful ambassador, one of the best since Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson," then pinned the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor on her flag-draped coffin. Our own president stopped only slightly short of sending the casket of his chief fund-raiser down the Potomac on a flaming barge.

Now, barely four months after that last lap, we've got Pamela: The Sale. A huge accumulation of supremely marketable, and even attractive, Pamelabilia—whisked by Sotheby's exhausted elves from her homes in Georgetown; Middleburg, Virginia; and France to the York Avenue galleries. Her heirs, estranged only son Winston Churchill and his estranged wife, Mary, presumably want their money fast. They've got some \$12 million to \$14 million in taxes to pay, and Sotheby's had this May 19–21 slot open. Christie's, where Harriman sold her art successfully before, didn't. So, impeccably assembled in a five-pound, profusely illustrated catalogue, are some 1,200 of the perfectly polite and occasionally kitschy possessions of Pamela Harriman, late ambassador to France, late Democratic angel, late ranking courtesan of our time. And although Sotheby's has been uncharacteristically shy about publicizing its three-day sale (protecting the lady from undue flak?), next week Harriman will attract those final hordes of wealthy admirers and fetch, the auction house hopes, Jackie-type bucks.

But why the haste? And why flog a lot of inexpensive W. Averell Harriman and Leland Hayward memorabilia instead of giving the kids some early dibs? Winston

Churchill, who would benefit most from talking up the sale, is surprisingly taciturn: "It was my mother's wish that her things be sold at auction," he says with an embarrassed chuckle. But doesn't Winston want to keep his grandfather's liquor-bottle still life, however inept? It was "possibly her wish that Winston not get his hands on anything," ventures Pamela pal and jewelry designer Kenneth Jay Lane.

Where there's a will, naturally, there's a fight. Averell Fisk, Harriman's step-grandson, maintains that Winston Churchill

be bidding against the public for his grandfather's collection of crocodile bibelots, estimated at \$300 to \$500, and the dreary watercolor of the executive mansion in Albany (\$300 to \$500). As Pamela's estate still owes the Harrimans money, a portion of the sale's proceeds will, perversely, go to pay the \$2 million remaining debt she essentially incurred from mismanaging their trust funds.

Potential buyers will find that Harriman exercised finer taste in men than in furniture. Her catalogue is tasteful



Like a virgin? Harriman, left, and a wedding gift from Averell Harriman: Romney's portrait of Nelson's mistress as vestal.

promised the family would be allowed to buy Governor Harriman's personal mementos before the sale. Fisk expected gentlemanly treatment, since his family had yielded to Pamela's request (despite the Harrimans' recent financial imbroglio) to be buried at Arden with the Harriman family. But Churchill denies ever cutting such a deal: "We didn't have a chance of buying things, either. The Harrimans are in no different circumstances than my family. The only things that were kept out of the sale were photos, memorabilia—things of limited value." So now Fisk will

enough. A classy green—no cover pictures—with endpapers in an ostrich-cum-horseshoe motif (the oddly dopey Digby crest), it cunningly resembles Sotheby's last best-seller, the fabled Jackie tome. "I hope," says Kenneth Jay Lane, "that they're not comparing catalogues, wherever they are."

If they are, Pamela's surely thrilled to be in that league. While Jackie was redoing the White House and looking for donations, Pamela (then a Hayward) longed to join the ranks of Jayne Wrightsman, C. Z. Guest, and Henry du Pont—without

spending, of course. With just a couple of dinky wire baskets, she managed to clam-ber onto the donors' list. Yet Mrs. Onas-sis's sale had no paintings as heavy-duty as the cool, architectural John Singer Sargent that J. Carter Brown, director emeritus of the National Gallery in Washington and one of Harriman's more recent escorts, says he "brought to [Harriman's] atten-tion." The Churchills hope to bag \$750,000 to \$1 million for it. And there's a very small, very choice Seurat, from the art gallery of Marie Harriman, Harriman's first wife, at \$600,000 to \$800,000. Of course, there are those works by Pamela's former father-in-law Sir Winston too—paintings by him and of him—bad, but highly collectible. Brown, Harriman, Churchill: "Every man in her life," says decorator Jeffrey Billhuber, "contributed a couple of hundred lots to this sale."

But if we're still comparing sales, it should be noted that Pamela was the bet-ter housekeeper. Not a gewgaw is broken or shabby. And there's (almost) no real junk. She always hired the best decora-tors, of course: Stéphane Boudin, who did the White House for the Kennedys, and Georges Geoffroy, who, in the years when Pamela was being kept by Elié de Rothschild and Gianni Agnelli, shopped for Louis Quinze with her. His succes-sors were Billy Baldwin, Sister Parish, Bunny Williams, and, at the last, Mark Hampton. Pamela recognized good decora-ting advice more readily, it seems, than financial advice. (There Jackie has her, hands down.) Both ladies, of course, were perfectly well-bred. Yet notice that there wasn't a stick of bedroom furniture in the Jackie sale, while Harriman's will put up not one but *two* lovely beds. Har-riman's sale, on the other hand, has no jewelry. Not her stepdaughter Brooke Hayward's long-lost, much-lamented, much-written-about family pearls. Not even *fake* pearls. (So everyone's wonder-ing where the jewelry's gone.)

On the whole, however, Harriman's up-holstery is cleaner. And perhaps more his-torically accurate too. There's a rocker, for instance, which, at the end of a page-long drumroll on "The Rocking Chair in Amer-ican Life," Sotheby's murmurs, is "one we believe [Kennedy] presented to the Harri-mans." James Abbott, curator of decora-tive arts at the Baltimore Museum of Art and author of an upcoming book on Kennedy White House decoration, points out that "the upholstery on this rocker is correct for the White House. The Jackie-sale rocker was completely reuphol-stered." That rocker brought \$442,500. So at \$20,000 to \$30,000, the Harriman version could be a steal. And everyone's



Still life by Sir Winston: Unique (but no Cézanne).

smirking at the double entendre of Rom-ney's painting *Lady Hamilton as a Vestal*, presented by Harriman to Pamela as a wedding gift. The notorious Lady Hamil-ton, of course, was Lord Nelson's mis-tress—about as much of a vestal as Harri-man's own blushing bride. That Hamilton woman ended badly: poor, and scorned by the government. It's well known that Averell Harriman had no sense of humor. What could he have meant?

There's decent second-tier art, too. Brooke Hayward (daughter of Leland, the producer), who's loathed her ex-step-mother for years, would have leaped at the chance to buy her father's theater posters, to add to his collection at the Lincoln Center Theater Library. Her fa-ther commissioned the large Ludwig Bel-melmans tempera panels, too, and she would have liked first refusal. The Churchills should have called, but then, says Hayward acidly, "there's nothing shocking about this type of bad form. It's simply business as usual." Will the sale be closure, for Brooke? "The closure came when she cooled. *That* was a great moment. Although maybe she's still float-ing around somewhere, like Vampyra."

Or, like her fluffy ostrich avianalia, is she wandering through Sotheby's ex-hibition of the Waspy furniture and flow-ery plates that tastefully, if generically, filled her rooms? Who will buy the large, distinctly Jurassic rendering of that ostrich farm? The pair of bronze os-triches with candle sockets on their heads? The ostrich-egg lamp?

Everyone agrees, even her friends, that

Pamela was no Jackie. So why might Indi-ana housewives pay a premium here? Af-ter all, says Jeffrey Billhuber, "The name Pamela Harriman is on the lips of about eight people." And why expose her am-biguous reputation to a major public roast? It's odd, though, that Sotheby's sent no catalogue to Joan Rivers, who bought at the Jackie sale, or Marvin Shan-ken, chairman and publisher of *Cigar Af-icionado*, who paid \$574,500 for JFK's hu-midor and would surely have been inter-ested in the humidor embossed with a still life by the former prime minister—Sir Winston smoked a little, too. Shanken didn't even know about the auction.

Nor did Bill Hayward, Harriman's moderately estranged stepson. But if, as Hayward observes, "people didn't connect to Pamela the way they did to Jackie," the Churchills might not come away with the bundle for Britain that they're hoping for. "I think," says Averell Fisk, "they're all in for a rude shock." Still, Kenneth Jay Lane will be there, bidding on "a sleeper." (Maybe the one that everyone, except Sotheby's, caught: the signed Cecil Beaton gouache portrait of Pamela, incorrectly listed as "American School, 20th Centu-ry." Sotheby's is now printing an adden-dum to the catalogue.) Brooke Hayward and Averell Fisk will be bidding, of course. Old friend Kitty Carlisle Hart won't go to the sale, but she'll stop by the exhibition. And will Harriman's Dem-ocratic pals come to buy? ("I don't think she was *really* a Democrat," says Bill Hay-ward. "She was actually a Tory.") Will Gore want a keepsake? Will Clinton want that equestrian painting of Harriman—as ever—in the hunt? "Why, after all," quips Joan Rivers, "would anyone want a piece of Pamela Harriman? Anyone that want-ed it, believe me, has already had it."

Sotheby's, though, has already sold 3,500 catalogues, many through its pro-mo mailing to Jackie-sale purchasers. They obviously expect a blitz. But Harri-man was no princess—like Di, for in-stance, whose used clothes will be flogged at Christie's in June. We may, af-ter all, be just on the cusp of some last, more literal "bare-it-all" trend. Lives aren't enough. Now it's maid's-room closets and tack rooms.

An epilogue to the paperback edition of Sally Smith's Harriman biography is poised on the presses for next week's auction results. And the hot marketers at Sotheby's might do their own epi-logue, like the smarmy booklet they pub-lished after Jackie went on the block. For Pamela Digby Churchill Hayward Harriman, it could be called *A History of the Barely Speaking Peoples*. ■

Goddess at Large

After nine years as the angriest woman on television, and now an onstage stint as the angriest woman in Oz, has Roseanne got it out of her system? Not quite yet.

ROSEANNE, THE TV TITAN WITH THE SOLITARY MONIKER, has come east, to New York, to be the Wicked Witch of the West.

She took on this new persona (in *The Wizard of Oz* at the Theater at Madison Square Garden) shortly after the final *Roseanne* wrapped. Over the course of nine years, Roseanne demolished network television's still-Ozzified image of the family; she did for working-class moms what Mary Tyler Moore did for seventies career gals. Mary was all about work, and work was her family; meanwhile, the Conners, the poster family for the diminishing-expectations crowd, were the economy-size embodiments of the working class; the last gasp of un-Gapped America. They didn't have careers, but they did have their ever-expanding brood to rally in times of (constant) crisis.

In almost a decade, not one of Roseanne's three kids finished school; her younger daughter ended up pregnant, then married; her sister breast-fed at the altar; her husband barely made a living and then had a heart attack; even her son, D.J., seemed faintly doomed.

Still, despite the chaos every week, there was something smart and inspired about how Roseanne barreled through, and her constant forward motion and brazen directness helped viewers deal with their own lives, too. Given how popular the show was (it was in the top five for its first five years), it's odd that the final installment (May 20) has attracted so little notice—*Ellen*'s national coming-out party seems to have stolen all the mindshare. Roseanne certainly didn't take time to sit shivah—at least not in the traditional, rending-of-garments way. Instead, she threw herself into this twelve-performances-a-week Wicked Witch gig with a salary that's probably not even close to covering what it's costing her to be here.

Even in the East, Roseanne maintains the armature of stardom. Summoned to meet her for lunch, I arrive at her temporary quarters at the Wal-

dorf Towers, where I am told to alert the chauffeur standing guard outside his stretch, who then tells the guy with the walkie-talkie, who then brings me up in the private elevator to Mrs. Douglas MacArthur's former apartment. The double doors open, and it's beautiful and airy and canary yellow. The guy with the walkie-talkie searches for Roseanne; there's an enormous baby carriage collapsed in the corner of the foyer, under a side table on which a pair of sweat socks sits on top of the expansive cups of a white bra and workout pants. Ben, her third husband (and former chauffeur and bodyguard), can be heard in another room, as can her 21-month-old son, Buck, who is crying. But no Roseanne.

We go back down in the elevator, and as I get off, I can see her perched on a chair in the corner of the lobby, not happy about having to wait on her own, wearing a baseball cap, a denim shirt, a long black skirt, and sandals, without a drop of makeup on her face. Sitting alone in the corner,

Roseanne looks pretty, and open and vulnerable, and altogether small.

Her much-hyped habit of taking up all the oxygen, of scaring people with her outsize appetites and inappropriate behavior and ego the size of the Ritz, is nowhere evident in this trimmed-down little woman with manicured nails and a DKNY leather backpack, obviously eager to eat lunch. She seems calm, almost in a spiritual mode.

We go by limo to the Rain-bow Grill and are seated at a corner banquette. And Roseanne, the Mother of All Stand-ups who get their own TV shows and infiltrate the culture with their trademark rhythms and phrases, orders a really big salad.

"Comics are not far from prophets," she tells me while eating very neatly. "So I always saw myself as, like, called by God with a mission, and I still do."

Perhaps her biggest cosmic joke came this season, in the conceit that brought her life and TV persona full circle: After all the failures, the near-bankruptcies, the part-time-job juggling, the borrowing, the economic subsisting, Roseanne and her sis-



ter win the lottery; Rosie is rich.

Critics called it not only a desperate attempt to rescue the show's ratings (which still ended up in the top 35 in this final season) but also a betrayal of *Roseanne's* roots. She was trying for an intentionally surreal take on celebrity, wealth, and power, but the critics saw a deluded *auteur* spoiled by her own success as TV's longest-reigning domestic bitch goddess. Gone was the poignant honesty of the factory worker with the queen-size Wal-Mart wardrobe and the bad perm.

Though given the vast transformation in Roseanne's face and body, how could it be any other way? Her multiple surgeries are almost grotesquely delineated by the opening montage, in which still photos of Roseanne morph from her old, round-faced suburban self to her new, sleek-and-cheekboned glamour-babe incarnation. Admitting the surgically obvious is shocking in Hollywood, where Demi and other divas regularly claim that having children elevates their breasts.

"I figured that everybody could see themselves in me," she says, "because it was also an inner morph at the same time. I mean, I acquired wealth, and then I thought I'd fix myself up. I mean, to buy eyelids is hilarious. . . . I have big, baggy eyes, and I got eyelids *built*."

But now she's more circumspect. (Her doctor was Harry Glassman, Victoria Principal's husband, who also did Sara Gilbert's nose job.) She says, "I have this piece of wood in my nose [a sort of splint inserted as part of the narrowing process], and my nose runs all the time. Nobody ever tells you stuff like that."

She seems to think it was a phase, related to a specific time and place, a way to make her career wins visible. Just as Ellen could no longer live in her own skin playing an awkward, dweeb-evading hetero, Roseanne the one-woman conglomerate, who made \$21 million last year, had to come out on her show about her own power and money.

"Satire is much better than sitcom," she says. And ironically, the post-Lotto episodes are *Roseanne's* most vicious satires of class privilege.

In one, she deconstructs the Kennedy myth. "There's a lot of destroying of women in that family," she says. In her "masterpiece," as she calls it, Roseanne and her mostly female clan (John Goodman's character, Dan, was said to be in California) visit the beach-side compound of a Kennedy-like dynasty. Roseanne tutors the long-suffering heiress daughter in female anger. "You need to get mad and yell and get it out." (The

matriarch was played by a man in drag, in a wheelchair, wearing a wig.)

In that parallel universe where Roseanne the character meets Roseanne her Creator, she carries on: "I mean, when I left my husband because of the naughty-boy behavior, people were appalled. They went, Jesus, you're going to lose this deal, and that deal. . . . I don't give a—I'm not going to live with that. That's from a working-class person, obviously, because at the higher levels of elitism, the women look the other way totally. They are totally numbed by the money or whatever. Because you know what might happen to them is, they might get fat like Roseanne!"

By the final show, she has declared her own goddess-based spirituality. Her real-life religious awakening (back in L.A., she's been studying the Kabbalah with a rabbi-cum-quantum physicist) is codified in the final episode, a virtual birth-orama: Darlene's baby (a sort of female Jesus) survives; Becky announces she's pregnant; Leon, Roseanne's gay boss, and his significant other adopt a baby from Romania. It's *Sybil's Little House Touched by an Angel on the Prairie*.

Roseanne says this new focus came over her when she was pregnant (in real life) with her fifth child, Buck: "I thought I was going to lose him, and I was in bed for twelve weeks. And I had to really let go of the show when it first went down [in the ratings], and I had to be okay with that. But I had to remain calm, and I found some strength there.

"It's about fighting, you know."

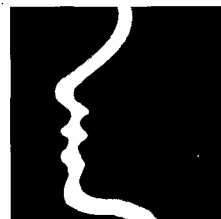
And now she's brought the fight to Madison Square Garden. She comes here to talk of the Wicked Witch, with whom she's always identified. "The outsider is green," she says. "She's the original woman before she's been civilized, pasteurized, and all that shit."

Although her work at ABC seemed to be about revealing the little man behind the curtain, Roseanne starts to sound like Camille Paglia in her contrary defense of the witch: "She's a victim's-rights advocate. Dorothy killed her sister and stole her sister's shoes. She didn't kill anybody. The sweet little girl is the murderer, if you really want to get into it."

Moreover, Roseanne has infinite contempt for Dorothy's desire to leave Oz and "go back to fucking Kansas. They wanted to appoint her the New Witch, and she wasn't comfortable. She'd rather be on a farm in Kansas, pulling up fucking beets—like most women in the world would. Not comfortable to be the queen. But I would be. I want to be the queen . . . I was always ready to rule." ■

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The Next Hot Schools

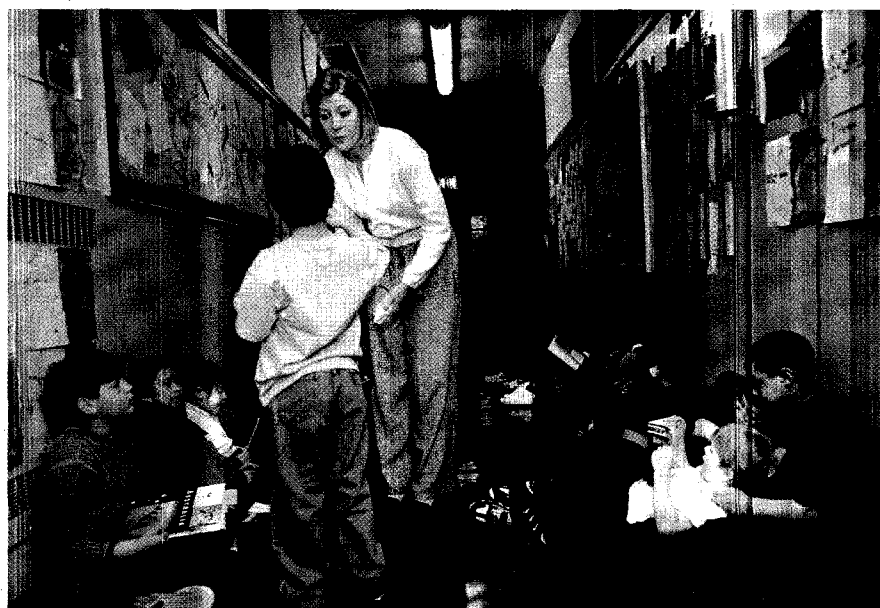
LOOKING FOR A GOOD PUBLIC SCHOOL THAT
EVERYBODY DOESN'T ALREADY KNOW
ABOUT? HERE, 12 PROMISING PROSPECTS
TO ADD TO YOUR LIST. BY SUSAN BRENNAN

Kindergartners
at P.S. 116 work
on scenery for
their class
performance of
*Charlotte's
Web*.

WHEN I WENT SEARCHING FOR A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR MY KIDS—ONE about to enter kindergarten, the other second grade—I wanted to fall in love with this one particular elementary. It was in my outer-borough district (which meant my children would have neighborhood classmates), and when I visited the school in the fall of 1996, the teachers, in their pleasantly distressed dress, seemed smart and kind and committed. But even after visiting the school a second time and attending a packed and electrifying parents' meeting (people seemed *passionate* about getting the kindergartners pattern blocks), I had doubts about the academics. The place had a work-in-progress, we'll-get-it-right-soon looseness about it.

So, taking advantage of the school's family-friendly policy, I volunteered one day in the kindergarten. As I was helping a girl build a doll bed out of wood scraps around mid-morning, snack time was called. The teacher, who had no assistant, busied herself pouring paints for the next project as the kids plopped on the floor, opened their lunch boxes, and started swapping goodies. And there my dream died. The sight of those 5-year-olds ritualistically eating Cheetos and jam-my crackers off the naked floor, their teacher too rushed to no-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC ASNIN
FOR NEW YORK



tice, sent me right over the river to Manhattan on a confusing and exasperating but ultimately successful search for an appealing out-of-zone public school.

Every New York City parent has the right to exercise school choice, to shop for a public school that's better (or just a better family fit) than the vintage brick pile—fabulous, failing, or mediocre—down the block. Relatively few parents, as it turns out, exercise the option (7 or 8 percent by a Board of Ed estimate), perhaps because it comes without any provision for transportation—how would a kindergartner get from East New York to the Lower East Side? Plus, the search-and-application process remains a hair-pulling manifestation of the hell of decentralization. Not only are the rules different in each of New York's 32 community school districts, but the hunt requires

Top, a kindergarten poetry reading at P.S. 116; above, teacher Virginia Lockwood helps a first-grader find his fourth-grade reading buddy.

serious time and persistence.

Had I not been self-employed and conditioned as a journalist to keep files on all I saw and heard, I'm not sure I could have finished what turned out to be a monthslong choice-a-thon. I got a late start—parents should begin in September, a year before they plan to enroll their kids—and I put in many half-days touring schools, meeting test and interview deadlines. I talked to anyone I knew or met who might have done this before me (sometimes parents from adjoining grocery-store-checkout aisles would get going on their respective schools), and I eavesdropped on other touring parents, adding their first choices to my go-see list (See "Getting In," page 29).

Is choice an insider's game? If there's a secret password that unlocks certain schools, no one passed it to me. But the investigative nature of the process inevitably

favors educated parents for whom networking is an extension of breathing.

Perhaps the most important thing to keep in mind: Parents who fixate on one "hot" Manhattan school invite bitter disappointment. Virtually every school gives priority to neighborhood or district families, and for schools with a serious amount of buzz, the waiting lists can expand exponentially from year to year.

Parents need to broaden the search. Following, therefore, is a list of public elementary and middle schools that welcome lookers, and that could be among the next household names (or numbers). Many other vital and interesting schools could have made the list, but these were chosen in part for their range of educational approaches and in part because their home districts in Manhattan (with one exception) continue to welcome public-school shoppers from all over the city, in a way that most other districts do not. This search process was admittedly subjective, involving school visits and reviews of school performances, plus interviews with principals, teachers, parents, and students. In all cases, the leaders of these schools exhibited the conviction and drive of generals on a mission. You *will* want to follow them into the unknown, even if you have to bring the chalk, markers, and copy paper.

One cautionary note: With new and alternative schools sprouting in even the most change-resistant precincts, it would be a mistake for parents not to investigate the options in their own districts first. The only rule is: Go see.

ELEMENTARIES

P.S. 11

320 West 21st Street
Brenda Steele, Principal
Students: 550; Teachers: 40

OFTEN, PRINCIPALS ARE COMPARED TO CEOs—minus the stock options and lunch hour—and none are more bottom-line than Steele, whose priority on arriving at P.S. 11 two years ago was to address the school's marketing problem. She knew that without a better showing on standardized test scores she'd never even get many parents through the door to hear about the curriculum, or the school's classical-music series sponsored by violinist Midori, or its weekly read-alouds with visiting actors, or the link-up with Dalton on teaching technology. So in Steele's first year, students who fell short of meeting citywide minimums on reading and math tests were bombarded with pedagogy. They read through lunch and were encouraged to stay after school twice a week for two hours more of reading. The scores jumped in one year by double digits (70 percent of last year's third-graders read at

grade level, compared with 43 percent citywide). And interest from parents tripled, judging by how many jumped aboard the midyear tours. "This year we saw parents who easily could have afforded private schools," says Steele.

More proof that 11 has moved up on the choice circuit: It's developed an outer-borough network, among a cluster of Greenpoint families who journey to its Chelsea locale (many specifically for the gifted program, as 11 is two-tiered). The school, an economic and ethnic jumble, is like many in District 2 (eastern Manhattan from 14th to 96th Streets and western Manhattan below 59th) in the way math is taught—lots of manipulatives and chat about "strategies." A second-grade class spent ten minutes not long ago trying to explain to one another what exactly makes 139 an odd number: "Nine can be even, because if you had two nines," argued one boy digging colored Unifix cubes out of a box, "that's even." "Harlan, that's eighteen," another child objected impatiently. "You can disagree," commented teacher Elizabeth Sweeny, "but your tone is very important."

The school has its own approach to reading and writing, a mix of progressive and traditional methods. "Certainly the curriculum is literature-based," Steele says, "but do we do phonics? Absolutely. Do we teach spelling? Yes we do."

A special bonus: Kids learn to swim in the indoor pool.

P.S. 116

210 East 33rd Street
Anna Marie Carrillo, Principal
Students: 800; Teachers: 42

THIS IS THE YEAR THAT P.S. 116, WHICH HAD only 475 students when Carrillo arrived five years ago, hit maximum capacity and came within reach of a status that only a few two-tiered schools enjoy: Parents want in even if they can't get their kids into the gifted program, a powerful draw. "I've worked so hard for that," says Carrillo as she brushes past an outcropping of paper vines shading a kindergarten doorway. So that parents can't fixate on some teachers as "the best," Carrillo, who in her sober suit and cowboy boots straddles the work/play elementary-school world, rotates the staff through gifted and regular classes.

The school gives life to that overbuzzed term *child-centered*. "It means kids make choices and are full participants in what they're studying," says Carrillo. "To me, it means I can't sit down in the summer and write my whole curriculum," explains first-grade teacher Tanya Kuzyk, whose class recently voted to use mysteries as a reading-and-writing theme. "It's not what I would choose, but the kids are so excited because they originated the study,"



Kuzyk says. In this class, with its riot of student work hanging from the ceilings and plastered on every inch of wall, groups of 6-year-olds are co-writing stories and composing character studies. In Linda Trifon's fifth grade, students discussing the term *legacy* decided they wanted to complete some class project that would permanently improve the school. "That came from their discussions—it's nothing I planned," Trifon says. "I'm thinking that at 10 years old I didn't even know I was going to leave this universe," Carrillo adds, "much less leave a contribution."

Manhattan School for Children

234 West 109th Street, third floor
Susan Rappaport, Director
Students: 270; Teachers: 21

HERE'S THE DROP-OFF POLICY: ALL THE children, from kindergartners to the oldest

At Manhattan School for Children, how the day begins in teacher Lucas Rotman's kindergarten.

students in fifth grade, are expected to be walked to the classroom door by a parent (baby-sitters allowed). And the teachers (first names only, please) encourage parents to read with their kids or check out their work during this drop-off period, even plop on the rug for morning meeting.

A few parents always seem to linger past nine, schmoozing near the coffee urn in a crook of the blue-painted entrance hall. This is not a school where parents are "permitted" to participate; parents founded the school five years ago, based on a yearning to keep the co-op spirit of nursery school alive through the elementary years, and were well into the planning before professional educators were invited in. This enshrinement of families atop the power structure, combined with the school's impressive academics, drew enough applicants to fill next year's two kindergartens three times over, resulting in an admissions

lottery. "As we got into our third year, we could have become a predominantly white school," says Rappaport, who was here from the first, when the school had just 40 pupils, "but we've remained true to our founding idea of diversity," and to an equal black-white-Hispanic racial balance.

So where does that leave children? Buoyantly at home in a school that borrows from the Bank Street model all the fizz of learning by experience—second-graders each adopted a Central Park tree to study this year—but has its own ideas about structure. (One student who transferred from Bank Street asked her father before her first test, "Are they going to draw blood?") Teachers mix disciplines to reach kids who learn in different ways, as with first-graders who polished their word-processing skills by transcribing and graphically illustrating their original poetry. They extend school into kids' homes by putting chess problems on the MSC home page, for the benefit of families with home computers. And as parents like botany instructor Gary Lincoff pitch in on the teaching (the father of second-grader Noah, he's been leading a study of ecosystems), teachers are freed to work with small groups.

The school's close-knit vibe extends even to mealtime: Children don't go to the cafeteria in P.S. 165 downstairs. They have lunch wheeled into their classrooms, where they dine with their teachers, family-style.

**Gwendolyn Powell Brown
Computer School**

370 West 120th Street
Donna Brewster, Director
Students: 150; Teachers: 9

HOW GOOD IS AN ELEMENTARY? ASK MIDDLE-school heads what they think of its graduates. Computer School grads have a rep for being well-prepared, serious kids.

The option to join any school that will have you not only serves families demanding the best but rescues those who rebel against the worst. Lisa Diehl had reason for frustration with her son Tarik's elementary, where, she says, the teachers could be gruff and often inattentive. Even worse, she claims, they brushed off her major complaint: that by the second grade, Tarik still wasn't reading. In the time-honored word-of-mouth tradition, friends who were sending their kids to Gwendolyn Powell Brown told Diehl about this bright, quiet sanctuary on the top floor of a large elementary (P.S. 180)—a school so small, with just four grades, second through fifth, that "the whole staff can go out to lunch in three cars," as Brewster puts it. Tarik started commuting here from his home near City College two years ago, "And now he can read with his eyes closed," Diehl says. "We're staying with this school." Last year



the percentage of students reading at or above grade level rose from 43 to 60 percent.

Partly because of its location on the north end of District 3 (the West Side from 59th to 122nd Streets) and partly because there's no kindergarten, this is not a regular stop for middle-class parents on the tour circuit. The school is rich mostly in intangibles. Art and music programs are spare; the guidance counselor visits just once a week. The computer labs are a retrograde mishmash of aging Apples and Stone Age Ataris, slowly being displaced to a spare-parts graveyard by an expanding force of PowerMacs.

What elevates the school is the tight bonds between children, their families, their teachers, and the effervescent Brewster, who lives two blocks away and sees kids and parents often on her dog walks. Her office is filled with student gifts in the form of her personal mascot, the frog—large and small, in brass, plush, felt, leather, and poster paint. The school accepts neither exceptionally advanced students—Brewster happily guides them toward gifted programs—or those with extreme behavior problems. Depending on the year, Brewster and teachers interview between 150 and 250 applicants for up to 50 spaces, looking for children with "a glimmer about them," she says, that's often gone undetected in underachieving schools. "I'm an underdog person," Brewster admits. "While we take children who are motivated, we like the children who need that little nudge."

Bridges

333 West 17th Street
Sheila Dolan Marantz and Terry Rochford,
co-directors
Students: 125; Teachers: 5

THE KIDS IN TEACHER DIERDRE KELLY'S third/fourth-grade class broke their elec-

**Performance
class at the
Special Music
School.**

tric pencil sharpener. So they decided to throw a bake sale to finance a new one. "Since you said you have a bakery, could you bring some of your baked goods over?" a

fourth-grader named Claire asked Mark Strausman, principal-for-a-day and proprietor of Campagna and the restaurant Fred's at Barneys. Now *there's* a girl who's absorbed a prevailing public-school ethic in this era of budget-cutting: Make friends with people who can give you good stuff.

Another increasingly common public-school ethic that Bridges has taken to heart: Make yourself at home in odd spaces. Although scheduled to move by fall, the 125 Bridges students share a building with three middle schools, and if kids wonder why their classrooms have sinks or hulking wood equipment cupboards, it's because they once were junior-high science labs. The art room, strung with paintings clipped to Christmas lights, was being used on this day by a class who'd storyboarded a ballet based on a folk tale they'd written. Now they were working out the choreography. Across the hall, students were loudly singing and learning to sign to the R. Kelly anthem "I Believe I Can Fly." Late on a Thursday afternoon, sloppy life abounded, spilling out into hallways where some kids worked in pairs on the floor. Emerging from class, Strausman (the father of pre-schoolers) said, "I'd send my kids here in a heartbeat."

The school itself, with only four mixed-grade classes, was a gift from District 2 to the families of TriBeCa's Early Childhood Center, which stops at grade two. Two-year-old Bridges picks up from grades three through six. Although it ranked eighth in city third-grade reading scores (a testament to the teachers who sent students here), the school has a low profile. But word of mouth has reached clusters of families in Boerum Hill and Bedford-

Getting In: A Primer

THE SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT SCHOOL STARTS HERE.

These are days of odd peace in the land of public schools. The chancellor is riding a wave of judicial and legislative victories, the mayor is holding his fire (for the moment, at least), and the atmosphere isn't fogged by any P.R. crises of the Heather-and-her-mommies variety.

But in the midst of this relative calm, there's much ferment—of a good sort. New alternative schools are hatching in every part of the city, and the warehouse schools are fissioning into mini-schools for the arts, technology, languages.

There's never been more variety—or more *confusion* among parents seeking options. Most parents of young children are interested in one of two kinds of searches: either for a better elementary within a short distance of home or for the “best” in the city. Either way, start by calling your local school district and asking for the options. Some districts, like Manhattan's 2, 3, and 4, actually have people who specifically advise parents on which schools might suit their children (Beverly Hershkowitz and Ilene Friedman in 2, Lizabeth Sostre in 3, Harvey Newman in 4). Those and other districts (including District 1 on the Lower East Side, whose schools *all* accept kids from out-of-zone) publish directories with descriptions of their schools. But more typically, parents must call the district office and play the transfer-and-hold game. If nothing else works, ask your local superintendent for a list of schools, and keep pressing until you get someone to describe them.

If you plan to look boroughwide or citywide and you're thinking of calling the Board of Ed for a list of schools that take kids from outside the neighborhood, don't bother; there is none. But parents starting their searches in the fall *will* have tools that never existed before. One is a soon-to-be-published guidebook to city elementary schools (See page 31). Another is a descriptive directory of all 125 schools that receive funds from the Annenberg Foundation Urban Challenge Grant, which promotes small schools of choice (to get it, call New York Networks for School Reform at 369-1288; they can pass you along to the reform groups partnered with new and changing schools).

But the most useful thing parents can do is follow some time-tested search strategies—and stick to the schedule. In September, start calling the schools that interest you (it helps, of course, to debrief parents in those schools, partic-

ularly the Parent Association leaders who are plugged into every running debate), and if they run tours, schedule yourself for the first opening—some tend to close out quickly. Many of the most popular schools require you to tour before you can apply, and only then can you get a meeting with the principal. When you're in the whirl of touring, it's tough to resist trying to rate schools on a good-better-worst continuum. So keep reminding yourself that many really are just *different* from one another, and when you buy into a school, you're buying into a culture and an educational method. Think about how comfortable you'll feel when your child calls her teacher Bob, or her principal Anna. Think about how much structure your child

needs, about whether he works better singly or in groups. See whether teachers deck the walls with student work or with those boring alphabet zippers. Do they inspire both respect and affection? Is the noise good noise (students collaborating, not arguing)? Does the school have art, music, a library? If you're going to lose sleep if your first-grader isn't taught to carry the one, go for a traditional school. If you plan to apply to a gifted program, check early with your district of choice for its testing policies and deadlines.

By late January, many people will have completed the whole process—tours, tests, interviews—and by February (to match the private-school deadlines), some districts will have begun sending letters of acceptance to out-of-zone and out-of-district children. By April registration, you'll know whether you're in, out, or on the waiting list (which means it's

too late now to start applying for *next* year). But don't forget, almost every school registers students who don't show up in September. If you're already in the pipeline, call the principal that first week and check for vacancies.

The middle-school search is just as time-consuming but less confusing. Many districts in Manhattan (including 2, 3, and 4) and beyond have opened all middle schools to any student in the district (students from outside may also apply but are not guaranteed a space). If you're in one of those districts, you'll receive mail about open houses and tours. Neither you nor your child should skip these, because when you apply, you'll need to be able to rank your choices.

Above all, imagine each school as a work in progress. Principals leave, the charm may wear off. You can always search again next year.

S.B.



Stuyvesant, making this another Manhattan school with one arm stretched across the river. Bed-Stuy parent Andrea Clinton, who started her third-grade son Chris here this year, says, "He tended to be quiet and shy in his old school. The freedom he has here is great, and he's increased so much verbally." But Chris says his favorite part of the day is still creative writing. "I liked 'A Day as a Shoe,'" Chris said. "You had to write about how you felt if you were a shoe. And I wrote a story about two bad guys, and Super-Chris had to catch them."

"When parents look at the mandated curriculum in so many schools, there's nothing coming from kids," says Dolan-Marantz. "To incorporate dance and art and video and all our modes of learning, you have to have freedom. That's why small schools like ours look like they're breaking away."

Special Music School of America

129 West 67th Street
Melisande Schwartzfarb,
Academic Director
Students: 30; Teachers: 2

A STRAWBERRY-BLONDE FIRST-GRADER NAMED Caitlin settled herself on the piano bench before a few teachers and classmates at a recent informal rehearsal. She wiggled her blue high-tops and announced, "I'm going to play 'Radio Clock Blues.'"

"She just loves jazz," whispered her piano teacher, Denise Kahn, who listened attentively as Caitlin played the tune from memory. Caitlin is among the first 30 kindergartners and first-graders to pioneer one of the more extraordinary hybrid alternative schools. Launched this year with the help of a \$500,000 Annen-

berg Foundation grant, the school is a partnership between District 3 and the Elaine Kaufman Cultural Center (which also houses Merkin Concert Hall and the private Lucy Moses School for Music and Dance). District 3 provides the progressively inclined classroom teachers—who recently had kids skipping across the white plains of Lincoln Center, watching shadow and light—while the cultural center provides the classrooms and the mission. That's nothing less than to grow professional-caliber musicians, by giving every student here performance classes and free private lessons in violin, cello, or piano.

If only for the appealing fifteen-to-one classroom ratio, the school would be a parent magnet. But the enticement of what founders call "pre-conservatory training" explains why more than 200 families this year have put their 4- and 5-year-olds through extended testing for a school without even a year's track record.

"There was something nervy about trying to do this as a public school," says co-founder Lydia Kontos, the executive director of the cultural center. But in trying to unearth the inner Bernsteins among an age group that still sleeps with Elmo, "we wanted a school that could draw on the whole population," Kontos says. (And if they can't afford instruments, the school can always find a used upright.) "This whole school rests on the notion that musical skill is discernible at

a very early age," she adds, "and it's very specifically about skills-based instruction, not just exposure to music." The preschool applicants advance through three elimination rounds, with music teachers testing their pitch, rhythm, and sensitivity to musical nuance. "We

Fourth-graders in Jennifer Goodwin's class at the Manhattan School for Children.

want to see if music is their language," Kontos says. Some of the performers in this first class sounded like 5-year-olds rehearsing, others like budding prodigies. But all seemed relaxed and friendly with their instruments.

Some parents who toured but didn't apply wondered what would happen if their kids failed to flourish as musicians or never developed a passion. School leaders gently allude to the possibility that not every child will be encouraged to stay on. But this year Schwartzfarb is concentrating on less theoretical issues, like getting playground equipment for the only outdoor play space, on the terrace above Merkin.

MIDDLE SCHOOLS

East Side Middle School

1458 York Avenue,
at 77th Street
Larry Hirsch, Director
Students: 365; Teachers: 16

WHAT'S A REAL-LIFE APPLICATION OF CLASSROOM math? For seventh-graders at East Side, it means two weeks tracking stock picks. What about language arts? Eighth-graders practiced the power of persuasive language by pretending to be agents writing pitch letters for books by their favorite authors (Amy Tan, Jane Mendelson—"Goosebumps" doesn't play here). "I was signed by a publisher—it was so exciting!" says an eighth-grader named Catherine, who "sold" a James Herriot dog book to a classmate.

The school was launched six years ago as an expression of a community where "parents were very confident about the public elementary schools, but in middle school the only thing that existed were those factories" of 1,000-plus kids, says Hirsch. Private schools are still strong competition, Hirsch says. What sells East Side is not just its manageable size but Hirsch himself, a persuasive pitchman for his liberal-arts program.

But what also sells the school is the sophisticated work produced by students. Typical is a recent humanities assignment, where students were learning about the civil-rights movement by recording interviews with participants.

Teachers are licensed in their subjects—not the rule in every middle school—and, through an exemption from union hiring rules, Hirsch has been able to handpick what he calls "Renaissance people," whose interests support such electives as foreign films and a "Young Astronauts" club. A former Israeli Maccabee Games medalist coaches gymnastics.

Applicants must score in the city's top 25 percent on standardized tests. The



SHOPPING THE
BOROUGH

Yes, there's choice beyond central Manhattan, but a lot of local superintendents don't encourage shopping, and many districts have few seats to shop (witness last month's spectacle of parents racing to register in parts of Queens). In Bayside's District 26, home of the super-premium reading scores, superintendent Aaron Friedman says that while he used to accept 1,000 students annually from out of district, he's down to about 300 this year. "Even our most empty schools" have no more than a dozen spare seats each, Friedman says.

"In Brooklyn and Queens, a lot of choice revolves around federal magnet money for racial integration," says Clara Hemphill, whose book *The Parents' Guide to the Best Public Elementary Schools in New York City* will be published by Soho Press in September. Hemphill, who found 100 thriving schools in neighborhoods rich and poor, concludes: "If you're willing to send your child outside the neighborhood to a school where he'll be a minority, you have a better chance." And considering how most of the out-of-district traffic flows toward Manhattan, Hemphill suggests parents try a commute to the edges of the outer boroughs for good, still-roomy schools in neighborhoods like Mill Basin and Bergen Beach.

At the same time, growing numbers of superintendents promote in-district shopping. Parents caravan school-to-school in District 15, which includes Park Slope and Prospect Heights, and in parts of Bedford-Stuyvesant's District 13; across District 18 in East Flatbush and Canarsie; and in Marine Park's District 22, among other places. Among newer schools, some with strong word-of-mouth include the Renaissance School in District 30's Jackson Heights, the Children's School in Brooklyn's District 15, Muscota New School in Washington Heights's District 6, and the Bronx New School, in District 10. S.B.



**Museum
School
students
discuss skin
tone in
European
painting
during class at
the Brooklyn
Museum.**

10- and 11-year-olds who survive the weeding-out process, at this or other similarly selective middle schools, may not find the college race much more taxing. Students must submit portfolios of written work, complete surveys detailing their interests and favorite artists and writers, sit for personal interviews and make notable contributions to class discussions. During mornings spent at the school, they must take the school's math test and write a persuasive essay, perhaps on the issue of school uniforms.

For all its charms, the school has a serious real-estate problem. Squeezed into too-tiny classrooms on the top floor of an elementary (P.S. 158), students practically have to climb over one another to get to their desks. Hirsch himself works in a virtual public intersection, a big room at the top of five flights that serves as teachers' lounge, infirmary, and time-out center, and as a classroom for retired Wall Streeters who tutor students in math. They seem amazed by the school's anti-hierarchical crush. "They'll say, 'You're the principal and you have to walk to the end of the school to get to the bathroom?'" Hirsch says with a laugh. But eighth-grader Jackie Ladner argues, "I know every nook and cranny, and that's what I love about this school."

Columbus Academy
100 West 77th Street
Carole Karasik, Director
Students: 185; Teachers: 11

IN A CITY WHERE "ALTERNATIVE" USUALLY means progressive, here's a remarkable West Side option: a small school that requires two years' foreign-language study and embraces a "core curriculum" emphasizing American history and world

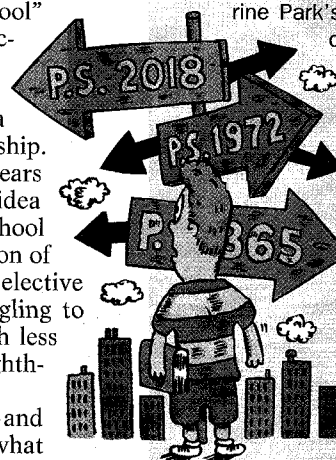
geography, the poems of Wordsworth and the stories of Poe—call it the canon that dares not speak its hemisphere.

Or call it traditional schooling without the starch. The student-composed production this year was an opera (but a very cool poster had Tommy Hilfiger fictionally blurbing, "The costumes were tasteful and trendy"). And on a recent spring morning, sixth-graders were tripping around the borrowed teachers' lunchroom with a coach from City Ballet (and perhaps the ghost of Isadora Duncan). Their exercise was to "dance" the feelings of Washington's troops at Valley Forge to the tune of Vivaldi's "Winter" music.

Vocabulary lists are pinned even to the walls of the art studio (where students face weekly quizzes in art-history terminology). Joe Vorgity, who instructs these middle-schoolers in classical drawing and painting, says, "I'm really old-school. I believe they do the work and then they get the self-esteem."

Many District 3 families list Columbus Academy as their "safety school" after the most popular choices, like the Delta Honors Program. But its status is slowly on the rise following a period of fluctuating leadership. With Karasik's arrival five years ago, the core-curriculum idea took hold. And while the school has since had the clear mission of prepping students for the selective high schools, it's still struggling to live up to that promise, with less than a third of this year's eighth-graders clearing that hurdle.

For three years, Karasik and staff have been refining what they believe every sixth-, seventh-, and





eighth-grader should know, beyond what the city and state say they must know. That's burnout labor, but "the people who didn't want to do the work that goes with rewriting the entire curriculum left," said science teacher Holly Schader. "Now the staff is such a cohesive group," says Karasik, she only has to ask for help "and they do it."

Crossroads School

234 West 109th Street
Ann Wiener, Director
Students: 145; Teachers: 9

IT'S NOT WHAT A SCHOOL WOULD PUBLISH IN its brochure, but over five years Crossroads has built a whispered reputation for making genuine students out of career school-phobes. And if parents can accept that not every child thrives in the school with the highest gloss, then this kind of customized education is a find. (One eighth-grader told Wiener, "I like this place because kids like me don't call kids like me names.")

Borrowing the small-school principles of East Harlem's famed Center for Collaborative Education, Wiener and staff offer intensely personal, all-day-all-year service. Kids are waiting when Wiener opens the door at 7:20 A.M., and many hang out until 6:30 in the computer room and the dim fifth-floor gym, shooting hoops and doing homework with teachers who voluntarily linger. Those extended hours may help explain why 87 percent of last year's eighth graders left Crossroads reading at their grade level, while only 65 percent could do that when they arrived.

Every student has a home phone number for Wiener, who with her gentle voice and short iron-colored hair exudes a kind of lay-nun serenity. "Some parents choose this school because they know they can

Seventh-graders meet the dress code at Frederick Douglass Academy.

call me at night and I'll talk to them," she says. Last year she arranged summer camp and other program placements for 80 students.

Every adult in the school, including the secretary, takes personal charge of twelve students, gathering them twice weekly in advisory groups. When one child's father died on a weekend, his mother called Wiener at home and said he needed to see his friends. Wiener personally welcomed the boy to school on Monday, sat with him as he cried, and sent his adviser to the funeral on Tuesday.

The school welcomes high achievers (whose parents just like the communal vibe), but special care is also taken to integrate students who are disabled or certified Special Ed. "The dirty secret is that if you can't reach them at this point, they'll drop out in ninth or tenth grade," Wiener says, "and some of our learning-disabled students are some of our most profound thinkers." One such eighth-grader couldn't read when he got to the school three years ago, partly because of hearing and short-term memory problems, "but also because he had never been taught," Wiener says. But he was desperate to play the lead in Crossroads' production of *Sarafina*. A teacher got him the play on tape, and classmates fed him lines for weeks. "He performed it three times," Wiener says, "and never made a mistake."

The Salk School of Science

320 East 20th Street
Alexis Penzell, Director
Students: 175; Teachers: 8

IT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY MIDDLE SCHOOL IN the city where the admissions test this year put students through an exercise called the Cartesian diver. Applicants were asked to sink an eyedropper suspended in a bottle of water, then try to explain the principle of

air pressure. Now in its second year, the school, a collaboration between District 2 and the New York University Medical Center, looks for kids with a science gene, however that manifests itself in a 10-year-old. "I thought at the time I was really into science, because in fourth grade we did dissections and I liked that," says Erica Barnett, who came to sixth grade from P.S. 33. "But I'm finding out there's more to science than just experiments, and I'm finding out it's a lot harder than I thought."

"My phone never stops ringing, because these kids are always working together, going to the library, sharing books," says Angelica Godoy, whose daughter Candy is also in the sixth grade.

In addition to regular classroom work (building circuits from saltwater batteries was the project for a recent Friday), students who come from as far as Staten Island and the Bronx are constructing an in-school laboratory as part of an elaborate field study of neighborhood air quality. In school and in classrooms at NYU Medical Center, nine blocks up First Avenue, they work with doctors and medical-school faculty once or twice a week not only on exploratory science projects but on probing the practical and ethical questions of science. With the former research head of the Multiple Sclerosis Foundation, Dr. Byron Waksman, students debated whether money is best spent on prevention or cure.

"Our role is to expose children to the career possibilities in science," Penzell

THE (ALREADY) HOT LIST

They're the usual suspects—well-known "hot" schools that get passed along the Manhattan school-choice grapevine. If you haven't heard about them, you will.

Elementary schools: P.S. 87, P.S. 199, P.S. 9, P.S. 75 (on the West Side); P.S. 6, P.S. 158, P.S. 183, Manhattan New School, New York City Lab School for Gifted Education (on the East Side); Central Park East I and II, Isaac Newton School for Mathematics & Science (in East Harlem); P.S. 234, P.S. 41, P.S. 3, Early Childhood Center (downtown).

Middle schools: Manhattan East (in East Harlem); Wagner (on the East Side); New York City Laboratory School for Collaborative Studies (Chelsea); Mott Hall School (Harlem); Computer School I and II, Delta Program at M.S. 54, Science/Museum School at M.S. 44 (on the West Side).

says, "and if nothing else it demystifies the medical and scientific fields for all of them." But as a parent, Godoy likes the way her daughter is growing in confidence, avoiding the Ophelia-fade so widely observed among her peers. "Working at the hospital," Godoy says, "makes the kids feel very important."

Frederick Douglass Academy

2581 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd.
Gregory Hodge, Principal
Students: 900; Teachers: 45

IT WAS ALMOST TOO PAINFUL TO WATCH. ON A recent Monday, about twenty top students were gathered in a corner of the cafeteria here, about to leave school for an afternoon to be spent observing the backstage operations at American Ballet Theater. Assistant principal Dorothy Haime noticed a girl who was wearing black leather sneakers and asked if she had shoes in her backpack that conformed to the dress code. The girl shook her head. Without a word, she slowly stepped back from the group and headed to the office for a pass to return to class. "Sure, it breaks my heart not to send her," Haime said a few minutes later, "and no one else would even notice the shoes, but if you have a nonnegotiable uniform rule, you have to enforce it."

Just moments before, Whole Life Management teacher Karole Turner-Stevens also had been discussing the school's no-excuses policy. A former actress who often puts students through role-playing exercises, she says, "So many of the kids get used to wishy-washy adults who tell them something but won't back it up because it's too hard."

The Academy is a testament to the power of absolutes and radical change. The District 5 school that previously occupied this characterless sixties cube of a building in Harlem Valley was so lawless, Haime says, stu-

dents were setting fires in the halls. It was shut down, then reopened in 1991 with a new principal (Lorraine Monroe, who recently retired), who presented families with a deal: Parents would agree to the school's rules and standards, and the school would teach rigorous college-prep academics. Today, the middle school (the Academy also includes a high school) ranks fifth in the city in standardized reading scores, and the curriculum expands by the year. Seventh-graders study Latin, eighth-graders Japanese; 25 clubs and teams extend the school day into evenings, weekends, and student exchange trips to Scandinavia.

"This school is really not that hard," argues Patrick Harvey, an eighth-grader. "You just have to study a lot, about two or three hours a night for me, and do all the homework and pass all the tests." The admissions team, says Haime, looks at the academic records of kids but emphasizes the Academy's own tests and personal interviews. "We're looking for a child from the sixth grade who has learned some kind of self-control and has confidence in himself, and also for a family that supports our goals."

That includes those whole-life skills. "Now remember," Haime instructed the departing balletomanes, "firm handshakes and good eye contact. Ask intelligent questions. I want you to be Academy for the entire day."

The New York City Museum School

333 West 17th Street, and Brooklyn and Manhattan museum sites
Sonnet Takahisa and Ron Chaluian, co-directors
Students: 155; Teachers: 13

Latin class breaks up at Frederick Douglass.

AS A PARENT, YOU CHECK OUT A school's facilities; you try to get a sense of the teachers; you size up the principal—has she got a plan? But it takes a true leap of imagination to

understand how it would feel to be a child among these children. The point of following sixth-graders uptown to the Jewish Museum one day was to see them present their research on ancient oil lamps and other artifacts to their classmates and invited parents. But it was almost more interesting to see them cutting loose on a break in Central Park's 96th Street playground. Teacher Avi Kline was walking ahead, studying the afternoon schedule, when a student in a wheelchair paused at the top of the steep path leading down to Fifth Avenue. She was immediately surrounded by a half-dozen students who grabbed on to the chair, two bracing it against the incline, the others guiding it down the hill, chatting and hopping out of the path of the wheels. It felt fine to be among them.

Later that afternoon, there were other one-for-all moments, as the eighth-graders in a screening room at the Children's Museum of Manhattan cheered for their friends' computer-animated video productions. Sympathetic murmurs rippled down the bleachers as a group of students described how'd they'd twice gone through the tortuous process of designing and writing their programs, after a math teacher had told them their work-in-progress was "good, but not fantastic."

Is it the work or the travel that produces this student solidarity? (Three days each week, students leave their classrooms and fan out by subway to museums, where staff educators lead them through active research into the collections.) Maybe it's a matter of the school's newness, or its size. "You make friends in all the grades," said Ben Taft, who entered this year from the Manhattan New School.

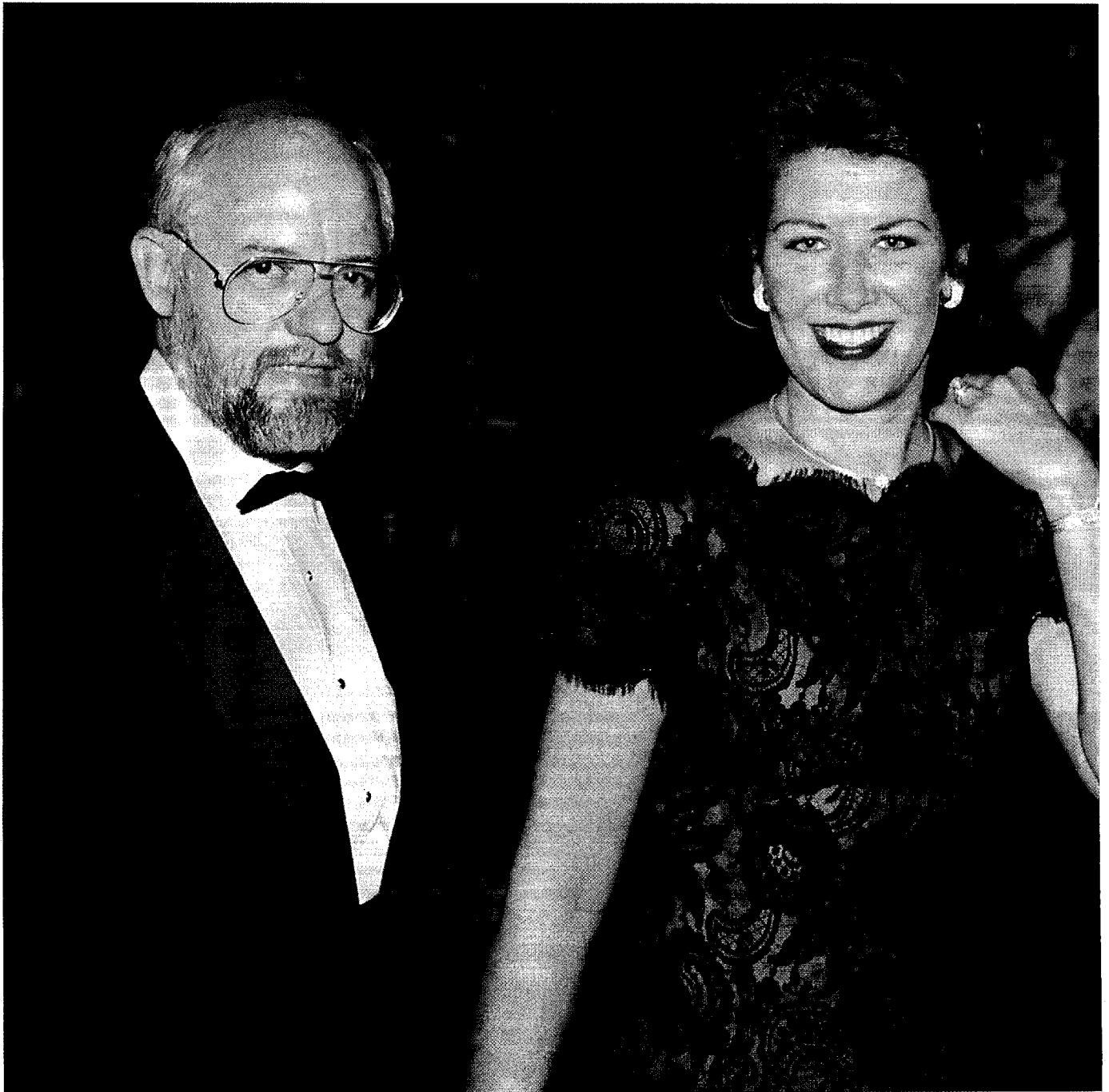
The eighth-graders take particular pride in being the first risk-takers to test this three-year-old collaboration of Chaluian, a former English teacher, and Takahisa, a museum educator, who together deconstructed the traditional middle school and reconstructed it with museums as the classrooms. "It's a totally different learning system for them—everything they study is real, it's visual. I think they learn so much more," said parent Linda Scotto, the mother of sixth-grader Matthew Madelinckas.

Students are selected not on grades or test scores but on the school's sense of whether they'll thrive without much structure, and whether they'll do their part working in teams. That doesn't go down easily with parents dead-set on getting their high-achievers in. Takahisa says, "We take kids from the bottom quartile to the 99th percentile because we think students at all points of the spectrum can benefit from this kind of learning situation."

And their parents? At the least, they'll learn more about ancient oil lamps. ■



ROMANCIN



G THE SPIN

When ABC's David Westin came between master media manipulators Ed and Sherrie Rollins, only one thing was certain: Nothing would be left unspun. By Lisa DePaulo

THE WHOLE BUSINESS STARTED, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, ON VALENTINE'S DAY, WHEN Ed Rollins happened to come home early to the house in Bronxville that he shared with his wife and their newly adopted child. It was a house for which he'd given up his Washington life (such as it was, after he'd shot himself in the foot one time too many, even by political-consultant standards) to follow his stunning wife, Sherrie, to New York so she could go be a rising star at ABC, under wonder boy David Westin. He often joked to friends that Sherrie had remodeled the house largely with the advance from his book, *Bare Knuckles and Back Rooms*, in which he detailed his self-immolation. ■ What struck Ed Rollins as odd, his friends say, when he stepped into the foyer, wasn't the huge bouquet of roses and lilies—

which he always sent Sherrie on Valentine's Day, because those were Sherrie's favorites—but the *second* bouquet of roses and lilies that had been delivered to his wife that day. ■ And so Ed did what is invariably done by suspicious spouses: He started searching through bedroom drawers. "He went on a manhunt," says one of his pals. His closest friends claim that he surfaced with a diary kept by his ever-meticulous wife, outlining dates, times, places, and details of a yearlong affair with Westin. (Other friends of the couple question whether what he



LEFT, THE SPINNERS ROLLINS; RIGHT, DAVID WESTIN.

found—"and I wouldn't use the word *found*," says one—was misinterpreted and exaggerated.) In any event, by the time his Valentine came home—"Of course, she was 'working late' again," sniffs another friend—he believed he had enough evidence to confront her with the accusation that she'd been cheating on him with Westin, her young and handsome boss, a man who in a matter of days would be knighted, with much fanfare, as the squeaky-clean new savior of the plummeting ABC News.

"First she denied it," says a close friend of Ed's, "but by the end of the conversation, if you could call it that, she admitted she was in love with David Westin and hoped to marry him."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT AT THE DISNEY-OWNED ABC, having Westin and Rollins outed had to be even scarier than outing Ellen. All of this occurred just as reporters were in the process of collecting and regurgitating all the wholesome details of Westin's life: oboe playing, youth groups, straight A's. How he was raised in such a strict Christian-fundamentalist household that when square dancing was scheduled during gym class, he had to bring a note from his mother excusing him.

And ABC had other things to worry about: a disappointing prime-time season, the slipping of *World News Tonight* with Peter Jennings, and the lingering repercussions over two legal disasters—the \$5.5 million judgment over *PrimeTime Live*'s undercover Food Lion report and the embarrassing and costly (\$15 million in legal fees) apology to Phillip Morris.

To complicate matters, it was starting to look like the thing ABC was best at was romance. And not on the air. It started at the very top, with the network's president, Bob Iger—Westin's boss and the person who hired Rollins—who married former Estée Lauder model Willow Bay, the weekend anchor. Peter Jennings had recently found his third wife in the producer pool. "There's always been a tendency at ABC to look the other way at these things," says one former news producer. "Sexual adventures never hurt anybody before."

Network sources say, however, that the hormonal atmosphere worried at least one ABC executive, former general counsel

with a \$50,000 raise). But the lingering buzz had more to do with Westin's excessively ambitious choice of paramours: namely, a well-known woman with an extremely well-known husband, neither of whom was ever shy about dancing in the spotlight.

"Sherrie spins in her sleep," as one associate fondly puts it. Though widely regarded as exceptional at what she does, she did not make her way from an entry-level job in the Reagan campaign of 1984—under Ed Rollins—to top P.R. jobs in Washington and in the White House to executive vice-president of a network, in charge of "communications," without tending carefully to her own high profile.

Stories abound about Sherrie Rollins's personal spin control, even told by those who find her terribly kind and charming, warm and adorable. In fact, she is both sweet *and* self-promoting. This is a woman known to send notes of acknowledgment out to people she bumps into in the street, who stuns new acquaintances with birthday cards. "You think, *Oh, my God, how nice of her to do that*," says one of many recipients. "But then you find out she has this huge computerized list." "Last I heard, it was over 3,000," says one old Rollins pal. "I remember Ed joking when she 'broke 1,500.' And that was in '85, '86." Or maybe that's the Christmas-card list.

Friends from Washington have an arsenal of tales: like the time she was doing P.R. for the hot new restaurant Occidental and hung a photo of her husband on the wall, along with other D.C. celebrities', for the opening. The next day, she took it down. But soon after, the photo went back up. "It was almost identical," remembers one observer, "Ed sitting at a desk in the White House, except this time with a portrait of Sherrie behind him."

More recently, a source at Bantam, Ed Rollins's publisher, was aghast when the dedication to Ed's book got changed at the last minute. Ed had at first given equal billing to Sherrie and their adopted daughter, Lily. "To my ladies," it began. Sherrie rewrote the dedication—and faxed it in, in her own flowery handwriting—so that wife preceded daughter: "To my wife Sherrie, who sometimes wishes my commentary were a little blander, but whose love and support are constant." (The new one was faxed on April 26, which according to Ed's friends is after the affair began.)

Strangely, as the drama unfolded, Ed Rollins, who's made a career of burning bridges, emerged, for perhaps the first time in his life, as a sympathetic character. And Sherrie, who had sent

"SHERRIE SPINS IN HER SLEEP," says an associate. "It was always clear this was a woman with a plan," says another. "How dare she try to spin me?" asks Liz Smith.

Steve Weiswasser, who expressed concern that "with all the screwing around, we could end up with a sexual-harassment suit," as one former executive paraphrases. (Weiswasser did not return calls regarding this story.) Disney CEO Michael Eisner reportedly vented his own concerns. The *Washington Post*'s Lloyd Grove recently wrote that at Disney's executive retreat in Aspen last August, "Eisner admonished his top executives: 'If you're feeling horny, don't get us in trouble. Keep it in your pants.'" (A Disney spokesman denied Eisner made the remark.)

News of the affair was further fueled by rampant rumors at the network—among them, that Iger had asked Westin point-blank about the affair before making him head of the news division and Westin had denied it, and that Rollins had recently been promoted by Westin (she was given a new title in April 1996, though network sources vociferously deny that it came

all those birthday cards, was accused of being "a social climber" and "trading up."

In the end, however, it's David Westin who still may have the most to lose. Irrespective of the affair, Westin's new job at the network is on somewhat shaky ground. Even as he was anointed, it was with less-than-ringing endorsements. This is partly because the new head of news has no real background in news ("He's been in the newsroom maybe twice," harps one network insider). But it was also because few believe his predecessor Roone Arledge has really ceded power to him.

But although on the surface Westin comes off as an Eagle Scout, behind the scenes he's been capable of some pretty shrewd maneuvering. In that particular sense, he couldn't be more unlike Rollins, who always comes out swinging like a macho bully but "underneath," says one friend, "is a big marshmallow."



ROLLINS WITH DISNEY'S EISNER, WHO IS REPORTEDLY WORRIED ABOUT OFFICE ROMANCES.

THE STORY HIT THE TABLOIDS ON MARCH 13. WHAT was truly shocking was that it took 27 days. In the days and weeks after Ed's Valentine massacre, he started spilling his troubles to his friends. "Sherrie and I are separating," he'd utter morosely. Then, not so morosely: "She's been fucking her boss." By all accounts, he was crushed, though many believe he had suspected it for some time but had preferred to stay in denial. More than once when he delivered the news, he cried.

He had moved into the basement of the house and was sleeping on a cot surrounded by gym equipment. "I'm back to my spartan beginnings," he told one buddy.

The Ed sympathizers say he begged them not to broadcast the news, out of his concern for his "top priority," 2-year-old, Lily, who had been found abandoned on a bridge in China on Easter Sunday, 1995; through Chinese business friends, Ed met the baby and became determined to adopt her. By the fall of that year, he and Sherrie had become parents.

But Sherrie called some pals, too. And one of them was gossip queen Liz Smith. "She's an old friend of mine," says Liz, "and I have always thought she was the sweetest, most adorable person." One night in early March, Sherrie tracked Smith down at her country house. "She said she had something *very* serious to talk to me about. That she and Ed were separating. She was sort of sad and rueful," remembers Liz, who felt bad and commiserated with her for quite a while. Sherrie also told Smith that "she wanted to give me the story."

The next day, Smith went down to the general store to pick up the papers and saw a blind item on "Page Six" of the *Post* that "was obviously her." Then Smith read her *Daily News* and the not-so-blind item in "Rush & Molloy": that Sherrie and Ed had separated because of her affair with David Westin.

"I was furious," says Liz, who promptly faxed Sherrie a terse note, saying "it wasn't fair" to give her just part of the story. (And not even the good part!) "How dare you try to spin *me*, of all people?" Liz wanted to know. "Sherrie called me back crying and all apologetic." But Liz was still on a tear. She even invoked "Sherrie's idol, Diane Sawyer. . . I said, 'Would you give your idol, Diane

Sawyer, a *part* of the story and let *her* go on the air like that?'"

Smith wasn't going to do any item now. But then Sherrie called her back again, says Liz. "I still think it was wrong of you not to tell me about David Westin," said Liz, who had calmed down considerably. To which Sherrie replied, "But I'm *not* seeing David Westin." The rest of the conversation resulted in one of the most bizarre denials ever to appear in Liz Smith's column. Sherrie Rollins wasn't *seeing* David Westin, but she was "in love with him."

Huh?

BY THIS TIME, THE PRESS WAS HAVING A FIELD DAY WITH THE ROLLINS-Westin affair, highlighted by Imus's daily radio rip, mostly of Sherrie. At one point, Ed told friends his wife phoned him screaming, "Can you call your friend Don Imus and tell him to get off my case?" The spin had spun out of control. At ABC News, it was said to be "debilitating," "paralyzing."

"Sherrie has been devastated by this," says more than one of her sympathizers—"this" being the negative publicity. As one of her old Washington friends puts it, "She must be in love with him. Because Sherrie was always *sooo* concerned with how people viewed her." As for Ed, his reaction was a lot like ABC's. "The only thing worse than your wife screwing another guy," says one of his associates, "is your wife screwing another guy and everybody knowing it."

Still, the favorite parlor game for weeks, both in New York and in Washington, was Who Leaked the Story?—obviously a somewhat futile exercise given the participants. Ed's camp speculates that Rooney Arledge leaked the story, in retaliation for his being kicked upstairs (he's now in the newly created position of ABC News chairman) and to torment his successor. But, says one insider, "even Rooney wouldn't stoop that low."

"It's not his style," adds Liz Smith, "to talk about who's getting laid, though he was probably secretly delighted that they got in all this trouble."

And in the ABC camp, some say Rollins himself planted the seeds of destruction—partly because Rollins is famous for self-destruction, but also because he invented the school of "He who leaks first leaks best." Oddly, no one ever targeted Sherrie—the only person on record as having phoned Liz Smith.

While sources at the network differ on whether the affair was

common knowledge—some of the same people who swear that it wasn't admit that they themselves knew for months—it definitely wasn't carried on flagrantly. In fact, it was surprisingly discreet, perhaps because all of the people involved had experience in office romance.

WHEN SHERRIE—THEN SHERRIE SANDY—met Ed in 1984, she was 25 and working in her first political job, as a press advance person in the Reagan-Bush reelection campaign. But she was already savvy beyond her years—polished, smooth, and a fountain of charm. “It was clear from day one that this was a woman with A Plan,” says one fellow Reaganite. Ed, whose life has been a series of peaks and valleys, was riding his highest peak—as campaign manager for Reagan at age 41. He was the man

who, along with Lee Atwater, would be considered the genius behind Reagan's 49-state landslide and “Morning in America.” It was a heady time, even by presidential-campaign standards, and Rollins was the Man.

When Ed and Sherrie met, in a hallway at the campaign offices, people standing nearby noticed the sparks that flew on both sides. “It was unmistakable,” says one staffer. “I remember saying, ‘If what I think just happened happened, Michele is history.’”

Michele was Michele Davis, the woman Ed had been living with for three years, who also happened to be his executive assistant. It was Michele who had nursed him through his stroke at age 39 and owned property with him—a cabin in the mountains, where Ed could go “howl at the moon,” as she puts it. (Ed had found Michele after leaving his first wife, a woman whom he has admitted he simply bolted on one day.)

And there was another snag. “It was widely known in the campaign that Sherrie and another Reagan aide were an item,” says a top-level campaign adviser whose story is confirmed by others in the Reagan circle at the time. “It became a management issue,” he adds, in large part because once Ed set his sights on Sherrie, the two men started feuding with each other and eventually stopped speaking to each other. “Lee [Atwater] used to call it the Clash of the Titans,” says the top-level adviser. Eventually the two got over it, in time for the Reagan victory, and even ended up joking about it. “Oh, fuck,” Ed was heard telling the other man, “look at it this way. I saved you a whole hell of a lot of money from another divorce.”

Left in the cold was Michele Davis. Though she stayed put through the end of the election, out of loyalty to Reagan and to Ed, she did so, she says, knowing that her boyfriend, housemate, and boss was carrying on with Sherrie Sandy. “It was a pretty traumatic six months,” recalls Davis, who's since left politics and Washington to live on a houseboat in Oregon. “What do I think of her? I have to choose my words carefully here,” says Davis. “I felt very much a recruit in her plan. All this is in hindsight, of course. But I felt like an amateur going up against a pro.”

AROUND THE SAME TIME, IN A LAW OFFICE ACROSS TOWN, DAVID WESTIN, whose path wouldn't cross with Sherrie's for many more years, was in his own imbroglio of romance and success. He had come to the firm of Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering in 1979 with a stellar résumé—first in his class at Michigan Law, former clerk for Supreme Court justice Lewis Powell Jr.—and those boyish good looks. He soon became a protégé of Steve Weiswasser's, a partner whom Westin would follow to ABC News and eventually surpass. “He lived a charmed existence,” says a former partner at the firm. “But he was a pretty bland, boring fellow back then.”

That changed in the mid-eighties, when, while married to his wife Martha, a clarinetist he'd met in college and the mother of



WITH ARLEDGE: DID HE REALLY CEDE POWER?

his two now-teenage kids, he met a woman named Victoria, then a paralegal at the firm, now the second Mrs. Westin—though not for long. They are in the middle of their own nasty divorce.

To hear the folks at ABC tell it, all that messy marital stuff doesn't make Westin any less “noble,” “solid,” or “square,” all words routinely used to describe a man who allegedly “never even uses cuss words” and often utters such expressions as “Oh, my goodness” and “Golly.” “David's only problem,” it's been said at ABC, “is that he married the women he had affairs with.”

Back in the Washington of the eighties, the Westins kept a surprisingly low profile—given that David was a star partner handling the prestigious CapCities (later, ABC) account. The Rollinses, on the other hand, couldn't have been more in-your-face.

They married in 1987 and took their thrones as a premier Washington power couple—he, who had the ear of the president; she, who not only was successfully employed and dazzling but could entertain with the best of them. (They still talk about Sherrie's “\$40,000 Christmas party.”) She also developed a reputation for being “a world-class social climber,” as more than one Washington insider puts it, somewhat admiringly. “She has this Pamela Harriman-esque technique,” says a D.C. media player. “When she talks to you, she gets right in your face and engulfs you, like you're the only person in the world. You almost want to back away. But it's so flattering.”

“Actually, we liked to call her ‘the poor man's Pamela Harriman,’” snorts a member of the old Reagan entourage who, like most of the other Sherrie snipers, is male.

Women will tell you that Sherrie Rollins was also a world-class wife. Ed was the slob and the social introvert, the kind of guy who could manage a presidential campaign but couldn't match his socks. Sherrie was impeccable and compulsively organized, with an eye for every detail. She loved the glitter; he loved the cabin. It is said that she ran everything in Ed's life, including Ed. “She took care of the taxes, the banking, the gardening, his clothes, his picture at the Occidental,” says one old friend of the couple's. “There was no detail left for Ed to worry about.”

And she continued to be the good, devoted wife, even when being Mrs. Ed Rollins began to lose its cachet, largely because of her husband's displays of political buffoonery. “If Sherrie re-

ally wanted to trade up, she'd have done it a long time ago," says one of her friends. "And lots of us thought she should have." Her first test of loyalty—which she passed with flying colors—came in 1992 when Ed decided to infuriate his fellow Republicans (and the president, George Bush) by going to work for Ross Perot, an ill-fated move that lasted about a month. And he did it with seemingly no concern for the fact that his wife had a plum job in the White House, as the chief of Bush's public-liaison office. Sherrie immediately resigned her position, to avoid a potential conflict for Bush, and came off smelling like roses and lilies. Her husband, meanwhile, was starting to look like a dog.

Through it, she never publicly dissed Ed; in fact, she gamely used to joke about it all. Then, a little more than a year later, came an even bigger test: Her husband celebrated his victory for Christine Todd Whitman, whose dark-horse campaign he managed, by bragging to a bunch of reporters that the campaign had paid off black ministers to suppress the Democratic vote. (He later denied having bribed the ministers.)

Again, Sherrie stood by her man. "She was only concerned for Ed and Ed's health," said a friend, even as both of them were crossed off whatever Washington A-lists they remained on after Perot. In the summer of 1994, when Sherrie got offered a job as a senior vice-president of network communications at ABC, no one blamed her for packing for New York. She and Ed spent the first year in a commuter marriage. "Ed kept saying, 'Over my dead body am I moving to New York,'" says one of his close friends. "And the next day, they'd be looking at houses."

Then, in the spring of 1995, Ed met Lily, the Chinese baby who'd been abandoned on the Nanjing bridge. In a matter of months, he made a clean break from Washington—selling both their townhouse in Alexandria and his beloved cabin in the mountains (which Sherrie despised)—to move into a house in Bronxville with his wife and their new baby.

ESPECIALLY HER BOSS. DAVID WESTIN WAS ALREADY A golden boy at ABC when Sherrie took the job as one of his top executives. (Technically, he stopped being her boss when he became head of news in March.) Westin had left Wilmer, Cutler—and Washington—to be general counsel for ABC in 1991, and rapidly rose to president of its Television Network Group. Victoria never did relocate with him and "was never a presence around here," says an ABC source, and network insiders insist the split with Victoria long preceded Westin's involvement with Sherrie.

Still, the Westins were at dinner together at the White House as late as February 1995, and the two have a child who is Lily's age: 2.

Though Sherrie was a fixture with Westin from the start—squirring him to network parties and to the White House—ABC sources say she was just doing her job as the "communications" person. But by last summer, Ed was beginning to moan that Sherrie was never home anymore.

Cynics say that for Sherrie, the calculation was simple. "The truth is that even with the book, Ed is a falling star," says one of the couple's friends. "And the fact is that this guy Westin is young, attractive, successful, and a real comer at ABC. I think that from the beginning, he brought out Ed's biggest fear, which was 'How am I ever gonna keep this woman in this marriage?'"

But her friends say that calculation had nothing to do with it. "Women get it," says one of them. "She fell in love with a great guy. I have a feeling it was one of those things that was just bigger than both of them. What's their horrible crime? They fell in love."

BY EARLY MAY, ED AND SHERRIE WERE SEEING A MEDIATOR TO WORK out a settlement. Ed was planning to move into his new

"ED IS A FALLING STAR," says a friend. "[Westin] brought out Ed's biggest fear, which was, 'How am I ever gonna keep this woman in this marriage?'"

"We all felt that Lily was for Ed and the house was for Sherrie," says a Washington friend of the couple's. But Sherrie also took to motherhood. "She became an enormous bore about this baby!" says one friend, laughing. "Everything was baby, baby, baby. She had hundreds of pictures of the baby. The baby had its own stationery!" Someone at ABC says, "It was like she was marketing this baby."

Meanwhile, Ed tried to settle into his new New York job as head of the public-affairs division at Edelman P.R., something his old political pals couldn't imagine him doing. "He's not the kind of person who likes running around and kissing up to people to get their account," says one of his friends.

Nor did he take well to New York. "He's like a fish out of water there," says another Washington pal. "Ed is not a New York guy. He doesn't have the style, he doesn't have the moves, he doesn't have the glitz." He also had even less power than he'd had when he left Washington.

Sherrie, however, fit perfectly in New York, particularly in the flashy media circle of network news. Long gone were those snippy Washington friends who dumped her when Ed got in trouble. "Everyone loves Sherrie here," says one ABC executive.

house—down the street—in July. But Edelman hasn't turned out to be a dream job ("His heart's just not in it"), and friends say he vacillates between calm and rage at Sherrie. "One day, he's saying, 'She's still my best friend.' And the next day, he's off the reservation."

Recently, he went ballistic when, while rooting—again—through Sherrie's purse, he found a card from Westin, telling her how wonderful it had been to see her on a recent Sunday. It was a Sunday that she had taken Lily to a toy store in the city. "He went nuts. But Sherrie insisted that Westin just happened to show up."

Meanwhile, the new parlor game is How Much of a Stand-up Guy Will David Westin Really Be? Though there are rumors around town that the romance has cooled, some people who know them will deny it and go so far as to suggest it's just more spin. "You don't blow up your life and go through all this for an infatuation or a crush," says one admirer of Westin's. But others are placing bets on when he'll take a hike. "A story like this can make a guy rethink his relationship with a woman in a big hurry," says a friend who knows all three. "He's got to be saying, 'Do I need this?'"

HANDS CLAMPED AROUND HIS CHAIN SAW, SEBASTIAN Junger, 35, is dangling like a puppet in the upper reaches of a 60-foot oak on a small road in White Plains. The primitive part of Junger's brain wants one thing: down. But for a couple of hundred bucks, he's promised to chop off the top branches, then neatly fell the tree. Junger overrides his panic and shears on.

Why is Junger, a writer, stuck in a tree, praying that the wind won't pick up? It's not for the cash. Just a month earlier, Junger deposited a hefty \$150,000 check from Warner Bros. for an option on the film rights to his first book, *The Perfect Storm*, an account of a crew of fishermen who died off the coast of Nova Scotia. If the story survives the journey to the screen, he'll pocket another \$350,000.

It's actually the sweet smell of success that put Junger up a tree. "I don't want to become arrogant," says Junger, who lives in a humble East Village apartment where work boots and beer bottles vie for space with driftwood, books, and climbing equipment. "Tree work grounds me. It's who you are now and how you master each moment that counts."

After gashing his left leg with a chain saw while tree-trimming in 1994, Junger became obsessed with the moments when mastery careers out of control. Setting out to write a book about dangerous jobs, he spent two months in Idaho with smoke jumpers, men who parachute into remote areas to head off forest fires. He sold a condensed version of that chapter to *Men's Journal* and immediately began work on another chapter, about a swordfish boat that went down off of Nova Scotia in 1991. At his agent's suggestion, Junger wrote a book proposal about the sea tragedy; but skeptical about its prospects, he headed off to Bosnia to write another chapter on people with dangerous jobs—this time, war correspondents. Although Junger found he took to that vocation, four months later he got a call from his agent: The book had sold. A \$35,000 advance was enough to get Junger packing and on a plane home.

In many ways, his book is the culmination of a lifelong interest in men in extreme circumstances, "out beyond where society can help them," he says. As a boy growing up in suburban Belmont, Massachusetts, Junger devoured texts on Native Americans, fascinated with their manhood rituals. A "shy, alienated little kid" by his own account, Junger spent more time inventing stories and playing survivalist in the woods than he did playing catch on the manicured lawns of his suburban town. He created his own endurance rites—swimming in Cape Cod in the dead of winter, leaping onto the side of a train as it pulled out of the station and sped off into the countryside. "I wasn't violent," says Junger. "It was a question of daring."

After graduating from Wesleyan University in 1984 with a degree in cultural anthropology, Junger spent his twenties driving around the country, working odd jobs, waiting tables, and, not incidentally, scouting out good stories. An intellectual hobo,

Junger wrote about whatever caught his attention—the smallest border town in Texas, levees in Louisiana, tugboats in Boston Harbor. While he was living in Mississippi, Junger spent several months working on a story that drew a parallel between legendary blues guitarist Robert Johnson, who was said to have made a pact with the devil for his talent, and the contemporary Mississippi Delta crack dealers. The purchase price of the story: \$50, courtesy of the *Michigan Quarterly Review*.

Junger's curiosity is far-ranging, if selective. "What Sebastian never talks about is sports, money, or work. He couldn't name one muscle car, or anybody in a band," says Stephen Zanichkowsky, a writer who befriended Junger when the two were waiting in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "He doesn't know about boy stuff. But he walks out the door and everything is a wonder to him, from the shape of a cloud to a doorknob."

Even when telling what starts out as a typical war story, about the months he spent in Bosnia, Junger is prone to linger over the unexpected details. "We were in a trench when the Serbs saw us

and began firing artillery shells," he says, looking like a downtown mercenary with his buzz cut, small hoop earring, and cutoff T-shirt. "I remember feeling my liver jiggle, and I was thinking, 'You can feel your insides move.' The shelling is so loud it stops becoming sound and becomes energy." Junger may be drawn to high-adrenaline journalism, but as Hampton Sides, his editor at *Outside*, puts it, "He approaches those stories gently, almost as a scholar or a naturalist would. He's old-school—his interest is almost Victorian, like Herman Melville or Joseph Conrad."

Junger's scholarly approach to *The Perfect Storm* involved three years of investigation. He pored over scores of books, digesting the physics of wave motions, the history of early settlements in North America. To capture the

flavor of a modern-day fishing town, he hung out for days on end with the locals at a favorite bar of the fishermen, staggering into the bathroom to scrawl down notes, drunk on free rounds.

The positive response to all that work—the Hollywood sale, a second printing under way—unsettles Junger. "I've never played the lottery because I'm scared I'd win the thing," he says. "I had just reached the point where I was able to make a living, and now here is this threat of luxury moving in on me."

So Junger thinks about buying some land, hangs out in East Village bars and the treetops of White Plains, and waits to head out on a book tour. He says he finds it difficult to quell the anxiety he feels anticipating the public's response to *The Perfect Storm*. While he was writing it, he had nightmares about the sailors who drowned. In one, he watched, horrified, as the boat went down because he'd drilled holes in the hull. Only now, after the families of the fishermen have read the book and given it their blessing, is he sleeping more soundly.

"I almost cried reading this," says Junger, cupping a letter from a retired Coast Guard captain between his hands. In the letter, the ex-captain praises Junger's description of life at sea, particularly those "dry mouth moments when you pick your time to come about with full rudder and full power from giant following seas." Junger grins. Somewhere, Melville's smiling, too.

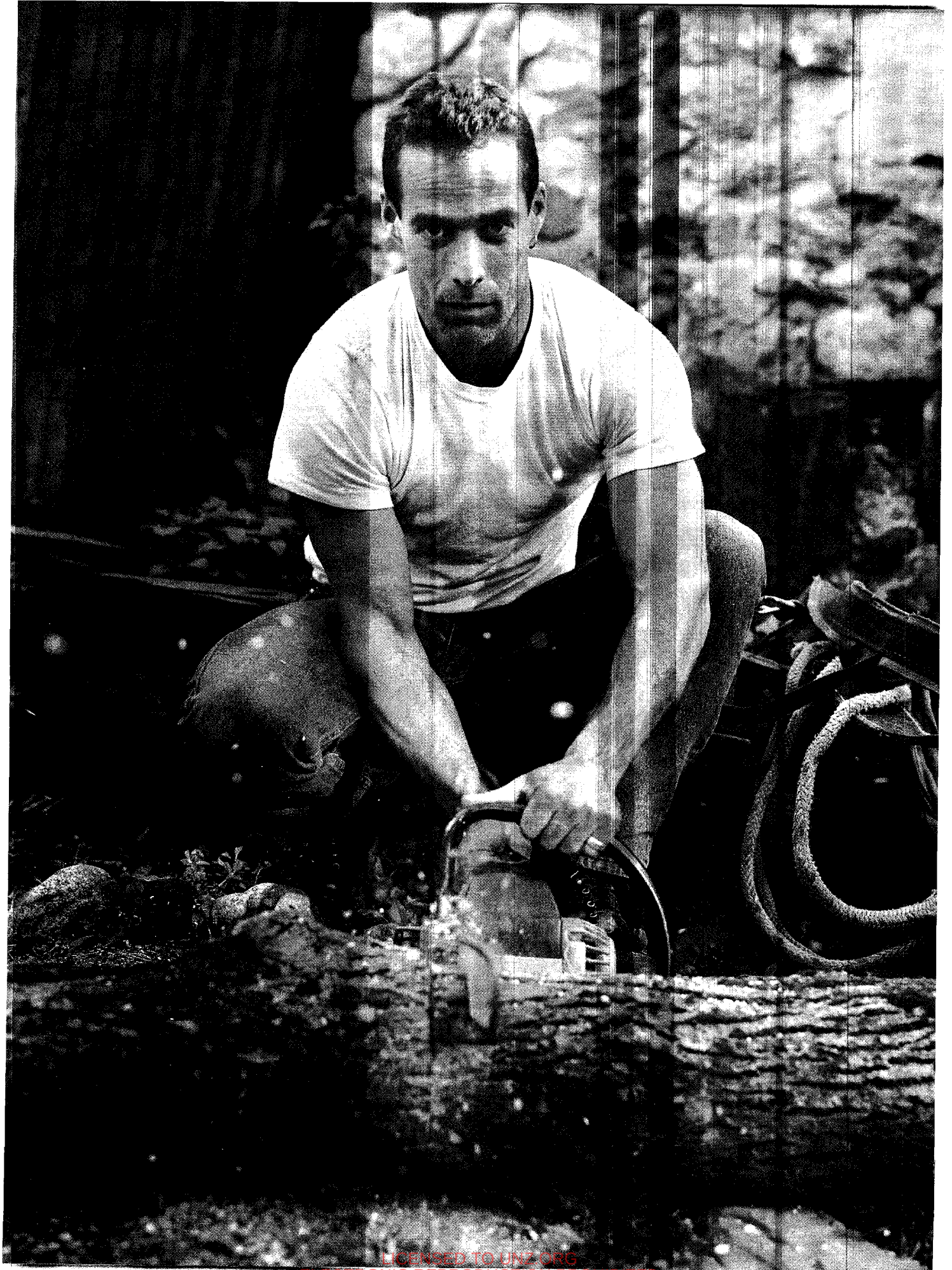
HOT TYPE

He's brave. He's built. He's *literate*. And despite the buzz over his first book, *The Perfect Storm*, JUNGER hasn't given up his chain saw.

BY LAUREL TOUBEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY LYNDA CHURILLA
FOR NEW YORK

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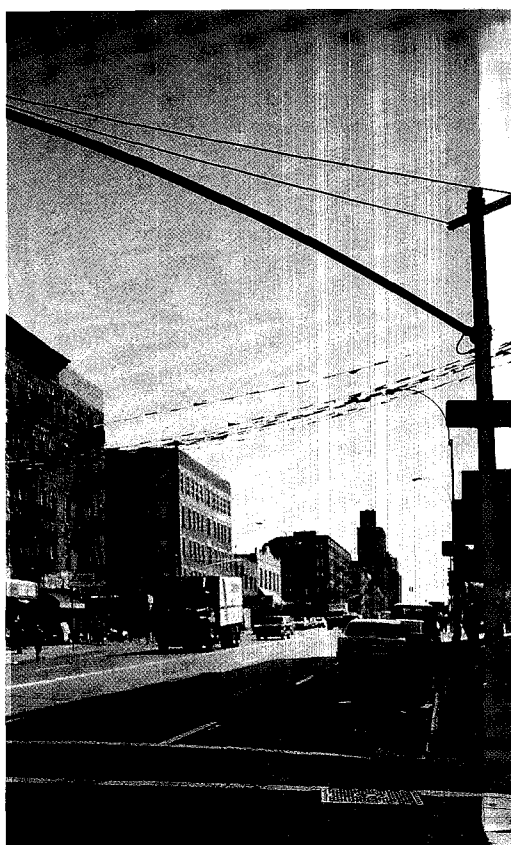
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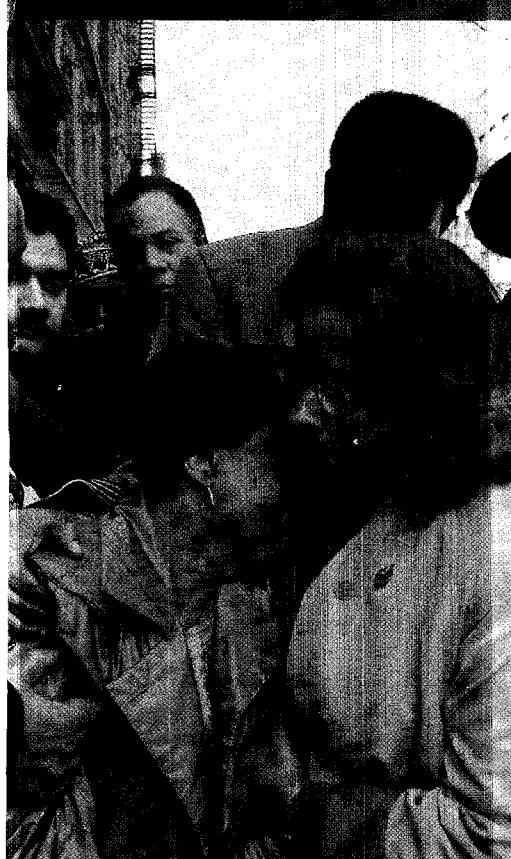


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IN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, MANY PARENTS BELIEVE THE POLICE HAVE DECLARED WAR ON BLACK KIDS. AND THE FEW COPS THE COMMUNITY TRUSTS DON'T LAST VERY LONG. BY PLAYTHELL BENJAMIN

HILL BLUES



ON APRIL 6, A 16-YEAR-OLD NAMED KEVIN CEDENO became the third black or Hispanic citizen fatally shot by New York City police in less than a month. His death threatened to ignite the tensions that already existed between police and the residents of Sugar Hill, a largely African-American neighborhood wedged between Harlem and Washington Heights. According to eyewitnesses, the teenager was killed as he was running from some Dominicans with whom he had clashed at a party. The police first claimed that Cedeno had been moving toward Patrolman Anthony Pellegrini, wielding a machete, when the officer fired his weapon in self-defense. But the coroner's report exploded that version of events, determining that Cedeno had been shot in the back. Not

Top, the corner of 164th Street and Amsterdam, where Kevin Cedeno was shot in April; bottom, Yvonne Stennet directs Sugar Hill's Community League; Kevin Cedeno shortly before his death; Al Sharpton and a friend comfort Roma Cedeno at a rally.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZUBIN SHROFF

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surprisingly, activist Al Sharpton was quick to denounce the Cedeno killing as a cold-blooded murder. But he was not alone; soon even the more measured Bronx borough president Freddie Ferrer was calling the killing a police execution.

People in Sugar Hill didn't wait for the coroner's report to conclude that something was very wrong with the Cedeno shooting. While crime statistics are down all over the city, with much of the credit going to aggressive policing techniques put in place by Mayor Giuliani and former police commissioner William Bratton, the new approach has led to deteriorating relations between many minority neighborhoods and the police.

The shooting of Kevin Cedeno brought these problems painfully into the light. At a meeting called by the 33rd Precinct weeks later to soothe neighborhood tensions, more than 100 people crammed into a small meeting hall at a neighborhood church, complaining that the Police Department had isolated itself from the residents of Washington Heights, ignored the advice of neighborhood leaders, and

Robeson and Joe Louis. Duke Ellington lived around the corner. Once the fanciest address in the Heights, it sits a few blocks from the site where Cedeno was shot dead. In the fifties, however, Washington Heights began its steady decline. Once a decidedly middle-class neighborhood, it is now quite poor. Though it is largely black and Hispanic, whites make up 50 percent of the police force here, Hispanics 39 percent, and blacks a mere 9 percent.

Increasingly, the Heights is also home to a burgeoning class of African-American artists and professionals—including writer Greg Tate, architect J. Max Bond, writer Jean Bond, writer and editor Karen Taylor, director Dean Irby, chemist Evelyn Neal, Grammy Award-winning singer Cassandra Wilson, and producer Greg Street, to name a few. There are doctors here and lawyers and other professionals, Harvard and MIT students and a national chess champion—though, for the most part, they don't look all that different from anybody else.

In fact, looking at the young men who accompanied Kevin Cedeno on the night of his death, I was struck by how much

The beleaguered 33rd Precinct in Washington Heights; Roma Cedeno after her son's death.

Gougan, director of the Sugar Hill Basketball League. "They gave up a lot of time working for the community—that's why we wanted to keep them here."

"To show you the kind of police officer Winfil Maxwell was, the community dedicated a little park on 156th Street in his honor," says John Culpepper, the director of the Lower Washington Heights Neighborhood Association. "When they transferred him to the Bronx, we held a mass march to get him back. It didn't do no good, though—they *still* sent him away."

WE DIDN'T GET MAXWELL BACK, BUT THEN Patrolman James Gilmore was assigned to our precinct. He came here as part of an experiment. In an effort to repair its relations with minority communities, in 1984 the Police Department, under Ed Koch and Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward, instituted a program known as C-POP, the progenitor of community policing. First successfully implemented by then-Phil-

LOOKING AT KEVIN'S FRIENDS, I WAS STRUCK

reassigned the few cops who had won the community's respect.

Their complaints focused on a popular African-American patrolman named James Gilmore, who had become deeply involved in the life of the community but had abruptly and inexplicably been reassigned to a desk job in the Bronx. Gilmore's time in Sugar Hill was spent not just making collars but getting to know how the neighborhood worked, which kids were trouble and which weren't. Many at the meeting argued that Kevin Cedeno would not have been shot had Gilmore remained at the 33rd Precinct.

It is a telling measure of the low regard accorded the Police Department that nearly everyone I spoke with here views Pellegrini as a cold-blooded murderer and Cedeno—despite the machete and a prior conviction for armed robbery—as an innocent victim.

"[His death] should never have happened," says Yvonne Stennet, director of the Community League, which she runs out of the same building the Cedeno family lives in. "It's tied into much of what we've been talking about for the last few years. The officers who were taken from us would have known Kevin and these other young people on a first-name basis."

SUGAR HILL, WHERE I'VE LIVED FOR CLOSE to twenty years, was once the country's preeminent Afro-American community. My building used to be home to Paul

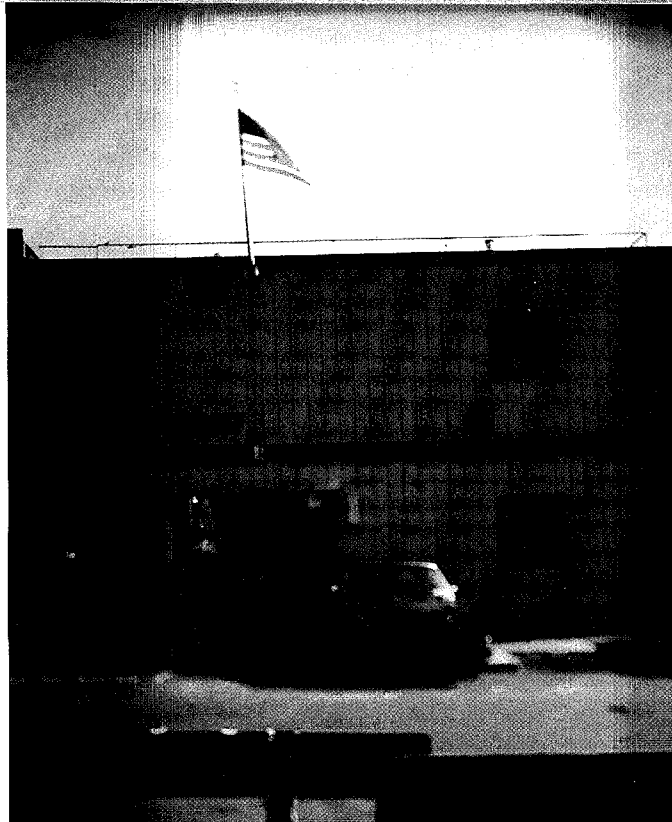
they favored my own son. Fifteen-year-old Samori is a little over six feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. When he puts on his Phat Farm jacket and pulls his varsity baseball cap over his eyes, he sends no signal as to what sort of guy he is. High-school honor students dress that way; so do the dealers on the corner. That's why it is so critical to have officers in the community who can tell the difference. It can be a matter of life and death.

DISAFFECTION WITH THE police is nothing new here. The neighborhood borders the 30th Precinct, the notorious "Dirty Thirty," where 33 officers have been arrested since 1994 for collaborating with drug dealers or various other offenses. The dozens of Sugar Hill residents I interviewed in recent weeks all complained that problems with the police have grown steadily worse. According to Amnesty International, 110 civilians have been shot by police in New York since 1992, almost all of them black or Hispanic. More and more inner-city residents have come to believe that the police have declared open season on their kids. That's why the reassignment of patrolmen they trust—Gilmore, along with Patrolmen Winfil Maxwell and Clyde Rush before him—has stirred deep suspicion. "They reached out to us," says Lorenzo Mc-

adelphia police chief Willie Williams, the strategy was to move police out of their cars and into neighborhoods, where they could develop personal relationships with residents, and to encourage consensus rather than confrontation. Gilmore, a soft-spoken black man with the build of a linebacker, seemed to epitomize the kind of cop the NYPD said it was looking for.

Shortly after he arrived in 1987, residents say, Gilmore became the most well-liked officer in the precinct. Gilmore says he was determined to treat the people on his beat as individuals "who have dreams and aspirations" rather than as "objects of potential police action." He approached residents on the street and struck up conversations, letting them know that he was there to serve them and encouraging them to come to him with their problems.

His strategy paid off: Residents, who habitually ignore the police, began feeding Gilmore information on criminal activity in the area. As a patrolman, Gilmore doggedly harassed dope dealers, despite repeated death threats and a bomb delivered to his home that severely wounded his niece. He won a dozen citations from institutions ranging from the NYPD's Organized Crime Unit to the American Legion to the Korean Merchants League. It was his two-year investigation of the Jheri Kurl Gang, one of the most murderous drug posses ever to set up shop in New York, that eventually led to the gang's demise in 1991. Its leader, a Dominican named Rafael Mar-



Y HOW MUCH THEY FAVORED MY OWN SON.

tinez, was sentenced to 213 years in prison. Fernando Camacho, the assistant D.A. who successfully prosecuted the high-profile case, told *The American Spectator*, "The real hero is Jimmy Gilmore."

Many residents believe it was Gilmore's dogged war against the drug trade that made him unpopular with some of his colleagues who were taking payoffs from dealers. Sam Anderson, a longtime activist and college math teacher, and his wife, Rosemary Mealy, an attorney, say they have witnessed police taking payoffs outside their window at night. "The police pull up and park; then after a few minutes the dealers approach the car, conduct their business, and leave," says Anderson. The couple says repeated complaints about drug dealers on their corner brought no response from the precinct.

Besides police work, Gilmore also involved himself in social work, often on his own time and using his own resources. He taught residents of apartment buildings how to resist the drug scourge and how to fight derelict landlords who violate the law. He accompanied parents to school when their children were having problems and started a program to help prevent teenage pregnancies. Neighborhood people tend to attach to him lofty adjectives more associated with saints than with policemen.

When James Gilmore was abruptly reassigned out of Washington Heights last January, a coalition of community organizations, ministers, parents, teenagers,

and even elementary-school children launched a letter-writing campaign asking Police Commissioner Howard Safir to return the 36-year-old detective to Sugar Hill. A petition with 700 signatures was presented to Safir in March, and the movement won support from the Guardians Association—an organization of black police officers—and the Latino Police Officers Association as well as from State Senator David Paterson. A demonstration on the steps of City Hall on March 19 drew the perennial Sharp-ton and dozens of other community leaders but no response from the police commissioner. "It has been over two months since we wrote Safir inquiring about the Gilmore transfer," says Paterson, "and we've yet to receive a reply. 'I've never had trouble getting information from the precinct in the past. I believe we're getting the runaround now because this issue could be embarrassing.'"

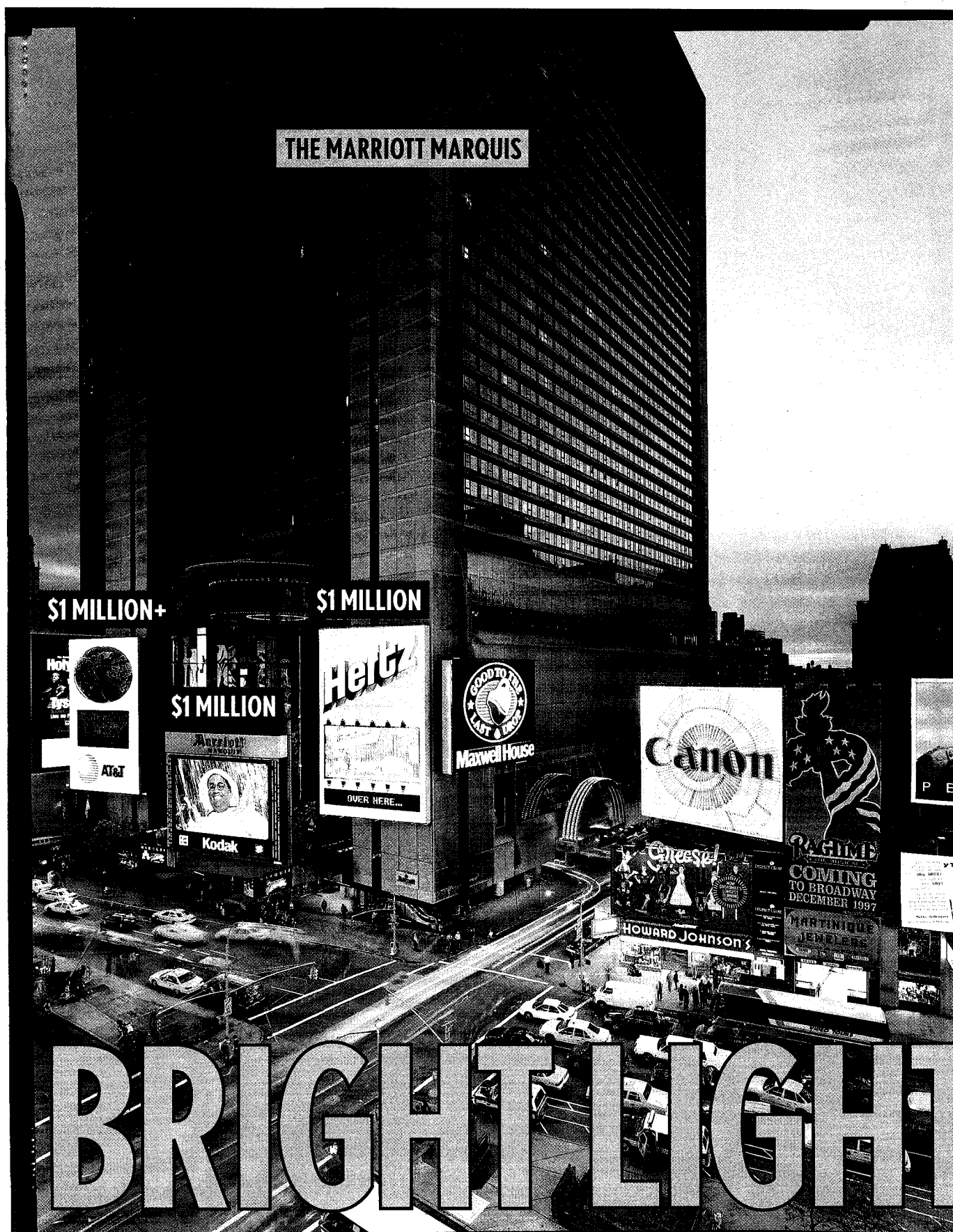
Gilmore believes he was removed from the streets because his ideas clashed with those of the department. "I didn't buy into the official police culture," he says, "with its 'us against them' perspective that views all black and Latino communities as havens for drug addicts and criminals. I felt that I could make a difference."

"I think there's a fear factor on the part of the Police Department anytime black people empower themselves," he continues. "I also think that my tendency to speak up and challenge longstanding views

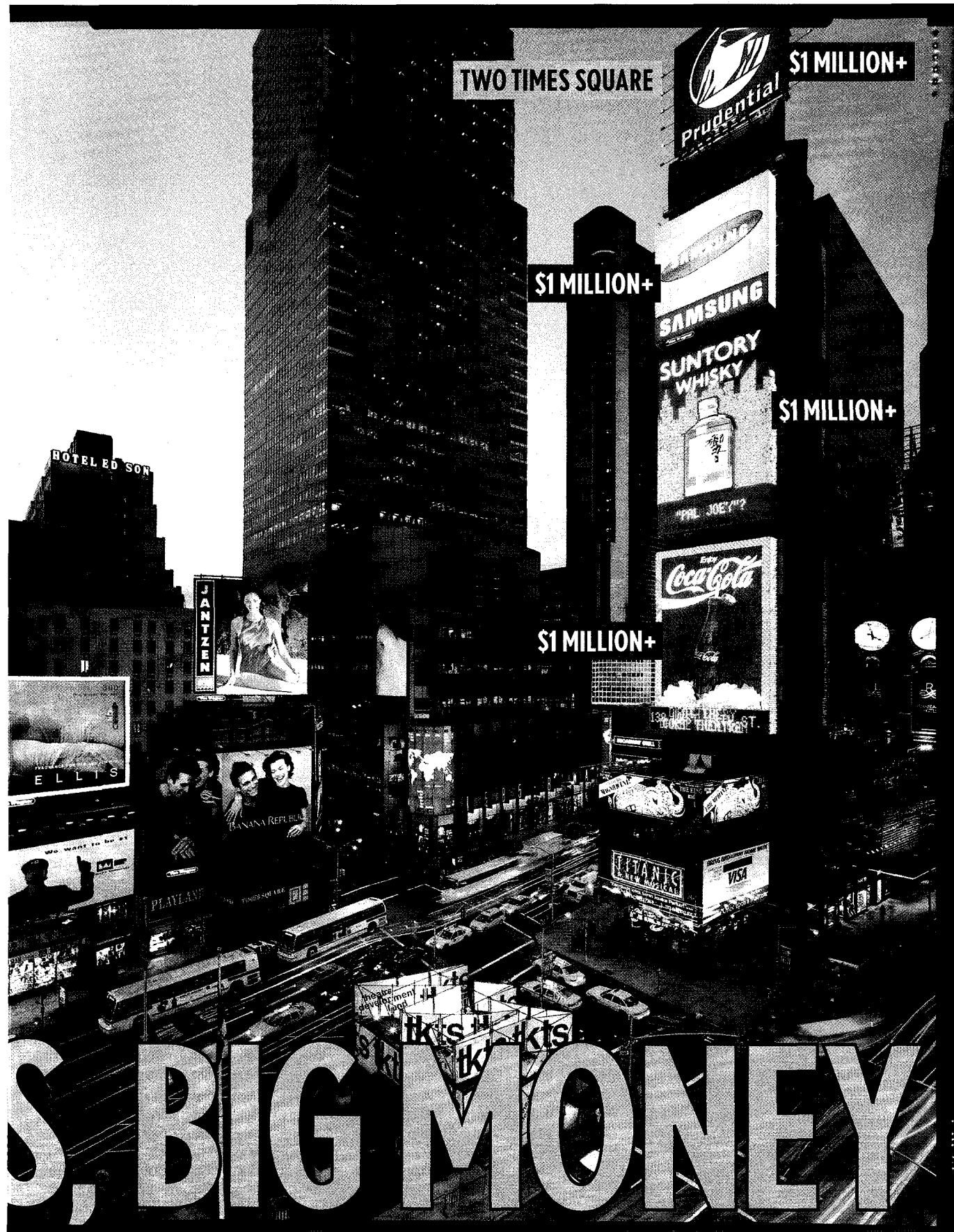
the department held toward black and Latino communities offended some people who don't like that in a black policeman."

CHIEF WILBUR CHAPMAN respectfully disagrees. "As a black policeman myself, I really think he's wrong about this," says Chapman, who as chief of patrol oversees more than 22,000 police officers on patrol in New York City and is the highest-ranking African-American officer in the department. Chapman, 49, started out as a beat patrolman in East Harlem in 1969. By 1994, he had become borough commander of Manhattan North, overseeing the neighborhood that eventually became the 33rd Precinct. He says he knows the community and its major players well: "You always want to go back to your roots."

Chapman firmly defends the department's decision to transfer Gilmore and fellow officer Clyde Rush. He claims Rush was removed because "he simply wasn't performing the way he should have been. He was burnt out." (Rush, who now travels to schools in Washington Heights lecturing on drug abuse on behalf of D.A.R.E., was unavailable for comment.) As for Gilmore, Chapman claims he was transferred to the detective bureau because the department wanted to reward him for his service. "There's no doubt we need more black (continued on page 84)



WHAT PRICE HYPE? IN TIMES SQUARE, THE OUTSIDES OF SOME B



INGS COST MORE TO RENT THAN THE INSIDES BY PETER HELLMAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERND AUERS
FOR NEW YORK
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME FIGURES ARE BASED ON ESTIMATES FROM INDUSTRY SOURCES.

DUSK FALLS ON TIMES SQUARE. REVERENTIAL AS PILGRIMS AT Chartres, a small boy and his parents look up as they cross Broadway at 46th Street. A 43-foot-tall Coke bottle is resting on a bed of pale-green ice. The cap lifts off, a candy-striped straw rises, and the bottle appears to empty, as if sipped by an invisible giant. It's an impressive sight. Even more impressive is what the Coca-Cola

Company pays to spruce up that rectangular patch of Two Times Square: more than \$1 million per year. ■ Times Square signage rentals are hurtling into the clouds, and Coke's lease, signed in 1989, suddenly looks like a bargain. Astonishingly, more than a dozen signs now rent yearly for between \$1 million and \$2.4 million. Some buildings are ac-

tually worth far more on the outside as billboards than they are on the inside as offices.

There's nothing new about the overscaled boogie-woogie of Times Square signage: The greatest-ever "spectacular" (as sign people call the most elaborate billboards) may well have been the block-long, elf-inhabited illuminated forest erected by Wrigley's gum in 1917. Even in the seventies, when Times Square stag-

paying for thin air, but there's a compelling motive for secrecy. "The money these landlords with strategic sign space are making is obscene," says one sign seller. "It skews the value of a building, and landlords are deathly afraid the tax assessor will take notice." Consider One Times Square, that architectural nonentity where the ball drops on New Year's Eve. Until the building was leased last year to Warner Bros., One Times Square's

Times Square, which had been in bankruptcy for years, was bought by a Lehman Brothers vulture fund in 1995. One of the underbidders, Richard Schaps, president of Van Wagner and one of Times Square's biggest sign sellers, says, "I only wanted the building for its signage. I planned to give the office space to another real-estate operator for \$1 a year." With Warner Bros. in the house, One Times Square is now fully rented.

Why are rentals so high? "Advertisers looking for global reach come closest to getting it here," Schaps explains. Kodak estimates that 90 million snapshots are taken in Times Square annually. Then there are the postcards: The greatest Times Square spectacles, like the I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL sign from the forties that blew smoke rings, are remembered by people who never saw them except on postcards. George Stonbely, head of Spectacolor, the third-largest sign seller in Times Square, says his firm will soon re-create the marquee of the original Paramount Theater at 1501 Broadway as the gateway to yet another Robert Earl theme restaurant. Incomplete architectural plans for the marquee have been found, so the work will be dictated by old postcards.

At the nexus of two southbound boulevards—Broadway and Seventh Avenue—

"TIMES SQUARE HAS BECOME THE VISUAL FOCUS OF THE WHOLE GODDAMN WORLD," SAYS CONSULTANT JAMES AUSTRIAN.

gered from seedy to just plain creepy, big signs still blazed. But now, as real-estate consultant James Austrian of Austrian Shapiro & Partners bluntly puts it, "Times Square has become the visual focus of the whole goddamn world."

If you were chairman of an obscure company based far across the sea, what could boost the ego more than knowing that 438 million pedestrians annually (many of them tourists) stroll past your tricked-out corporate logo? Or that 250 million admire your pricey kilowattage during the televised New Year's Eve festivities from Times Square? And imagine the ratings for the show ushering in the new millennium.

In the newly invigorated precincts of Times Square, nothing could be more public than its signs—or more private than the rental fees. While the trio of outdoor-advertising operators (Van Wagner, Artkraft Strauss, and Spectacolor) that control nearly all the area's major sign sites are highly competitive, they are united in their refusal to reveal what they're charging. You might as well be asking for pointers on how to make a truck bomb.

Some CEOs may be embarrassed to admit to shareholders how much they're

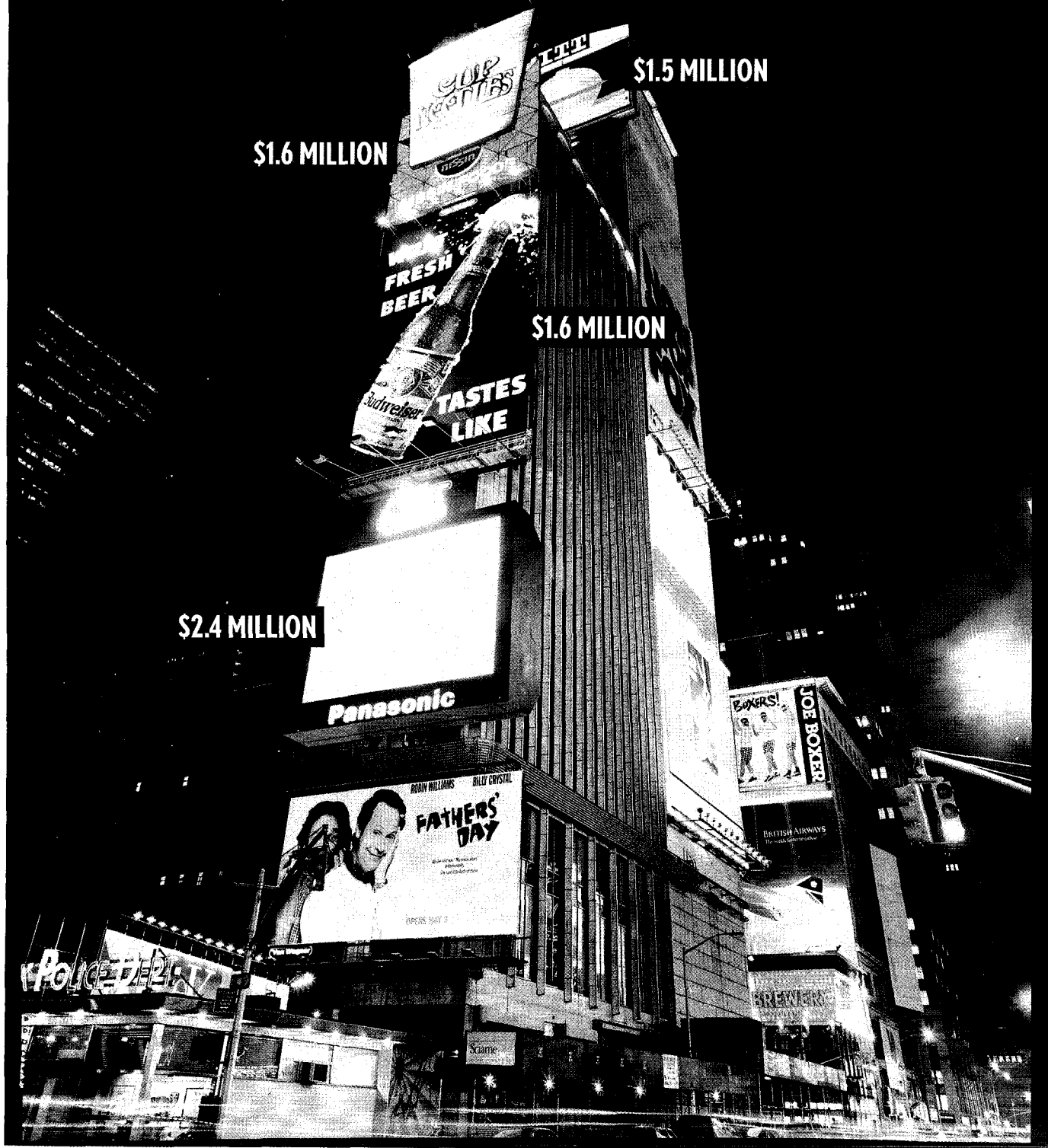
paying for thin air, but there's a compelling motive for secrecy. "The money these landlords with strategic sign space are making is obscene," says one sign seller. "It skews the value of a building, and landlords are deathly afraid the tax assessor will take notice." Consider One Times Square, that architectural nonentity where the ball drops on New Year's Eve. Until the building was leased last year to Warner Bros., One Times Square's

100,000 feet of office space rented for an average of \$25 per square foot, or \$2.5 million annually. Now consider the four major signs affixed to the north façade of the building. At the top is ITT, with its logo and a 35-square-foot video screen. It rents, according to interviews with realtors, landlords, and principal sign sellers, for \$1.5 million. Below that is Nissin's steaming 40-foot-high Cup O'Noodles. For glitzier exposure than Pathmark shelf space affords, Nissin pays \$1.6 million. Next down the line is a Budweiser bottle, also renting for about \$1.6 million—a non-animated sign that will be replaced soon with a spectacular. Just above the famed 69-year-old "zipper" news tape that races around the building (but is stilled for now while its bulbs are replaced with higher-tech light-emitting diodes) is a Panasonic video screen crested by the NBC peacock tail and flashing a pastiche of that network's shows. It rents for the peak price in Times Square: \$2.4 million.

That's (gasp) \$7.1 million for four signs. And the figure doesn't even include the rentals for the signs on the sides and rear of the building, which add at least \$700,000 to the building's income. One

wards—Broadway and Seventh Avenue—One Times Square grabs top dollar in the sign wars. But Two Times Square, which faces it from the north with its own vertical stripe of oversize signs, is hardly a laggard. The two buildings are called "bookends" by Jeffrey Katz at Sherwood Equities, the developer who built the Renaissance Hotel in 1988, believing Times Square's revival was "manifest destiny." Two Times Square's giant Coke bottle may be the most popular with the Nikon-wielding tourists. But the other signs—Suntory Whisky, Samsung, and Prudential—are all thought to fetch six-figure rents, and not always for obvious reasons. Why does Suntory, a Japanese company, pay an estimated \$1.3 million annually to trumpet a brand of whiskey few liquor stores stock? "It's not really there for the Americans. It's there for Japanese tourists," says Katz. "When they go home, they'll remember." Fifteen years ago, when American companies shied away from Times Square, Japanese advertisers took up the slack. Sony's Jumbotron screen dominated One Times Square until 1995, when Sony lowered its U.S. profile in the aftermath of stupefying losses in Hollywood. In giving up Jumbotron,

ONE TIMES SQUARE



\$1.6 MILLION

\$1.5 MILLION

\$1.6 MILLION

\$2.4 MILLION

Sony's timing couldn't have been worse. The company was paying a fraction of what Panasonic now pays for that same space: \$2.4 million.

Directly above Suntory's sign is Samsung's. The Korean electronics giant's placement sends a subliminal message to those from the Pacific Rim. "The Japanese oppressed Koreans earlier in this century," says one operator. "It makes Koreans feel good to see Samsung on top of Suntory. Especially Samsung's chairman."

Though Prudential's blue logo—on top of Two Times Square since last New Year's Eve—is comparatively subdued, it represents one of the first forays of a financial-services company into the area. Staid advertisers customarily kept their distance, as Jeffrey Katz discovered when he (unsuccessfully) tried to induce Mercedes to put up a sign six years ago.

Sign sellers are high-wire hustlers, jostling for control of roofs, parapets, and walls. "In the old days, you paid a flat rate to the landlord," says George Stonbely. "Now you give him a piece of the income from the sign. That way, he doesn't feel that he's left money on the table."

Like Fifth Avenue apartments with

be even bigger than Macy's on Thanksgiving, kicks off in front of the store to celebrate the opening of the animated feature *Hercules*.

Catercorner from Maxell is a graceful, half-size model of a British Airways Concorde jetliner, hoisted atop Hansens Brewery last November. "British Airways rented that space in early 1996—long enough ago to get a great deal," says Tom Masters, whose Rainbow Vision USA is readying a giant LED video screen at the site to blink flight destinations. Is that really so long ago? "In Times Square," says Masters, "early 1996 is centuries ago."

Fashion advertisers once shunned Times Square, even though buyers routinely cabbed through on their way to garment-district showrooms. Kenar arrived first in the late eighties with a billboard on 47th Street featuring supermodel Linda Evangelista. Among the most prominent signs up today are five Liz Claiborne panels that stretch across a full block over the former Bond clothing store on Seventh Avenue. The rent on Claiborne's signs, says a source at the company, tops \$1 million per year.

The Durst Organization, now building

"They wanted fern bars," says Tama Starr, the president of Artkraft Strauss, as her father and grandfather were before her. "They wanted yuppies drinking Pouilly-Fuissé to drive out the denizens of Times Square. They always called them *denizens*." As the leading fabricator of Times Square signs, Starr was, naturally, incensed. More surprising was the anger of the Municipal Art Society at the prospect of a sterile Times Square. The society orchestrated a 30-minute blackout of all marquees and signage in the area. Only the famous "zipper" flashed: HEY, MR. MAYOR. IT'S DARK OUT THERE. PLEASE KEEP THE LIGHTS ON IN TIMES SQUARE.

In a dramatic about-face, the city suddenly decided Times Square needed more razzle-dazzle, not less. Why did city fathers cave? "They came to understand the economic value of entertainment and all that goes with it," says Brendan Sexton, president of the Municipal Art Society. "They also knew we'd tie them up in court for years." Designating Times Square as a special district, the city required all new buildings to include brightly lit, animated signage. It even created a new measure of illumination, the

AT TWO TIMES SQUARE, SUNTORY PAYS ABOUT \$1.3 MILLION TO TRUMPET A BRAND OF WHISKEY FEW LIQUOR STORES STOCK.

panoramic park views, the most desirable locations in Times Square go quickly without much regard to price. The expiration of a long-term lease can severely test loyalties. Just ask Tama Starr, president of Artkraft Strauss, sign-maker to Times Square since 1897. For years, the firm has rented a prime 42nd Street location to one client for \$16,000 per month. The client pays its rent promptly, and Starr wasn't itching to make a change. She says she'd never dump a good client, so when a new bid for the spot came in at \$35,000, "I thought I'd blow them off by asking \$55,000." But the bidder was unfazed. When Starr floated a price of \$120,000, the bidder came back with an offer of \$105,000. The current offer is \$170,000 per month—more than ten times the current rent. That would put it in the \$2 million-per-year club with Panasonic.

While Starr refuses to identify the superhot location in play, other operators believe it's the Maxell spectacular at the northwest corner of Broadway and 42nd Street. With the huge new Disney Store directly opposite, and new theaters blooming on 42nd Street, Maxell's spot is suddenly center stage. And it may also have a televised cameo on June 15, when a Disney-sponsored parade, expected to

Four Times Square on the site of the old Broadway Nathan's, has bowed the façade to maximize signage visibility. The developer wants to rent colossal (60-square-foot) panels on all sides of the 48-story tower. They'll be what Douglas Kreeger, a Durst vice-president, calls "landmarks on the skyline." While no deals are firm yet, Kreeger expects signage income to exceed \$7 million. Meanwhile, Calvin Klein is said to be paying \$55,000 monthly for his billboards on the fence around the site. While Kreeger won't confirm that figure, he admits that if he were striking the deal today, the price would be bumped up several times.

THE LONG AND BOISTEROUS HISTORY OF outsize signage in Times Square almost ended in 1984 when developer George Klein, partnered by city and state government, proposed to essentially hose down 42nd Street by stationing four enormous dark glass towers at each of the Broadway corners. They were to form the core of a Rockefeller Center for the eighties. Theaters could stay, but signage would be snuffed out. Armies of briefcases would soon drive away the undesirables. Ed Koch accused anyone against what came to be known as the "Darth Vader Towers" of being pro-crime and pro-pornography.

LUTS (lighting unit for Times Square). Developers—and their architects—were appalled at the new regulations. The dignity of their curtain-walled monoliths would be undercut by the gaudy splash of signage. When Morgan Stanley bought the empty, bankrupt tower at 1585 Broadway, the firm grumpily proposed that its signage only be visible at night. Signage would block office windows, the developers complained, lowering the value of the space within. "Now those guys can't bang holes through their walls fast enough to put up new signs," says Sexton. Consultant James Austrian calculates that the annual rent received by the Marriott Marquis for one multimedia sign on its façade is equal to the price of a year's stay in ten luxury suites. Those signs, by the way, rent for \$1 million or more each.

How much more signage can Times Square tolerate? Like a tidal marsh, it's a teeming, delicately balanced environment. Danger lurks but mustn't actually threaten. The same goes for wholesomeness. If it's allowed to multiply much beyond Disney and Warner Bros., the area's raffish spirit will be at risk. Already, a squeaky-clean newcomer is slated for the façade of the Crowne Plaza Hotel: a sign sponsored by the Milk Council. ■

Island Escapes

beverly hood allen
creative services director

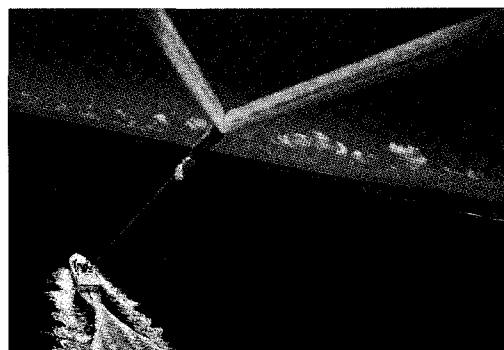
christy casamassima
editor

richard mantel
design director

lory conklin
research

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Breezy Bahamas

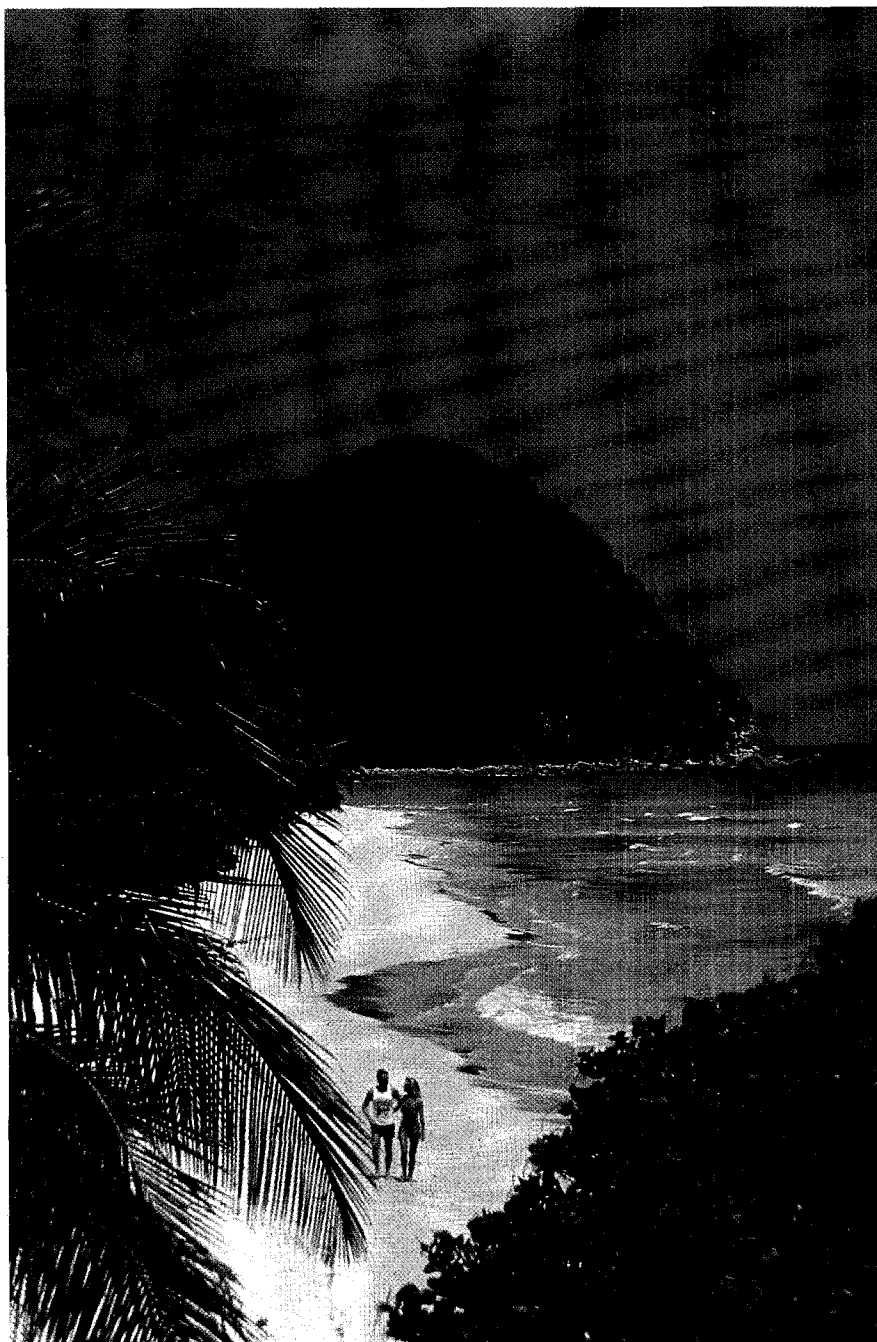
So near—and so far. So small—and so large. So Caribbean—yet not Caribbean at all. Just a few miles off the eastern Florida coast, The Islands of the Bahamas actually lie in the Atlantic Ocean. Encompassing nearly 100,000 square miles of ocean and 5,300 square miles of land and comprised of 700 islands and 2,000 cays, The island offers a whole lot of choice.

The main islands are familiar names. Nassau/Paradise Island, Grand Bahama, Eleuthera/Harper Island, Abacos, and the Exumas. Perhaps Eleuthera says it all. Eleuthera means "freedom," and isn't freedom what escape is all about?

A British colony until gaining independence in 1973, The Islands of The Bahamas have retained a British flavor. You'll find a major rugby tournament in late August, a regularly staged Changing of the Guard Ceremony, and people driving on the wrong side of the road. You'll get plenty of exotic flavor, too. Consider Junkanoo—a festival of costumes and masks, accompanied by a unique musical sound generated by drum, conch shell, and cowbell. The gaiety draws a direct link to the West African heritage of Bahamians brought to the West Indies as slaves. A July Junkanoo is held in Bimini, and a permanent Junkanoo Expo is held at Nassau's Prince George Wharf.

Snorkeling and scuba diving—so impressive in this part of the world—is particularly phenomenal here. Visibility can run to 200 feet deep, and the dive sites include an enormous underwater mountain chain, shark and dolphin sighting sites, and mesmerizing sites created by wrecks. Not just shipwrecks, like the 125-year-old U.S.S. Adirondak, but also a train wreck. Yes, in 1865, a locomotive flopped off a barge; it's a hot diving spot now.

By snorkel or by boat, check out the 200 mile-wide Exuma Cays Land and Sea Park, or Lucayan National



As the days grow longer and warmer in the Big Apple, it's the perfect season to head . . . south? You heard right. In the islands, turquoise waters sparkle, cooling sea breezes caress the shore, and the nightlife truly sizzles. Late spring and early summer are ideal times to abandon your cares and escape to Shangri-la, especially as prices begin to melt like ice cubes on a hot city sidewalk. If you've been putting off a trip to paradise, now's the ideal time to experience the balmy pleasures of the islands.

by mitch kaplan

Park on Grand Bahama where a six-mile underwater cave system highlights a reserve that encompasses five distinct ecosystems.

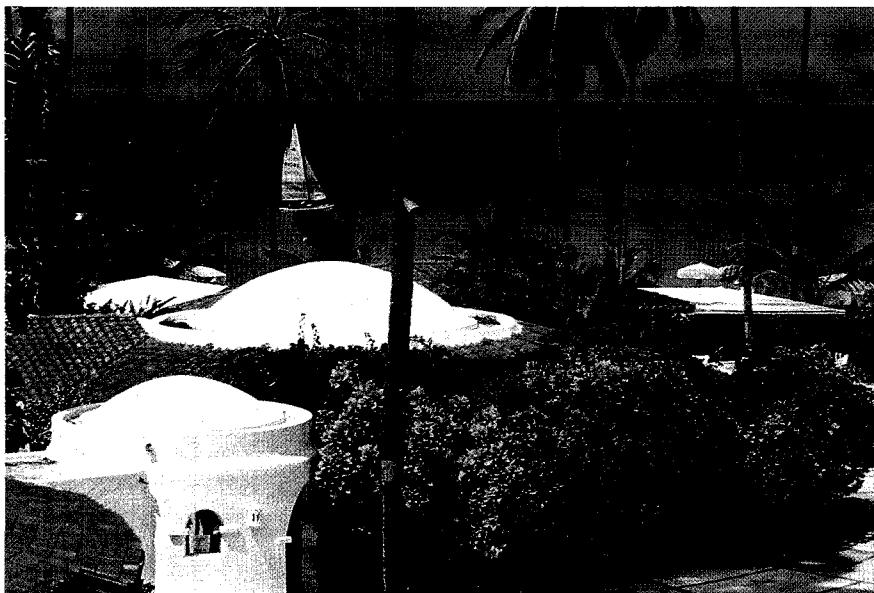
Landlubbers, too, have boundless choices. Grand Bahama's Lucayan National Trust Rand Memorial Nature Center presents a wondrous wander through a lush forest and Hydroflora Gardens. Golfers find plenty of beauty and challenge on the golf courses of Nassau/Paradise Island and Freeport/Lucaya. Call 212-758-2777 for the complete Bahamas overview.

In Nassau, couples who stay at **Sandals' Royal Bahamian Resort & Spa** find unbridled elegance in a European atmosphere. Guests can indulge in spa treatments, a half dozen culinary establishments, and just about any recreational pastime—from lawn chess and golf to glass-bottom boat excursions. Call 1-800-SANDALS (726-3257).

Couples and singles who like to keep things simple—but sensational—love **SuperClubs' all-inclusive Breezes Bahamas**. Located on Nassau's Cable Beach, Breezes removes fiscal worry by offering everything at a pre-paid price. And, we do mean everything. Four hundred rooms, all watersports, almost any land sport or activity you can think of—like learning to soar with ease on the flying trapeze), and an endless flow of fine food, spirits, and entertainment. Call 1-800-330-8272 to learn more.



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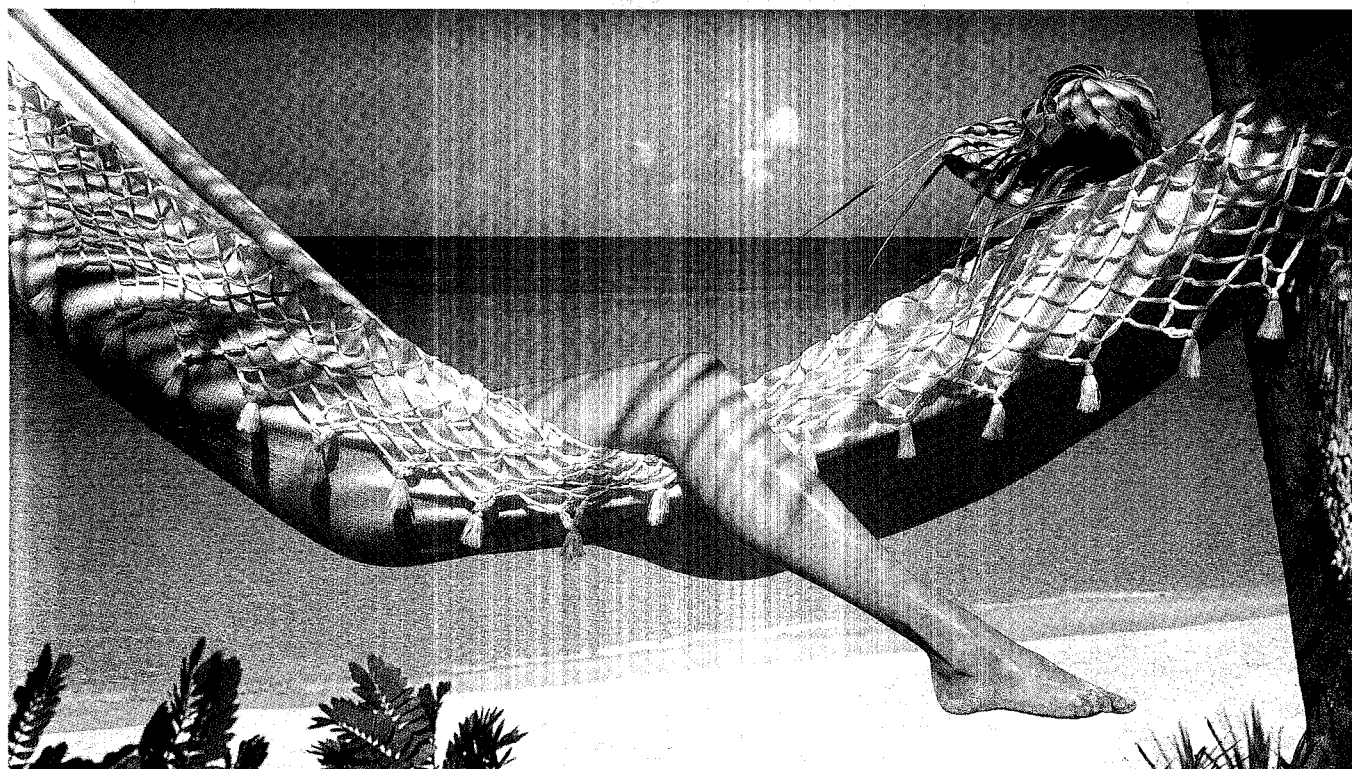
Summer months on Barbados bubble with special events. Adjust your city schedule and plan to be there for the World Dominoes Festival in June. For something intriguing, listen in on the July Storytelling Festival. And, for something truly Bajan, there's Crop Over, a fest that's rooted in the sugar harvests of the 1780s. The Crop Over festival features nonstop calypso music, parades aplenty, and truly unique marketplaces. For more information, call Barbados Tourism

Authority at 212-986-6516.

Such an Elysian setting deserves heavenly housing. In Barbados, that means **Princess Hotels' sensational siblings—Glitter Bay and Royal Pavilion**. Stroll around Glitter Bay's lushly appointed 30 acres, blanketed by manicured lawns and dazzling gardens. Or, perhaps a stroll on the resort's half-mile, crescent-shaped beach. Dine at Piperade, where contemporary California cuisine is created with Caribbean flair. This beautiful resort set on Barbados' west coast was originally the home of shipping baron Sir Edward Cunard. It now holds 83 spacious guest rooms, each with outdoor patio or balcony.

Just next door, the 75-room Royal Pavilion defines luxury. Created in an Italianate architectural style, it combines a sophisticated blend of British tradition and Bajan friendliness. The Royal Pavilion features the exquisitely romantic Palm Terrace for superb international dining, and the bistro-style Cafe Taboras, where a steel band often adds a lively and festive touch.

The resorts' activities start right outside your door. They include two freshwater pools, watersports from windsurfing and waterskiing to sailing and scuba diving, and even astroturf tennis courts. For more information on Barbados' charming Glitter Bay and Royal Pavilion, call 1-800-223-1818.



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Tortola, British Virgin Islands



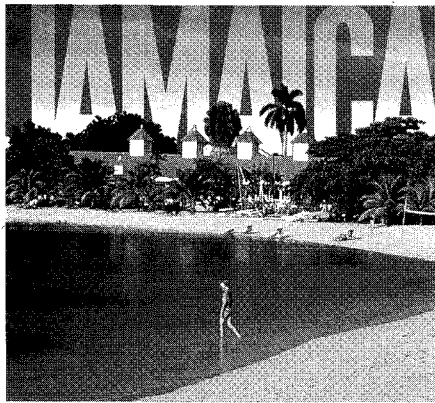
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Jamaica. An island of diverse physical beauty and wide-ranging heritage. An island of small towns and vivacious cities. An island of renowned music and piquant culinary delights. The island covers nearly 4,500 square miles and is home to 2.5 million people; and it's just that size and human diversity that create Jamaica's creative vibrancy.

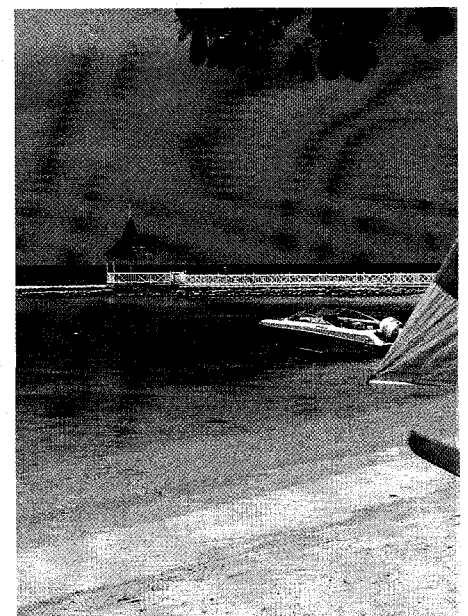
Jamaica's bounty includes Kingston's timeless art treasures, dazzling street entertainers, professional performers, and a history that reaches back to the long-vanished Arawak Indian civilization.

Then, of course, there are the beaches. The beaches at Montego Bay are famous. The waters at Doctor's Cave Beach are reputed to be curative. Cornwall Beach presents access to the myriad caves of Underwater Marine Park. And, for quietude, locals frequent Damali Beach.

Inland, a British feel pervades the towns, and mountains dominate the landscape. Explore walking trails that follow the Rio Grande River and cut through banana plantations. Board a bamboo raft on the Rio Grande, and then hike to Scatter Water Falls. Visit Crystal Springs, a preserve that

harbors 15,000 plant varieties and an overwhelming orchid collection. At Ocho Rios, the mountains come to the sea, and Dunn's River Falls drop a full 600 feet into freshwater pools.

Jamaica in summer means music and more music. In early June, the Jamaica Jazz Festival attracts musicians from around the world to Montego Bay and Ocho Rios. The Reggae Sunsplash dominates the scene at Chukka Cove in Runaway Bay during mid-summer. And, Reggae comes to Montego Bay in early August at the Reggae Sunfest. For



Jamaica is famed for its pristine beaches, sparkling waters, and sports aplenty.

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BAY**

BARBADOS

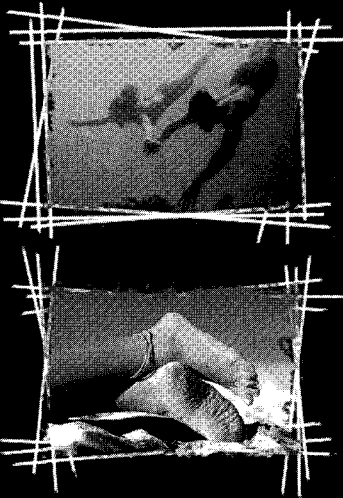
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you're welcome to play at any of the others. A couple who stays at action-filled Montego Bay, for example, can find a change of pace over a quiet dinner at the exotic Indonesian restaurant on the private island at Sandals Royal Jamaican. Or, those who have sought out the peace and quiet of the intimate Sandals Inn can satisfy their craving for golf at Sandals Ocho Rios. Beyond Jamaica, Sandals can also indulge you at two resorts on St. Lucia and another on Antigua. Call 1-800-SANDALS (726-3257), and ask about their 15th anniversary summer packages.

The **SuperClubs** all-inclusive Jamaican vacation is offered at a half-dozen locations. Families can frolic at Boscobel Beach near Ocho Rios, where kids under 14 stay and play (under excellent supervision) free. For luxury, SuperClubs Grand Lido in Negril adds special touches like 24-hour room service, sunset cruises on Princess Grace's honeymoon yacht, and a choice of dining at three award-winning epicurean emporia. Other Jamaican Superclubs include Hedonism II, Breezes Runaway Bay, Sans Souci Lido in Ocho Rios and, the new Breezes Montego Bay. Call 1-800-GO-SUPER for information.

Tempting Tortola

What defines the ultimate escape? No schedules. Do what you want, when you want—in a laid-back setting where playing, laughing, and loafing are equally lauded. That's **Long Bay Beach Resort**. Sixty miles east of Puerto Rico, Tortola is the main island in the British Virgin Islands. The isle's northern perimeter is bordered by glimmering white beaches and thick banana groves. To the south stands imposing Sage Mountain, site of a national park and the highest point in BVI.

Near Sage Mountain, Long Bay Beach's schedule-free play list includes scuba, sailing, kayaking, tennis—whatever; these congenial folks even serve breakfast all day long. All this in a setting to inspire postcards and poets—a hillside that rises from a mile-long beach. Lodging

ranges from beachfront cabanas to spacious villas set high on the hill, and dining can be casual, at the Beach Cafe, or feature West Indian cuisine—tropically inspired—at the Garden Restaurant. Proximity to Sage Mountain has led Long Bay Beach to offer exceptional eco-tourism programs for all ages. Call 1-800-729-9599 for information, and ask about their family getaway packages.

Smooth Sailing

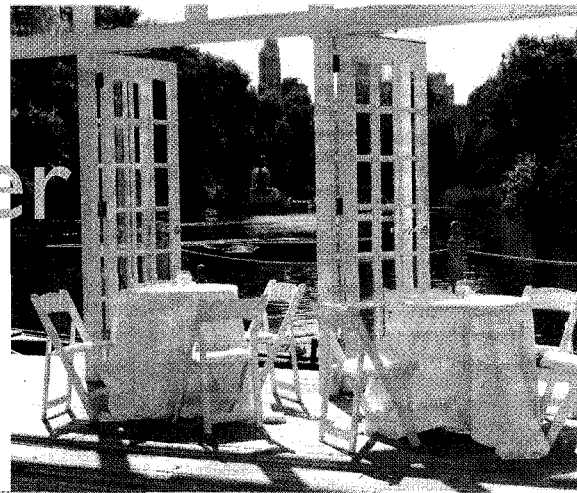
For many vacationers, taking to the high seas is the ultimate escape. It's a chance to unwind in luxury while visiting spectacular sites—all from the vantage point of a watercraft.

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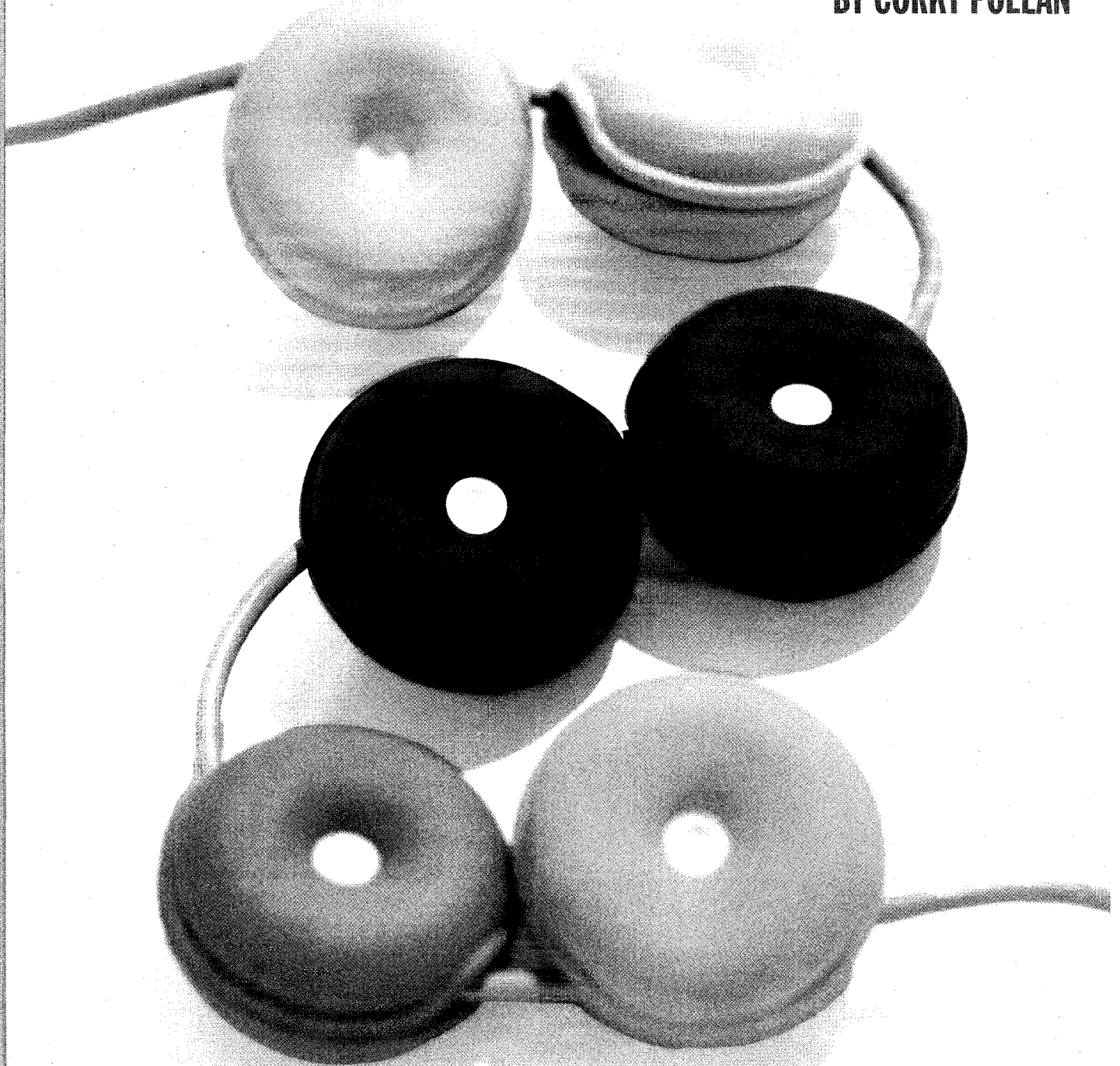
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BY CORKY POLLAN



Cable Guide

It looks like a New Age donut, but the Cable Turtle can bring order to that entangled mess of cables, cords, and wires under your desk. Flip open the tiny gizmo, wind the excess wire around its middle, close it, and the wire is out of sight. Cleverline, a Dutch company, developed the two-and-one-half-inch-diameter thermoplastic Turtle, which comes in eight colors (\$8).

THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/44 West 53rd Street/767-1050

Box Lunch

Product designer Terry Ruebush wanted a beautiful bird feeder for his yard in upstate New York, but the ones he found were either industrial-looking or downright commonplace. Bird feeders, Ruebush learned, were rarely viewed as an avenue for creative expression. To correct this oversight, Ruebush formed Cabin Fever Craftsman and began designing and building "The Box." His ultrasnappy bird feeder is made of high-density PVC plastic and hangs from a PVC-coated copper-core cable. There's not an inch of wasted space, just ample storage for seed and a bird-friendly seed tray (\$55).

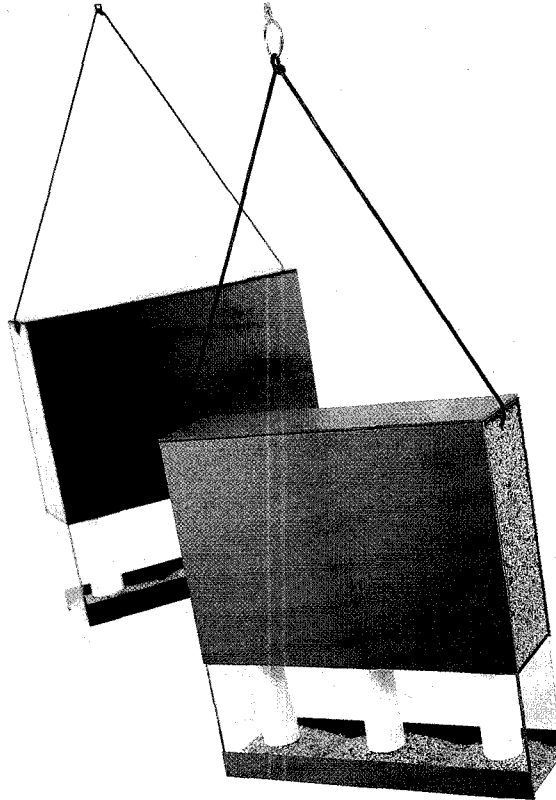
MXYPZYK/125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300



Dish Jockeys

Between the two of them, Jackie Kohler and Sara Falsini have been doing dishes for 24 years: Kohler was in charge of tabletop development for Macy's Cellar in New York, and Falsini handled tableware for Macy's in Florence, Italy. They resigned their jobs a year and a half ago, started up their own companies, and have now (with partners Vittorio Franchi and an Italian ceramic factory) opened Dish Is. It's an Elysian fields of hand-painted Italian ceramics—everything from centuries-old to up-to-the-minute patterns, with bold stripes and sunny solids artfully arranged on antique English tables and benches and in painted cupboards. There's glassware, too, along with galvanized-steel planters, cast-iron urns, and vintage French tin pots (from \$5 for a glass votive to \$12 for a soup plate to \$80 for an oversize pitcher to \$750 for a painted cupboard to \$4,600 for a rare monk's bench).

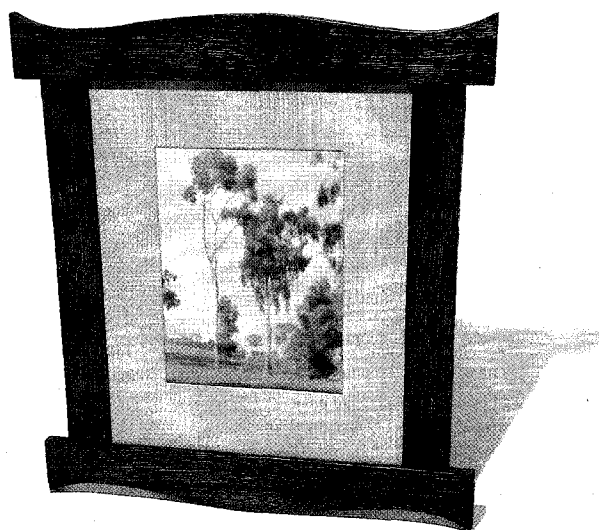
DISH IS/143 West 22nd Street/352-9051



Spare Frame

Framers are quick to claim their work is museum-quality, but Goldfeder/Kahan can back it up: Its frames hang in the Museum of American Folk Art, the South Street Seaport Museum, and I.C.P. The company has built its reputation on period gilt examples, but Elizabeth Goldfeder's infatuation with Arts and Crafts furniture has propelled G/K in a new direction: Arts and Crafts-style frames that are handmade by a New Jersey craftsman who cuts each one from a single piece of oak or white ash. Spartan yet stylish, their appeal isn't limited to one period or style (from \$36 to \$60 a linear foot).

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Dress Code

This week's gotta-get is the dress—with serious gowns from James Purcell, slinky numbers from Jackie Rogers, and floral frocks from Janet Russo.

AFTER TOO MANY YEARS OF DEPRIVING Gothamites of her pretty little frocks, Janet Russo, whose Madison Avenue shop was filled with dresses of every kind, is coming to town. She's setting up shop for three days this week at About Time, a downtown consignment store. Prices range from \$178 to \$225. *About Time*, 13-15 Prince St. (989-0991); checks accepted; Thurs.-Fri. 10-8, Sat. 10-6; 5/15-5/17.

Vanity Fare

CLASSIC HARDWARE IS THE TRADEMARK fare at the upscale showroom Kraft. The annual sale has: kitchen vanity with faucet and sink, was \$3,350, now \$700; Madison faucet, was \$700, now \$250. Towel bars range from \$15 to \$25. *Kraft Hardware*, 306 E. 61st St. (838-2214); M.C., V.; Sat. 10-4; 5/17.

Sun Down

PLAYING THE ROLE OF SUMMER'S HARBINGER, Zitomer is discounting all sun-care products and sun hats. For example: Clarins Lait Solaire, SPF 19, was \$18.50, now \$14.80; Eric Javits packable sun hat, was \$160, now \$128. (Bring this page for the discounts.) *Zitomer*, 969 Madison Ave., near 76th St. (737-2016); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.-Fri. 9-8, Sat. till 7, Sun. 10-6; 5/12-5/31.

James Town

ONCE UPON A TIME, JAMES PURCELL WAS A finance guy. Now he designs women's eveningwear with an almost debutante flair. His work retails at Saks and Henri Bendel, and is priced below wholesale at his sample sale: assorted white and off-white gowns (bridal and debutante), retail \$4,175, here \$1,035; black silk taffeta ball-gown skirt with velvet top, retail \$5,975; here \$1,820; day suits, retail \$2,550, here \$775. *James Purcell*, 488 Seventh Ave., near 36th St., eleventh

floor (643-9548); M.C., V.; Thurs. 12-8, Fri. 9-6; 5/15-5/16.

Beadie Babies

GERARD YOSCA, WHOSE costume jewelry and hair accessories cap off the outfits of glammy types like Madonna and Sharon Stone, is opening his showroom to the public this week: earrings, retail \$100, here \$20; necklaces, retail \$150, here \$40; hair accessories, retail \$25-\$75, here \$5-\$15. *Gerard Yosca*, 39 W. 38th St. (302-4349); cash only; Wed.-Fri. 10-6; 5/14-5/16.

Bag Time

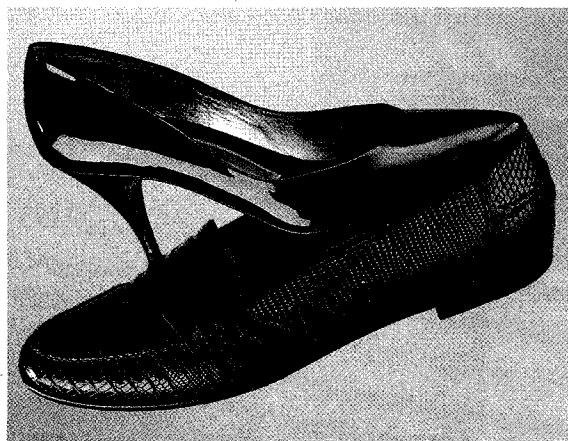
A RESOURCE FOR THE UBIQUITOUS SPORTY nylon tote is the Maxx, New York sample sale. Other discounted styles include: microfiber sling, retail \$155, here \$70; raffia bucket, retail \$145, here \$65. *Maxx*, New York, 385 Fifth Ave., near 36th St., tenth floor (679-3220); cash only; Mon.-Fri. 11-6; 5/15-5/22.

Ms. Rogers' Neighborhood

CHANEL MODEL TURNED COUTURIER Jackie Rogers is having a sample sale: Day suits and dresses, were \$1,250-\$2,250, now \$450-\$950; evening dresses and gowns, were \$2,850-\$4,000, now \$650-\$1,250. *Jackie Rogers*, 790 Madison Ave., near 67th St., suite 205 (737-9759); checks accepted; Mon.-Fri. 10-5; 5/12-5/23.

Hampton Offerings

SEMINOLE FURNITURE SHOPS, A SHOWROOM crammed with a motley collection of home furnishings, is selling off its floor samples: queen sleep sofa, list \$1,837, now \$695; pine entertainment wall unit, list \$5,395, now \$2,395; mahogany dining-room set from the Mark Hampton collection by Hickory Chair Co. (includes table, six cane-back chairs, and buffet), list \$15,242, now \$5,750. *Semi-*



Must-Have: The Bowery Mission Thrift Shop has a stash of over 100 pairs of Susan Bennis Warren Edwards's much-sought-after shoes, priced at \$20-\$95 (some are new, some gently used, some damaged). Here's what else you'll find: Armani men's jacket, \$75; MaxMara blouse, \$21; Carolina Herrera dress, \$65. *Everybody's Thrift Shop*, 261 Park Avenue So., near 21st St. (505-3779); cash only; 5/15-5/30.

nole Furniture Shops, 44 E. 32nd St., third floor (683-6464); M.C., V., and checks accepted (merchandise held till checks clear); Mon.-Fri. 9-6 (special hours Sun., 5/18, 10-4); 5/12-5/23.

Michelle, Ma Belle

FROM ITS 57TH STREET PERCH, MICHELLE Bridal spins out wedding gowns and is now teaming up with a few bridal houses, like Ron LoVece and Cynthia C. and Company, for a sample sale with prices starting at \$300: silk-taffeta full skirt with train, was \$1,800, now \$900; lace slip gown with throw, was \$1,500, now \$750. *Michelle Bridal*, 24 W. 57th St., suite 203 (245-3390); M.C., V., and checks (merchandise held till checks clear); Wed., Fri. 10-7, Thurs. till 8, Sat. till 5; 5/14-5/17.

Lucky Sevens

SHOWROOM SEVEN IS ONCE AGAIN HAVING a sample sale, stamping its painfully chic finery (like Erickson Beamon bags and Ghost threads) with the wholesale mark of approval. A copy of this page in hand earns another 10 percent off. *Showroom Seven*, 498 Seventh Ave., near 37th St. (643-4810); M.C., V., and checks; Tues.-Fri. 10-7; 5/13-5/23.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Hack Work

Playing a twenty-third-century cab driver, Bruce Willis brings a relaxed modesty to the noisy nihilism of Luc Besson's 'The Fifth Element.'

The *Fifth Element*, A FRANTICALLY BOISTEROUS science-fiction spectacle, is about the end of the world. (Has there ever been a science-fiction movie that wasn't about the end of the world?) The movie is also about absolute evil and absolute good, a diva who sings Donizetti, a screechy-priss disk jockey who broadcasts from outer space, a gun that shoots arrows, creatures with faces like dogs, and other creatures with faces like ants. It's about everything and nothing. *The Fifth Element* is the dream project of the noisily ungifted French director Luc Besson (*La Femme Nikita*, *The Professional*), a man trying awfully hard to make American "event" movies; Besson imagines that the way to make them is to put every goddamn thing in the world into them. The movie has enormous sets—an airport, a hotel lobby, an opera house—filled with costumed idiots running around and posing. In the end, the sets are blown up, the people scattered and sent screaming. Besson works with a kind of fitful volatility that I find almost sinister. What do these people rushing around the sets imagine they're doing? How can filmmakers devote a year, even two years of their lives to such overwrought, crumbling nonsense? I suppose it's absurd to ask such questions. If the movie is a hit, I will have my answer.

The Fifth Element is set (mostly) in the twenty-third century, and one of its few successful elements is an animated version of a future Manhattan, with traffic whizzing through the air at many different levels and fast-food stands suspended from the sides of buildings way up high, maybe a mile from the ground. Bruce Willis is master of this high-flown chaos; he does his hairy-ape prole-Everyman thing, and he's very good at it—relaxed, modest, with that familiar smirk that says, "I'm ready for anything." Willis eases us through the whirling gibberish, which seems to bounce off his benevolent puss. Without his familiar face and sanity, *The Fifth Element* would be completely unwatchable. Willis plays some sort of defrocked special agent reduced to driving a cab, and into his lap falls a beautiful female creature who has been reconstructed from DNA. She, of course, is the force of absolute good, and in the person of model Milla Jovovich she has a long-waisted figure and ripe kissy lips. The lips seem to be Jovovich's principal instrument as an actress; she parts them in an attitude of perpetual anticipation. At the same time, great actors stand around projecting bits of business into a void—

Ian Holm, fussing and giggling as a benevolent priest, and Gary Oldman, straight hair flapping to the side like Hitler's, vamping the camera in ecstasies of nastiness.

The world is saved, or lost, or something—does it matter? Except for Bruce Willis, *The Fifth Element* is a carnival of geeks, and though a few moments are funny, you may feel an immense weariness, as if lead weights had been attached to your eyelids. The mass of elaborately built and gaudily destroyed sets is a perfect emblem of the emptiness of big movies now. Besson has a taste for pointless grandiosity combined with a habit of goosing every element into farce. It's possible, of course, that he could throw a hell of a Halloween party, but I don't see much evidence that he can make a good movie.

IF YOU'RE SICK TO DEATH OF EXTRAVAGANT PUT-ONS LIKE *The Fifth Element*, you may respond (as I did) to *La Promesse*, a story told straight, and with great intensity. In this extraordinary Belgian film, two brothers with a background in documentary filmmaking—Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne—dig so deeply into a specific scene that one sees its very bones and arteries. Roger (Olivier Gourmet), an unemployed factory worker living near Liège, runs a scam operation in illegal foreign workers. His chief assistant and disciple is his 15-year-old son, Igor (Jérémy Renier), whom he desperately loves and fu-

It's not fare:
Futuristic cab driver Bruce Willis heads for the outer boroughs in Luc Besson's 'The Fifth Element.'



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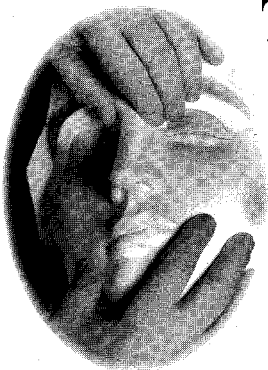
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riously dominates. Rushing about madly, the two men bring Turks, Romanians, Croats, and Africans into the country and charge them rent to live in abandoned housing; they rip them off and exploit them any way they can, and then, when things get too hot, turn some of the workers over to the police. Roger, an overweight man of about 40, less-than-ordinary-looking, has a kind of demonic energy. Among other things, he has robbed his son of his childhood; the boy is already an accomplished thief and liar. Both men display immense resourcefulness in perpetrating squalid little frauds and deals; their hands are never free of cash.

When an African worker falls and injures himself badly (he may be dying), Igor wants to take him to the hospital, but Roger, fearing that the police will close down his operation, forces the kid to help him bury the still-living man in cement. At first, Igor conceals the gruesome death from the African's wife, a proud and beautiful woman carrying a little baby in a sash. At the same time, he tries to help her escape the awful fate his father has devised for her, but she doesn't want help—she's off in her own world of magic and ritual, seeking answers from the entrails of chickens in the middle of this gray-souled Belgian industrial wasteland. The movie chronicles the beginnings of moral feelings in a boy whose instincts are almost always larcenous—a transformation that forces a break with the father who loves him.

The Dardenne brothers use a handheld camera, and much of the film has a hustling, caught-on-the-run quality; we see little acts of desperation and pleasure as people exchange money or rush down obscure corridors. And because the picture is so brazen and energetic, it is never depressing. The scene has a malign fascination; this endless scrambling, we realize, is the heart of an underground economy. The same thing happens in every dark corner of New York or Los Angeles.

For all the roughness, we see what we need to see, with one major exception. Asita Ouedraogo, a teacher from Burkina Faso who plays the wife, is obviously loath to face the camera. She ducks her head, backs into scenes—the pride extends to a refusal to act or even to be seen. Ouedraogo is a discomfiting presence; she makes us feel we are trying to steal something from her. The movie has been shaped as a moral fable about the awakening of conscience, but here, right in the middle of it, is an actress who will not quite yield herself to fiction. Does it matter? It doesn't. By resisting the benevolent intentions of two Western filmmakers obviously outraged on her behalf, Ouedraogo reinforces the movie's theme of exploitation and cultural isolation. The Dardenne brothers must be doing something right.

MOVIES

Long and Winding Line

In 'Mason & Dixon,' as always, Pynchon's path between two points passes through forests of ambiguous portent and is anything but straight.

Mason & Dixon

BY THOMAS PYNCHON
Henry Holt; 773 pages; \$27.50.

AT LAST ARRIVES THE NEW BRICK FROM THE Great Invisible. This one has been noised about for at least a decade, since well before *Vineland* (1990). Pynchon's elusive and unfleshed nature does tend to encourage rumor and speculation; what might have started out as mere shyness or a certain intransigence has willy-nilly turned into the literary publicity stunt of the century. But could you imagine, uh, "Norman Mailer" as an incorporeal being? For the act to succeed, you need books whose authorship can suggest a *what* rather than simply a *who*—the work of an entire atelier of Bavarian illuminati: this one to do the landscapes, that one to brush in the philosophical arcana, a third to supply the jokes, etc.

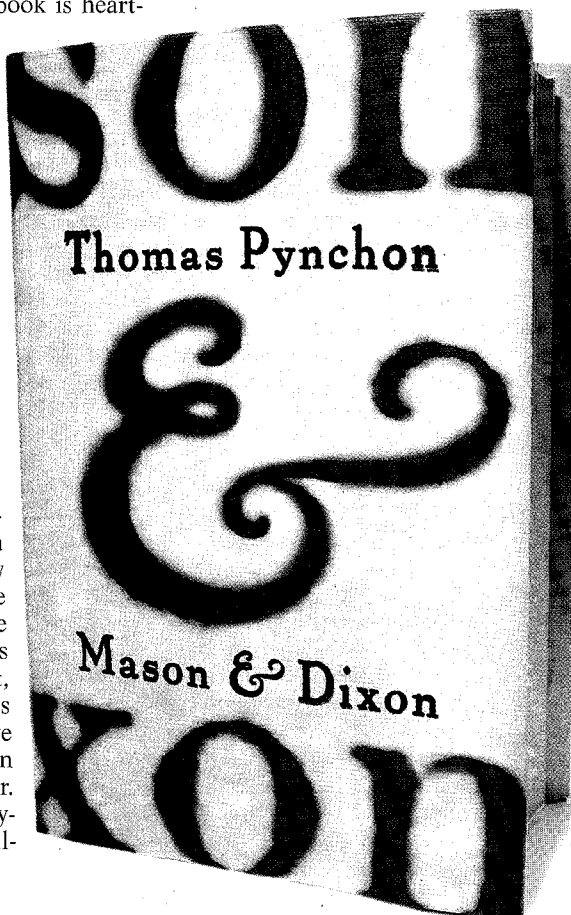
Many people were disappointed with *Vineland*, I suspect, because it seemed so damned personal. Jokes, arcana, landscapes were in place, but emanating, it appeared, from a source in the lived experience of someone with a biography. Underneath a lot of clowning, some of it awkward, the book is heart-felt, sort of an elaboration of the phrase *pessimism of the intellect, optimism of the will*; nevertheless, its dwelling on recognizable matters of the present and recent past must have tasted a bit flat to a percentage of the Pynchon demographic. The kind of reader who enjoys programming computer searches for acrostic messages will, on the other hand, thoroughly revel in *Mason & Dixon*. It's a work of staggering complexity, one that will launch a thousand dissertations and probably a few conspiracy theories by the by. At the same time (let's get this out of the way), it will find buyers who will cautiously open it, turn one or two of its pages with forceps, and then leave it to mold prominently on a table in the side parlor. Some adherents of the easy-reading tendency have al-

ready weighed in: You can't skim it; you can't read it while driving or watching television; it will take Miramax decades to develop the screenplay.

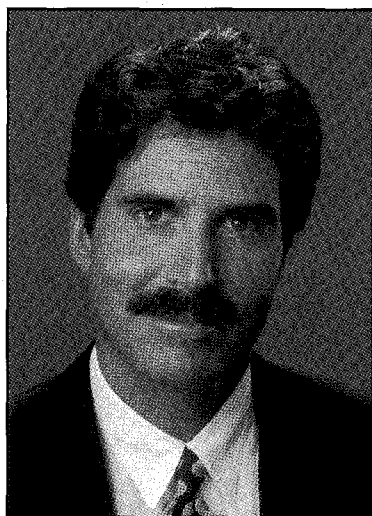
The most obvious bar to facile consumption is the fact that it is written entirely in period English—with plentiful commas, dash-comma combos, numerous contractions and hyphenations, capitalized common nouns, archaic spellings such as "Phiz" for *face* and "Lanthorn" for *lantern*—making for a more rebarbative surface than the Defoe you read in school, which came neatly modernized for your convenience. But you get into the swing after a few dozen pages, and the coloration is trivial compared to the demands made by some of Pynchon's more heroic sentences, which tumble like great accordions of picture postcards from their sleeves, if not as symmetrically. All these strategies and garnishes act as speed bumps on the racing eye, not that any of Pynchon's previous works were designed any differently, although the readership considered as a mass has perhaps gotten even more horn-blowing and frantic over the years. Anyway, if you've ever spent any time trying to read theory, this is Mickey Spillane.

The eponymous heroes are, of course, the two Englishmen—a gloomy Deistic astronomer from the south and a larkish Quaker surveyor from the north—who were hired to settle a dispute between the heirs of William Penn and those of Lord Baltimore by tracing a straight latitudinal line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, a line that later became infamous as the demarcation between slave states and free. The book is their story, from their meeting to their deaths, as it is related in some fashion by their Boswell (either dubious or a mnemonic prodigy), the Rev^d Wicks Cherrycoke, to a houseful of nieces, nephews, and so on not long after Mason's passing in 1786. The outline is faithful to the historical record: The two first travel to Cape Town to observe the transit of Venus, then are sent to make observations on the island of St. Helena, then they come to America and spend the

Tom's new tome: Could Wanda Tinasky have written this book?



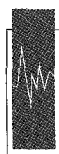
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Like *V.* and *Gravity's Rainbow*, then, it is a historical novel, with emphasis on secret history: It is structured around a geometric figure (the chevron, the arc, the line); it suggests a vast cabalistic encoded meaning that may or may not actually exist (this is where the cultists and cryptographers come in); it is dense with recon-dite allusions and mind-boggling scientific propositions; and it is laden with sideshows, digressions, set pieces, burlesques, apparitions, and musical-comedy numbers. It is a hermeneutic smorgasbord; it virtually guarantees that no two readings will be alike, even if they are accomplished by the same pair of eyes. You can pursue any number of its many strands of motif (it is particularly entertaining on the subject of food, for instance) even as you know that an equal number are whizzing by unseen—you'll pick them up on the next go-round, or maybe the one after that.

It outdistances its predecessors in at least one regard: Its two principal characters are anything but cartoons, even if they obligingly perform the occasional Mutt-and-Jeff routine. They're both in their separate ways heartbreaking, actually, the frolicsome, talkative Dixon no less than the haunted, mournful Mason. Their partnership is a symbiosis, a kind of marriage, down to the bickering. As canny innocents, ever-increasingly sadder-but-wiser, they provide an emotional guy line that sees the reader through the more abstruse passages of this picaresque, in which you really never know what is coming around the corner of the next page.

If *Vineland* suggested, among other things, a current of resistance running through American history (the book's moral center of gravity appears at the very end, when one of the characters cites the famous passage from Emerson that begins, "Secret retributions are always restoring the level, when disturbed, of the divine justice"), *Mason & Dixon* does (among other things) the opposite: tracing the genealogy of oppression back to its source. Mason and Dixon have already observed and been dumbfounded by the predatory behavior of the Dutch colonists in South Africa; in America, they witness slavery in its many forms as well as the aftermath of massacres of westernized Indians by the Patton Boys, a primeval militia. They are always receiving intimations of what their line will eventually cause. A visiting feng shui expert points out that "nothing will produce Bad History more directly nor brutally, than drawing a Line, in particular a Right Line, the very Shape of Contempt, through the midst of a People,—to cre-

ate thus a Distinction betwixt 'em,—'tis the first stroke.—All else will follow as if predestin'd, unto War and Devastation." But the surveyors are powerless to stop the process; they are merely hired hands. And even as they are seduced by the New World, they are aware that, as Mason says, "These Louts believe all's right now,—that they are free to get on with Lives that to them are no doubt important,—with no Glimmer at all of the Debt they have taken on. . . . In Time, these people are able to forget ev'rything. . . . In America, as I apprehend, Time is the true River that runs 'round hell."

The book is thick with foreshadowing, which, in keeping with Pynchon's Shakespearean disposition for interleaving foolery amid tragedy and history, is sometimes deeply serious and sometimes pure horseplay. We witness the creation of the first pizza in Britain, see Benjamin Franklin inventing the cut-price drug-store, watch a hale-fellow George Washington smoke hemp while talking real estate, as Martha enters with a tray of doughnuts and popovers and their slave Gershom rattles off "King-joaks." In New Castle, Delaware, the populace dreams of "Sandwiches" made of entire Loaves stuff'd with fried Sausages and green Peppers, eggplants, tomatoes, cheese melted ev'rywhere," and in Philadelphia there is talk of "a Musick yet to be. . . the Negroe Musick, the flatted Fifths, the vocal *portamenti*,—'tis there sings your Revolution. . . the very Rhythm of the Engines, the Clamor of the Mills, the Rock of the Oceans, the Roll of the Drums in the Night . . ."

The Line is not merely cleaving the nascent country in two, but pointing west; it has to stop when it touches on a north-south Indian highway that still possesses the greater claim, if not for long. Mason and Dixon turn back with relief and reluctance, and think of returning almost the minute they set foot in England. America is forecast: a lure and a warning, already an awesome, churning machine, its path of mingled glory and horror already clear. *Mason & Dixon* is an inverted prophecy, like Blake stood on his head, and in its extravagance it really is History, which "needs . . . to be tended lovingly and honorably by fabulists and counterfeiters, Ballad-Mongers and Cranks of ev'ry Radius, Masters of Disguise to provide her the Costume, Toilette, and Bearing, and Speech nimble enough to keep her beyond the Desires, or even the Curiosity, of Government." It is a sad and beautiful and nutty and profound book, way too vast and densely populated with ideas and lightning bolts for a short review to do it any kind of justice. All I can do is doff my cap.

Second Helpings

Four revivals opened on Broadway last week, including a passionate melodrama by Lillian Hellman, a clinker by Arthur Miller. The verdict: decidedly mixed.



LILLIAN HELLMAN'S BEST PLAY IS EASILY **The Little Foxes**, where her gift for melodrama functions at full tilt. The genre itself is not an august one, but is mastery in a lesser form so unenviable a thing? Are a great circus and its artistes to go unsung? Is there no theatrical artistry in a historical pageant? The internecine struggles of the cutthroat Hubbards in the turn-of-the-century South, as they jockey for greater wealth in cotton and more power in the country, are funny, frightening, and almost epic, and the author squeezes every drop of laughter, venom, and theater out of them.

Jack O'Brien's mounting at Lincoln Center tries something new and risky. His Regina Giddens, as played by Stockard Channing, is not the usual cold and calculating bitch, but a warm and feelingful monster, whose evil has believable psychological and social roots, and who isn't entirely comfortable with it. Her red-in-tooth-and-claw brothers are more drolly human than in any previous production, but then, you can smile, even laugh, with the sharpest of teeth. Brian Kerwin, as Oscar, the venal incompetent carried but also exploited by that mastermind of malice, his brother Ben, is precariously poised on the edge between cunning and clumsiness—except in cruelty to his wife, Birdie, where he is supreme. Brian Murray's Ben is the epitome of the "smiling, damned villain," exuding a calm, deadly authority even as he charms with his bonhomie. You rejoice in his every rotten maneuver and

amoral witticism; this is a performance assembled from tiny, perfectly fitting pieces into a large, overpowering mosaic.

As the two faithful black retainers, Ethel Ayler and Charles Turner invest what might be stock parts with freshly minted reality, indeed idiosyncratic bravura. Richard E. Council as a fat-cat northern tycoon, and Kenneth Welsh as Horace, Regina's dying husband determined to do good at last, are also first-rate, though this moribund fellow may be a mite too athletic. As Leo, the youngest and dumbest Hubbard, Frederick Weller comes close to rescuing some likableness out of stupidity. And as the manhandled, repressed, alcoholic Birdie, Frances Conroy is not the usual petite, pathetic cringer, but a full-blown woman so thwart-

ed that only drink lets her find herself. But Alexandra, the one ray of sunshine in this overcast atmosphere, is undercast: Jennifer Dundas has no charm, and does not become more appealing as she blossoms into the moral voice of the play.

John Lee Beatty, whose superb sets are everywhere these days, contributes another winner: a palatial living room with a Heaven-storming staircase to a commanding upper story, awash in wood-paneled, chandelier-be-decked, burnished grandeur. Kenneth Posner's autumnal lighting gilds these festering lilies with aureate mockery; Jane Greenwood's costumes capture the arrivistes' dress code: understated opulence as the parvenu's passport to respectability.

O'Brien's direction is masterly, both in the overall choreography of this dance of death-in-life and in the fine, satirical details that almost subliminally register the minutiae of creeping inhumanity. Altogether, this is a production that sheds new light on a by now convention-bound and somewhat suspect classic, lifting it to a higher, subtler level of unforgettability.

GOOD MELODRAMA DOES NOT GO IN FOR SERMONIZING. *The Little Foxes* goes preachy only near the end, but a smarmy moral smugness informs all of Arthur Miller's **All My Sons** (1947). The plot hinges on something quite improbable, which we swallow with effort, but there are further stretches even harder to take. Yet the biggest problem is that Chris—Joe and Kate Keller's sur-

Fox hunt:
Stockard
Channing
(center) and
the cast of *The
Little Foxes*.

viving son—is so damnably good. Whenever there is someone that virtuous in a play, we just know that the author is preening inside him, and we begrudge him that.

Then there is Kate, who will not accept that her elder son, Larry, a pilot missing in World War II, is dead. If this were some sort of madness, all right. But then we find out that she is forcing herself into a pseudo-insanity out of a noble motive, to protect her husband, and this, again, feels forced. And then there is Ann, Larry's fiancée, whom Chris has invited to the Keller home in some midwestern suburb. He has always loved her, and now wants to marry her. She harbors two big surprises—one up each sleeve: She has secretly loved Chris for a long time, and she has an all-revealing letter from Larry that, improbably withheld till now, will precipitate the much-delayed final reckoning.

There is more: Joe's business partner is in jail for something Joe did, and he happens to be Ann's father, though Ann now hates him. Her brother, George, who also hates his father, has at long last seen fit to visit him in prison, where he has learned a truth that changes everything. Isn't this Ibsen as rewritten by Judith Krantz? To think that Chris was an Air Force commanding officer (though much too young for that rank), some of whose boys died because of Joe. And George shows up to overhear Kate giving away the big secret, that . . . But bite my tongue! I mustn't reveal all this grand contrivance, which includes Chris's improbable literary bent, making clear that he is the author's refulgent alter ego.

Barry Edelstein's direction turns things even more Grand Guignol-ishly melodramatic, whereas Narelle Sissons's stylized, minimalist set points toward Magrittean surrealism. Donald Holder's lighting, though impressive, introduces yet another element, expressionism. Angela Wendt, who also designed the costumes for *Rent*, comes up with things both ugly and inappropriate to a smoldering midwestern summer. And then there is the cast.

John Cullum is a firmly believable Joe Keller, both pawky and hayseedy, tough on the outside and shaky within. As his wife, however, Linda Stephens comes across as too genteel and megalopolitan, with far too regal manners. The actorish Michael Hayden is all wrong as Chris. There is something cutesy and insignificant about his pug-puppy face and oh-so-boyish manner, and when he suffers, he flings himself about or wallows on the floor in tantrums we thought went out with Edwin Booth.

Worst of all is Angie Phillips, whose dim-looking and fluttery Ann, loose-jointed to the point of suggesting some terrible disease, is not the strong young woman called for, but someone recently and prematurely released from a mental institution. In the

supporting cast, Stephen Stout and Anne Lange come off best. But such peripheral pluses cannot save a poor play in a ludicrous production: Still, kids may enjoy the toy airplanes buzzing around like overgrown June bugs.

WHEN I SAW DONALD SINDEN, ONE OF THE finest underemployed actors in the world, play Sir Harcourt Courtly here in 1974, I was deeply impressed. Now, seeing Brian Bedford play the same part, I am even more impressed—with Donald Sinden. The twentyish Dion L. Boucicault's *London Assurance* was, back in 1841, a deft way for a young playwright to score in a British theater that for the longest time had not produced anything of note. As the Swiss scholar Rudolf Stamm observed, Boucicault was a dramatist who sought theatrical effect by all available means, the finest and the crudest.

As we watch Bedford and an American



Brian Bedford and Helen Carey in *London Assurance*.

cast straining to breathe life into this fragile vehicle, two things become manifest: that it needs a British cast desperately, and that Bedford's clever but effortful bout with the comic lead can't hold a candle to Sinden's commanding way of easing himself into it. This comedy of manners, with its foolish and exaggerated plot, demands by today's standards something extraordinary from the actors. It gets that here only from the irrepressible Helen Carey as Lady Gay Spanker (even though the production ignores the sexual implications of her name) and from the Canadian John Horton, who makes Cool, the butler, a sublimely saturnine walking icicle. Still, Bedford is funny, as is Ken Jennings in a performance that is almost all sight gag. The rest either haven't enough to work with or, as in the cases of Rainn Wilson and John Christopher Jones (an unsuitable actor at best), must be counted among the cruder effects.

There is good, cheeky scenery from

Derek McLane and amiably outré costuming from Catherine Zuber. But Joe Dowling's direction is insufficiently resourceful to freshen up all these mistaken identities, cross-purposes, and awkward asides in a plot whose machinery beats the human element hollow.

FEW ARE THE MUSICALS WITH A NEAR-perfect score, and high among these ranks the Rodgers-and-Hart adaptation of *The Comedy of Errors* as *The Boys From Syracuse*. Cheek by jowl are ballads and up-tempo numbers, showstoppers and rib-ticklers, each with a musical and verbal seduction that makes them also toe-tappers and breath-takers. After a piece of dead fish that calls itself *The Life*, this semi-staged revival by Encores! (alas, only for four performances) descended like manna from heaven. Along with a handful of unforgettable golden youngies came also neglected stunners, chief among them a *lied* worthy of Schumann or Hugo Wolf and possibly the most beautiful musical-comedy song ever written, "You Have Cast Your Shadow on the Sea."

To be sure, there is the goofy book, which George Abbott handled skillfully, and which David Ives adapted here with only moderate success. But neither that nor Susan H. Schulman's not-funny-enough staging hurt much: Between the summits of the score, we could use a few valleys to catch our breath in. Kathleen Marshall's choreography, too, was only serviceable; but there was Rob Fisher with his amazing Coffee Club Orchestra, which is to show music what the Vienna Philharmonic is to Mahler and Strauss. John Lee Beatty supplied beguiling bits of scenery, and Peter Kaczorowski's lighting wedded the rainbow to the aurora borealis. Last but not least, Toni-Leslie James's "apparel co-ordination" far out-classed the work of her predecessor.

The two supposedly identical sets of twins were easily distinguishable: Davis Gaines was the better-sung Antipholus, Malcolm Gets the better-acted one; Michael McGrath's was the Dromio that's funny, Mario Cantone's the one that wasn't. But there was flawless work from Patrick Quinn as the police sergeant, and from three astounding women. As the sisters Adriana and Luciana, Rebecca Luker (tall, willowy, blonde) and Sarah Uriarte Berry (compact, winsome, and brown as a berry) were perfect both as a complementary duo and as unique individuals. Adding the farcical element, the clarion-voiced Debbie Gravitte, as Luce, belted and clowning with equal command. There were other good singers and dancers too numerous to mention, and two delightful spoken bits from Marian Seldes and Tom Aldredge. With a little polishing, this *Syracuse* could transfer to Broadway as triumphantly as the smashing *Chicago*. ■

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

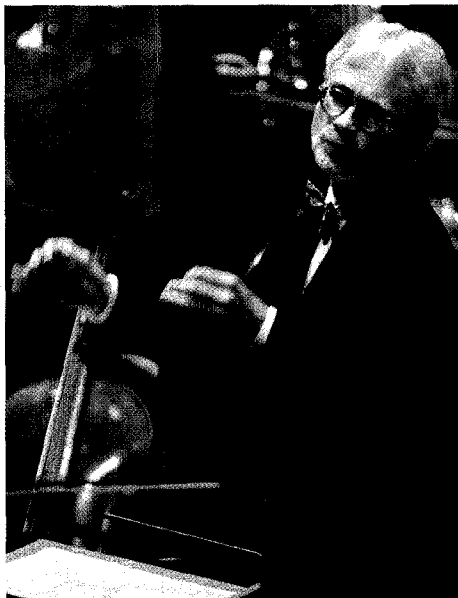
Freshening Up

For years, concert halls have played it safe with the old faithfuls. Now a crop of crowd-pleasing composers is bringing new life to classical music.

T IRED OF READING ABOUT gloom and doom on the classical-music scene? Are there no bright signs in sight? Well, the fact that living, breathing, productive American composers play an increasingly prominent part in the plans of our major institutions could be one good omen. "Tokenism!" our bored music critics will snort, eager to write sour obituaries, bury the whole thing, and collect their pensions. Perhaps, but the phenomenon might also be a small indication of health. Not that long ago new music meant certain death at the box office, but there's been a definite attitude change within the Establishment, and even audiences seem interested.

For instance: The Metropolitan didn't have to ask John Harbison to write an opera based on *The Great Gatsby*, due a few seasons from now. Obviously, the company's recent experiences with new works by John Corigliano and Philip Glass—the Met's first commissions in decades—were happy ones. The New York Philharmonic could probably get by without a resident composer to advise on new-music matters—Jacob Druckman, David Del Tredici, and Tania León have served in the past—but how nice that management thought it advisable to have one. Nor has the orchestra been compelled to make Composer Week an annual event for the past five years, most recently focusing on the music of John Adams. No one forced Carnegie Hall to establish a composer's chair, presently occupied by Ellen Taaffe Zwilich. Since 1995, Zwilich has overseen new-music activities around the house, and she was lately the subject of the season's fourth "Making Music 1997" program in Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall. Even the villainous record companies, whose greed for dollars has given us the Three Tenors and David Helfgott, apparently expect to profit from signing such prolific and widely performed young American composers as Richard Danielpour and Aaron Jay Kernis to long-term contracts.

There's one clear reason why new music has gained ground recently. The composers most in demand, however they may differ in matters of technique and style, promote no radical, alienating, or excluding agendas but simply write music that aims to please their audiences as well as satisfy their own creative needs. Indeed, the whole new-music scene in New York has become more relaxed and inviting since the wars between the so-called uptown academics and the downtown experimentalists divided the city. Back then, when Charles



Wuorinen and Philip Glass were young, a centrist composer like Ellen Taaffe Zwilich would probably have been mowed down in the crossfire, her tonally anchored, emotionally direct, clearly defined music dismissed as neither here nor there. No doubt some still brush Zwilich off for that very reason, since her large body of commissioned work—for orchestras and chamber ensembles all over the country—is built on time-honored classical procedures, and her compositional voice, while always fresh and spirited, is conservatively civilized rather than disturbingly original or naggingly memorable. Once the world was filled with such unpretentious professionals who wrote the sort of engaging scores that Zwilich turns out with ease, and the three well-made works on her Weill Recital Hall program were typical: *Intrada*, a string trio, and *Passages*, a song cycle exuberantly sung by Angelina Réaux.

John Adams has achieved even more visibility and star power, in part because of his exposure on the opera circuit. I much prefer his orchestral music, which strikes me as far more compellingly dramatic and effectively plotted, and in that respect the Philharmonic concert conducted by Leonard Slatkin was a grand occasion. Adams cultivates a truly distinctive musical personality, one that is in constant motion as it changes and grows. By now, his post-minimalist origins are virtually inaudible, and only the pounding energy that drives the 1993 Violin Concerto recalls that early period. It is neither a profound piece nor a stylistically progressive one, as the score's motor rhythms and sweet-and-sour harmonic pungency take us straight back to Ravel, Rous- (continued on page 96)

Left, John Adams; right, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

The *Odyssey* Couple

Beware networks bearing gifts during sweeps month: Armand Assante and Greta Scacchi make NBC's 'The Odyssey' an irresistible Homerun.

POSEIDON HAS A LEGITIMATE gripe. Didn't the god of the wine-dark sea arrange for a serpent to strangle Laocoon just as he tried to warn his fellow Trojans against any gifts from beach-bum Greeks? So sneaky Odysseus and his long-hairs in short skirts with hubcaps get to horse around inside the fortress, ending a ten-year siege that was less about Helen than it was about loot, Lebensraum, and bragging rights to Asia Minor. Problem is, the Big O, too full of his own cleverness, takes all the credit. So Poseidon spits a curse on him: "You will suffer for your arrogance." And suffer Odysseus does, for another long wet decade, before finally washing ashore again back home in Ithaca, where Queen Penelope has been fending off grabby suitors like Eurymachus during the day, while at night unstitching her nomadic husband's shroud.

All this supposedly happened circa 1250 B.C., though Homer wouldn't write hexameters about it till half a millennium later. Thus, the first Western, the prototype of *Lonesome Dove*, anticipating even the Hebrew Bible by 450 years. So it makes perfect dramatic sense that, in this mini-series version of **The Odyssey** (Sunday and Monday, May 18 and 19; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), Greta Scacchi should play Penelope. A lot of us would put up with a lot of aggravation to get to Greta. That Armand Assante as the heroic hunk must also sleep in the storm-tossed interim with Bernadette Peters (as Circe) and Vanessa Williams (as Calypso) is the sort of oversmooch we have come to expect from "sweeps" months. Even his guardian goddess Athena (Isabella Rossellini) is so sexy, it's no wonder the sight of her bathing blinds Tiresias (Christopher Lee).

And besides these ripe olives, the King of Ithaca has a Black Widow mother (Irene Papas) willing to go to hell for him.

I liked this hell, like a Jungian cave with its own Malcolm Lowry volcano and pyroclastic gurgles sufficient to deep-fry Minotaurs. I liked, even more, Calypso's Island, a series of white-salt cliffs on which comely maidens strike stricken poses in black lingerie like wanton

penguins, or supermodels on pedestals of heroin. The Aegean has its foamy moments, especially Scylla and Charybdis. So do Geraldine Chaplin as the faithful maid Eurycleia, Eric Roberts as a caddish Eurymachus, and Michael J. Pollard as a cackling Aeolus. Cyclops comes on like Mr. Potato Head. And Troy itself is as over-the-top as Bernadette Peters—an excess of breastplate beaters playing chicken with their chariots.

In the manner of Sir Arthur Watkins, who restored Crete's Palace of Knossos to the vivid colors he felt it must have flashed before its trashing by the Mycenaeans in 1450 B.C., director Andrei Konchalovsky (*Runaway Train*, *Tango & Cash*) has rainbow-Day-Glo'd classical antiquity. I say, go for it. Because marble lasts longer than pigment, we dreamily imagine the Hellenic past to have been as snow-white as the German mind. But it stands to reason (and is confirmed by frescoes) that these rude warrior tribes were as much in thrall to gaudiness as their tantrum-throwing gods. So the Peloponnesus looks like South Miami, even as the Big O—a nice amalgam of Armand's *Belizaire the Cajun*, his *Napoleon and Josephine*, and Kirk Douglas as Ulysses in the Dino de Laurentiis send-up of the same material—probably smelled like a goat.

Meanwhile, we are agreeably reminded that the blind poet Homer, besides inventing flashbacks and cliffhangers, also sang into spangled being the very first Schwarzenegger Action Jackson: a resinated Terminator.

JUST IN CASE YOU THINK WESTERNS ARE A GUY THING, check out **True Women** (Sun- (continued on page 103)



Calypso music: Below, Vanessa Williams and Armand Assante; above, the Poseidon adventure.





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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAIL GREENE

A Kiss-Kiss Before Dining

It's bread and circuses as the entire Eastern seaboard piles into Keith McNally's faux-French Balthazar, a brasserie and bakery on the frumpy heel of Spring Street.



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE KEITH MCNALLY DIDN'T DIG UP a corner of Montparnasse and ship it directly to Spring Street, bringing a jolt of life to a moribund block and swiftly extending SoHo eastward. Voilà **Balthazar:** The scarred mirrors (tilted for optimum tittle-tattling), the scuffed tile floor, the vintage wooden bar with its pewter top and custom-carved caryatids, the crusty dark rounds of bread incised with a giant *B*, the fruity scent of yeast in the adjacent bakery with its romantic painted ceiling from Burgundy. Lobsters, giant shrimp, and oysters spill over the raw bar. "Aggggh," cries Le Bernardin's Maguy LeCoze, with a characteristic wiggle of excitement. "I am in France." As the one-week-old kitchen struggles to keep up with a frenzy of table turns, the food is already better than what you'll eat in most Paris brasseries. But the crush is barbaric.

Art-world and Seventh Avenue swashbucklers, media grandees and the restless ragtag, night-smart kibitzers: the air fairly crackles with insecurities. Rotating in and out of the power seats, certain trendetti seem to be in virtual residence (see "Gotham," page 17). Bob Colacello and Ross Bleckner suffer worshipful table-hoppers while waiting for Bianca, Susan Sontag a bolster away. Ian Schrager and his wife, Rita, charge into the room, with Peter Morton and Elizabeth Saltzman in tow. Why does restaurateurs' pet Steven Greenberg look so beatific? He drinks *Pétras* and pays in cash. Anna Wintour. Amy Spindler. Gotham Bar and Grill's Alfred Portale. Jean-Georges Vongerichten with Kerry Simon, signed to take Vong global. Dean and DeLuca at separate tables. Calvin and Kelly each in their own corners, too. He stops by to greet her. The room draws a breath. What theater.

But even this full-gallop herd and the chatter it will provoke is not enough to guarantee longevity. I remember Cafe Tabac, 150 Wooster, and the doomed La Coupole, whose brilliant trail was almost as short-lived as Hale-Bopp's. The flighty mighty gather, and the rejected slink away in shame. Till the cooling. But Keith McNally's places—Odeon, Cafe Luxembourg,

Lucky Strike, are notorious for their great legs. Even as the fireflies swarmed his Pravda—the very image of an underground bar in Moscow—he was planning his brasserie, a modest reverie in the beginning. "I thought I'd leave it rough," he said. "But then I got caught up." He shudders, cataloguing the obsessive compulsions. The mirrors: "We built the frames." A truck scoured the Midwest collecting peeling mirrors. And workmen pieced them together like a jigsaw puzzle. Artful water stains splotch the walls, which look aged by a million Gauloise exhalations. And clever lighting casts that golden glow that McNally loves, the glow that works like a facial. For sure, the serving crew has been chosen by résumé rather than by looks. The spaced-out sylphs and unprogrammed beauties one expects in a McNally time warp have been traded for waiters with balding heads, potbellies, and oenophilic asides, as well as waitresses in bistro black with little white aprons who were not found under a cabbage but actually look human.

Still, McNally seems anxious. Rumpled and bleary-eyed (friends say he's a congenital brooder), he steps in himself to clear a table. Perhaps he's gobbled too big a crowd too quickly. The phone might be busy all morning, and the place is already booked weeks ahead. By 11 P.M., supplicants are five deep at the bar. With no reservations, 250 drift in for the first lunch at a point when the kitchen has still to master the computers. A week of tastings for friends had been both rehearsal and showcase for the chefs, Riad Nasr and Lee Hansen, a two-some from Daniel. A judicious meld of art and fashion, hypemeisters and gossipistes, joined the chosen to be wowed by startling skyscraper riggings of shellfish, two and three platters high—lobster, clams, and crab, feisty whelk to wrestle from their shells, pink singing scallops that flap on the stand with a quartet of sauces.

The food, simplified for the expected rush but not dumbed down, shows its pedigree. The Balthazar salad with an ingredient for each letter in its name. Goat-cheese flan in a pastry-tart shell. Sprightly salads. Rich Chilean bass on toasted country bread in (continued on page 96)

Beauty and the bistro: Balthazar's dining room (left, center) and bakery.

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**Right at the peak of the nightlife wars comes a brand-new megacub:
—bold, fab, and luxe (page 98)**

movies

Roddy Doyle's *The Van... Brothers in Trouble*

New Films

All Over Me—Allison Folland is Claude, a teenager in Hell's Kitchen who grapples with her intense feelings for her best friend, Ellen (Tara Subkoff), while Ellen herself becomes increasingly involved with her thuggish new boyfriend. Directed by Alex Sichel. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center*.

Anaconda—Here we are on a barge in the Amazon with a documentary-film crew, and every time someone looks at the jungle he or she gets attacked by something. A couple having sex is set upon by a wild boar; an anthropologist hopping into the water gets a poisonous beetle in his mouth. All preparatory, of course, to the appearance of the Big Guy, a 40-foot anaconda, thick as an elephant's leg and flexible as a slinky. It leaps up into trees and pulls people down and eats more than Bruce the shark in *Jaws*. The characters have been created as types that will appeal to urban audiences—black and Hispanic heroes, a snooty Brit, and, as a villain, Jon Voight as a boss white man who kills and deceives. *Anaconda* is almost unimaginably bad, but at least it's short—a mere 90 minutes. (Denby; 5/5/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin*.

Anna Karenina—Sophie Marceau stars in this adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's epic. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Paris Theater; 72nd St. East*.

Austin Powers—Mike Myers stars as Brit supersleuth of some sort who was cryogenically frozen in the sixties; now thawed out, he can't negotiate modern life. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square*.

Breakdown—Kurt Russell stars as a man whose wife is kidnapped when they break down on a deserted stretch of highway. Directed by Jonathan Mostow. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre*.

Broken English—A young Croatian woman, in defiance of her overprotective father, falls in love with a Maori waiter. Directed by Gregor Nicholas. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square*.

★A Brother's Kiss—Made from his own play by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld, this is about two white brothers growing up in East Harlem. The older and tougher Nick Chinlund raises his kid brother, Michael



One-Shot The Music Men

With such brazenly daffy conceits as musicals about bookers in Times Square ('The Life') and the Kennedy assassination (the coming JFK) on Broadway, Mel Brooks's 'The Producers' might seem positively subtle. The comedian's 1968 film remains a black gem, with Zero Mostel and Gene Wilder (pictured) as the conspirators behind a sure-to-fail extravaganza called 'Springtime for Hitler.' Screening at the Tribeca Film Center on May 14. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Raynor, but then, when they are both grown up, falls apart and becomes dependent on him. This fervently written little movie about the disintegration of the city is brilliantly acted by a large, street-wise cast, including Cathy Moriarty, Michael Rapaport, John Leguizamo, and Marisa Tomei. (Denby; 5/12/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Chelsea*.

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a

lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying. What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 34th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights*.

A Chef in Love—The epic love story between a master French chef and a Georgian princess. Directed by Nana Djordjadze. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema*.

Children of the Revolution—Judy Davis stars as a Communist frantically trying to determine whether Josef Stalin fathered her son. Written and directed by Peter Duncan. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square*.

Commandments—Having lost his wife, job, and home, a frustrated Manhattanite (Aidan Quinn) sets out to break each of the Ten Commandments. Written and directed by Daniel Taplitz. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square*.

Crash—In the opening scene, Catherine (Deborah Kara Unger) slowly leans forward, stimulating a nipple into erection against a cold, cold surface while getting worked on from behind and below by some man we don't yet know. Later, in bed, Catherine narrates the events to her husband, James Ballard (James Spader), who entertains her with his day spent dallying. The two of them use the narrated acts to stimulate their own lovemaking. On the road, Ballard inadvertently crashes into a doctor, Helen Remington (Holly Hunter), whose husband dies in the crash. The two crash victims then meet in the hospital, and thereafter things turn increasingly automotive, what with the couple fornicating awkwardly in the mangled cars and then attending a crash

derby in which the man who made love to Catherine—Vaughn, his name is—re-stages the death of James Dean. Vaughn gets Ballard hooked, and since Ballard wants Catherine to be happy—there's some romantic Tristan-and-Isolde-ish feeling in their linked death wish—the two of them take part in wild rides around town. This is an extremely controlled piece of filmmaking, but it's too remote and specialized to be of more than passing interest. Directed by David Cronenberg. (Denby; 3/24/97) (1 hr. 40 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center*.

Photograph by Photofest.

★**The Daytrippers**—A suburban woman (Hope Davis) happily married to a New York publishing executive (Stanley Tucci) discovers a mysterious love letter in her husband's things. Is he having an affair? With her dissatisfied parents, her bickering sister, and her sister's boyfriend improbably in tow, she searches through Manhattan for her husband, who seems to be spending the day with his lover. Writer-director Greg Mottola shares with David O. Russell, the director of *Flirting With Disaster*, a satiric, picaresque style—loosely inclusive, chatty, naggingly funny. It takes us a while to realize what the film is about—that the mother and her two daughters are the center of it. Mottola also shares with Russell a penchant for working very close to embarrassment. Both directors put people we like on the screen and then force them to make fools of themselves. In its small way, this New York independent movie is very penetrating. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Designated Mourner—David Hare's adaptation of the Wallace Shawn play about the cultural elite. With Mike Nichols, Miranda Richardson, and David de Keyser. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**The Devil's Own**—Harrison Ford brings strength and sureness to what would have been an iron role for anyone else—an honest New York cop. His Tom O'Meara doesn't commit violence easily; he's the kind of cop who chases a runaway suspect for blocks. But into his home comes a young man who kills without remorse. Brad Pitt is the IRA assassin and terrorist Frankie McGuire, who saw his father killed when he, Frankie, was only 8, and who believes in nothing but the endless struggle against the British rule of Northern Ireland. Pretending to be an ordinary construction worker, he enters Tom's home and falls in with his happy family and community life. The boy without a father finds a man with two daughters. Many writers, some not credited, worked on the screenplay, and there has been talk in the press of dissension on the set. But for all its alleged troubles, *The Devil's Own* has turned out to be a pretty solid piece of work—Alan J. Pakula's best piece of direction in a long time. (Denby; 4/7/97) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Diary of a Seducer—A young woman (Chiara Mastroianni) borrows a copy of Kierkegaard's novel *Diary of a Seducer*, which begins to affect her—and everyone who comes into contact with it—strangely. Written and directed by Daniele Dubroux. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almásy had led a party of European explorers and map-makers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almásy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. The Italian scenes, however, are not merely a frame for the flashbacks: The two places, Tuscany and North Africa, stand as equals, each with its own stamp of pleasure and fear, each with its own visual motifs and characteristic life. What fuses the separate parts is nothing less than the varieties of love—erotic love, the pleasures of companionship, and even healing as vocation. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Embassy 2-4; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

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Sheltering Arms — A safe haven for children

Father's Day—Billy Crystal and Robin Williams are two men who both believe themselves to be the father of the same errant teenage boy, who has run away from home. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Female Perversions—A successful woman falls prey to her many neuroses and wanders into various affairs. Based on the nonfiction book by psychoanalyst Louise J. Kaplan. Directed by Susan Streifeld. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Fetishes—Nick Broomfield's documentary about Manhattan's S&M underworld. (NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Fifth Element—See David Denby, p. 63. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Plaza.*

Flamenco—Director Carlos Saura assembled 300 singers, dancers, and musicians in his love letter to the Spanish dance. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Grosse Pointe Blank—John Cusack plays a criminal—a professional assassin—who goes home to his ten-year high-school reunion and picks up with Minnie Driver, the girl he abandoned on prom night. The premise is no more than a joke, but it's a good joke. In the opening scene, Cusack stands at a hotel window, busy shooting someone, while at the same time, his secretary (played by his sister Joan) reads him a letter over the telephone. The comic point is that Cusack's character, Martin Blank, conducts himself as though he had a completely normal job. Martin has pushy clients, he has supply problems, and he has rivals who want to dominate him. He botches a couple of jobs; his heart is no longer in it. Depressed, and worried that he has chosen the wrong line of work, Martin goes to a shrink, the great Dr. Oatman, who is very frightened of his troubled patient. That John Cusack was likable became as clear as early as *Say Anything*; that he was a terrific film actor became obvious in *The*

Grifters. Now it's evident as well that he knows how to be a movie star. With his long, pale face and small mouth, Cusack can look like a degenerate or a choir boy, and his smoky voice has surprising registers. He's very adroit with tiny, rapid shifts of mood, from mild mockery to sweet literalness and then back again. *Grosse Pointe Blank* is as funny as *Get Shorty* and as hip as *Pulp Fiction*, though not as sleek and high-powered as the first or ostentatiously ironic as the second. It's a real charmer—a dark comedy that is too romantic and affectionate to be called black. Directed by George Armitage. (Denby; 4/28/97) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; 84th Street.*

Hollow Reed—Martin Donovan stars as a young father who suspects his ex-wife's boyfriend is abusing his son. Directed by Angela Pope. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Irma Vep—Like Truffaut's *Day for Night*, this is a movie about the making of a movie. Jean-Pierre Léaud, who starred in Truffaut's *The Four Hundred Blows*, plays the (fictional) director René Vidal, a fading genius who has been asked by French TV to undertake a hopeless project—a remake of the French silent classic *Les Vampires*. Directed by the legendary Louis Feuillade, *Les Vampires* is about a gang of cat burglars led by the music-hall performer Irma Vep (an anagram of vampire). Vidal, whose hyperintellectual meanderings suggest a second-string Jean-Luc Godard, wants to recapture Feuillade's simplicity and poetry. He casts as Irma Vep not a French actress but the star of Hong Kong quickie action movies (Maggie Cheung, a real hong Kong star), who he thinks has the grace to play the role. A sensible professional actress and good sport, Maggie is willing to do whatever is asked of her, but the poor girl gets thrown into a bog of Parisian vanity and incoherence. René cannot explain what he wants; trying for Feuillade's magical plainness, he produces only weird, dead footage, "an image of an image." Olivier Assayas, who both wrote and directed, keeps the personal and professional disasters moving at an

extraordinary pace, and the movie becomes a kind of comedy of catastrophe. Assayas is a whiz with the movie camera: People pass in and out of the frame, and we hear fragments of conversation, only to pick up other conversations as the camera moves around or circles back to people seen earlier in the shot. (Some of these virtuoso shots rival the best of Robert Altman's work.) Assayas seems to be getting at widely shared character flaws—egotism and vanity as well as intellectual pretension substituting for creativity. From the evidence of *Irma Vep*, making a movie in France these days is like going to a very bad party. (Denby; 5/5/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Kama Sutra—Two women in ancient India—one queen, the other slave—compete for the king's love. Directed by Mira Nair. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Screening Room; Angelika 57.*

Kissed—Lynne Stopkewich's dark comedy about a young woman who prefers intimacy with the dead rather than the living. (1 hr. 18 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Kolya—The hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Sverak), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor—a man who calls one married woman after another at night, looking for an absent husband—is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of *Kramer vs. Kramer*, though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Screening Room; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

La Promesse—See David Denby, p. 63. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

Liar Liar—Jim Carrey is a Los Angeles legal hotshot, manipulative and dishonest, who has broken up with his wife (Maura Tierney). His little boy (Justin Cooper), lonely for Dad and often betrayed, makes a wish on his 5th birthday—that Dad be unable to tell a lie for 24 hours. The movie works toward reconciliation: Dad will admit he honestly loves his little boy. Unfortunately, Jim Carrey as a loving dad is more frightening than Jim Carrey as an absent father. He's so demonically demonstrative with young Cooper that he nearly eats the kid alive. Someone has to get Carrey to take it down a notch or two. (Denby; 4/7/97) (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Theatre; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Plaza Twin.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The adaptation of Terrence McNally's Tony-winning play about the enduring friendships among eight gay men. Directed by Joe Mantello. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Murder at 1600—Wesley Snipes is a D.C. detective who investigates a White House homicide. Directed by Dwight Little. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; 84th Street.*

Night Falls on Manhattan—Andy Garcia stars as a Manhattan D.A. who uncovers widespread corruption in the justice system. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Nowhere—The final installment in Gregg Araki's "Teen Apocalypse Trilogy." With James Duval, Kathleen Robertson, and Jeremy Jordan. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Paradise Road—Glenn Close, Frances McDormand, and Julianna Margulies star in this fact-based World War II drama about a band of women who defied their Japanese captors. Directed by Bruce Beresford. (2 hrs.; R) *Manhattan Twin.*

Ripe—Two young girls, recently orphaned, come of age while hiding out on an army base. Directed by Mo Osgood. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Romy and Michele's...—Lisa Kudrow and Mira Sorvino play two slackerish young women who decide to attend their high school reunion in spite of having accomplished nothing. With Janeane



Opening Dancing Queens

Beloved by many as resident 'Seinfeld' loser George, Jason Alexander (center) takes a bold step into the role of Gregory, the deeply thoughtful gay choreographer of 'Love! Valour! Compassion!' Terrence McNally adapted his Tony-award-winning play—which chronicles the fluctuating relationships between Gregory, his friends, and his lovers—for the screen, and many members of the Broadway cast reprise their roles. Opens May 16.

Garofalo. Directed by David Mirkin. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village East*; *19th Street East*; *Crown Gotham*; *Embassy 1*; *86th Street East*; *84th Street*.

The Saint—Director Phillip Noyce, who should know better, has given himself over to an obvious attempt to revisit the 007 genre, with Val Kilmer in the would-be franchise role of a charming but "cold" orphan who has become an inscrutable master thief and seducer. Produced on a monstrous scale, *The Saint* is mainly an endless chase with some striking use of Moscow backgrounds and some nastily energetic Russian and Eastern European actors. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin*; *Chelsea*; *UA East*; *Lincoln Square*.

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With John Ritter, Dwight Yoakam, and Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin*; *Carnegie Hall Cinema*; *Manhattan Twin*.

Sprung—Terrified at the prospect of losing their best friends Clyde and Adina to couplehood, Montel (Rusty Cundieff) and Brandy (Tisha Campbell) decide to band together to sabotage the relationship. Written and directed by Cundieff. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Manhattan Twin*.

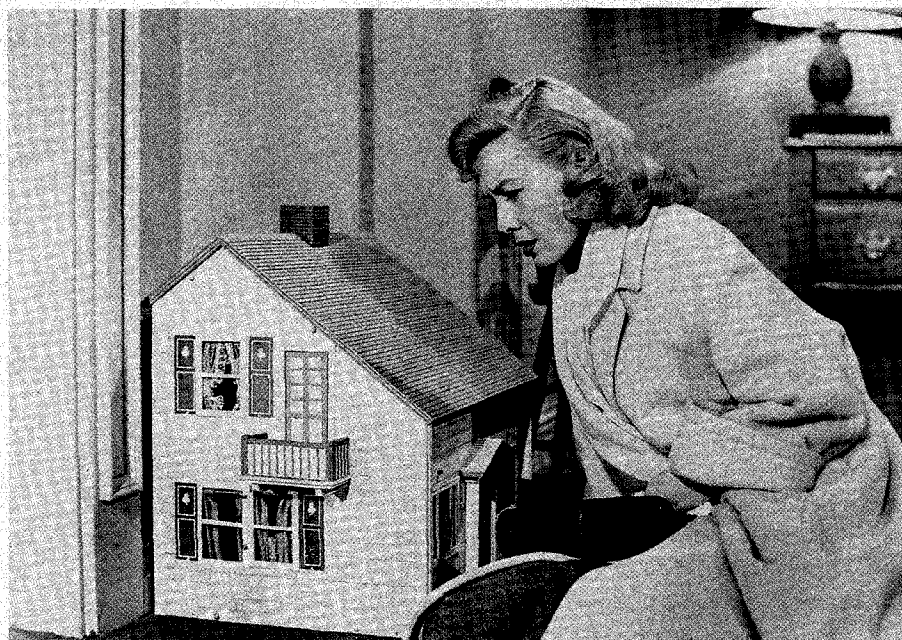
Traveller—A young man (Mark Wahlberg) hooks up with a band of Irish gypsies led by a hardened swindler (Bill Paxton). Directed by Clint Eastwood's longtime cinematographer, Jack Green. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*; *62nd and Broadway*.

Twin Town—Llyr Evans and Rhys Ifans play two brothers who exact revenge on a local businessman who refuses to dole out workman's comp to their ailing father. Directed by Kevin Allen. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII*.

Underworld—Denis Leary stars as a man out to avenge a brutal assault on his father. Directed by Roger Christian. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Village East*; *Criterion Center*; *Sutton*; *Regency*.

The Van—Two unemployed Irishmen start a fish-and-chips business, and endanger their friendship in the process. With Colm Meaney. Written by Roddy Doyle. Directed by Stephen Frears. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R). *Opens Friday*.

★**Volcano**—The least morbid, most high-spirited and entertaining example of a very rum genre. In this movie, such disaster-film clichés as the Warning Signs of Catastrophe are almost comical: subterranean rumblings, odd emissions of heat from below, and a rather overinsistent gurgling, as of a stew pot gone mad. Banter is the universal style. The guys furiously building the city's controversial subway argue with the head of the Office of Emergency Management, Mike Roark (Tommy Lee Jones); and Roark, in turn, ribs his lieutenant, a swift-talking joker (Don Cheadle) who mans the control center in a turned-around golfer's cap. When a seismologist, Dr. Amy Barnes (Anne Heche), shows up, she and Roark appear to be flirting. When the volcano blows, the sight is almost pretty, like a *son et lumière* show that has gone bizarrely over-the-top: Enormous columns of red flame shoot up in the night, and lava bombs are flung aloft like flaming cannonballs in an old medieval-siege movie. Director Mick Jackson and screenwriters Billy Ray and Jerome Armstrong make a pass at promoting multicultural harmony: There's a Korean doctor who selflessly wears herself out attending the injured, and a cocky, pain-in-the-ass African-American who antagonizes a white policeman, gets himself arrested, but then, when released, pulls himself together and joins in the effort to save the city. *Volcano* offers the healing catastrophe: That lava flowing down Wilshire may be the new melting pot. (Denby; 5/12/97) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village East*; *Chelsea West*; *Ziegfeld*; *86th Street*; *First & 62nd St. Cinema*; *Lincoln Square*; *Metro Cinema*; *New Coliseum*; *Nova*; *Brooklyn Heights Plaza*.



Opening Small Change

In his 1957 film *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, director Jack Arnold took a potentially laughable plot—working stiff, contaminated by nuclear waste, grows tinier and tinier—and turned it into a spooky meditation on the frailty of life. See it during a two-week run at Anthology Film Archives, beginning May 16. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Warriors of Virtue—A live-action adventure about a young American boy who finds himself transported to the magical land of Tao, where he must battle forces of evil. Directed by Ronny Yu. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin*; *Chelsea*; *Criterion Center*; *First & 62nd St. Cinema*; *Orpheum 7*; *Lincoln Square*; *Nova*.

★**When We Were Kings**—In 1974, Don King promoted a world-heavyweight-championship fight in Zaire, the famous "Rumble in the Jungle." For the heavily favored George Foreman, Zaire was just a place to earn \$5 million, but for Muhammad Ali, fighting to reclaim the title stripped from him when he refused induction into the Army during the Vietnam War, the event was a defining moment. The young music documentarian Leon Gast went to Zaire to shoot the performance and returned with 300,000 feet of film. After years of struggle, he finally pulled the footage together with help from producer-director Taylor Hackford, who shot fresh interviews with Norman Mailer and George Plimpton, both of whom covered the fight. We see the routine things onscreen—Foreman punching the training bag, Ali taking body blows from his sparring partner—which are brought to life by Mailer's comments. Even people who hate boxing will be held by the intensity of the human drama. Watching Muhammad Ali spin and wheel, we can only mourn the brilliant young man who martyred himself to his love of glory in the ring. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *59th Street East*.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *All Over Me*; *Broken English*; *Chasing Amy*; *Crash*; *The Designated Mourner*.

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Sling Blade*; *The Saint*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Fetishes*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Irma Vep*. Opening 5/14: *Brothers in Trouble*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Chef in Love*; *Female Perversions*; *Hollow Reed*; *Nowhere*.

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Kolya*; *Kama Sutra*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Anaconda*; *Anna Karenina*; *The Daytrippers*; *Kissed*; *Ripe*; *Romy and Michele's . . .*; *Underworld*; *Volcano*.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Austin Powers*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Grosse Pointe Blank*; *Twin Town*.

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Breakdown*; *Liar Liar*.

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *The Fifth Element*; *Grosse Pointe Blank*; *Romy and Michele's . . .*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Chasing Amy*.

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Breakdown*; *The Godfather*; *Liar Liar*.

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Brother's Kiss*; *Commandments*; *The Devil's Own*; *The English Patient*; *Liar Liar*; *Murder at 1600*; *The Saint*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Volcano*.

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Austin Powers*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Grosse Pointe Blank*.

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *When We Were Kings*.

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Daughter of the Bride*; *Follow Me Home*; *Kama Sutra*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Talent Ordinary People

Two sodden, middle-aged Irishmen, out of work and on the dole, salvage a slime-caked van and set up shop—hawking fast food outside pubs, at sporting events, and at rock concerts. Such is the surprisingly engaging action of *The Van* (opening May 16), the final installment in Roddy Doyle's hallowed Barrytown trilogy. (Like its predecessors—1991's *The Commitments* and 1993's *The Snapper*—*The Van*, originally published in 1991, was deftly adapted for the screen by the Booker Prize-winning author.) All three films detail the amusing mishaps and small victories of the Rabbittes, a garrulous working-class family from North Dublin who have the peculiar ability to find grace through misfortune. Set in 1990 during Ireland's promising showing in the World Cup, *The Van* revolves around patriarch Larry (the excellent Colm Meaney). An obstinate, well-intentioned man who often falls prey to pride, Larry haplessly attempts to douse his midlife crisis by flinging himself into the business of fish and chips. It's a spare plot, to be sure, but it brilliantly evokes Doyle's gift: the seemingly artless presentation of unremarkable lives, and the elegant humor he employs in forcing them to unravel their knotty neuroses. Though he has since abandoned the Rabbittes to explore darker souls—the emotionally fractured child protagonist of *Paddy Clarke, Ha Ha Ha*; the battered wife in *The Woman Who Walked Into Doors*—Doyle has spoken often of his special affinity for the denizens of Barrytown. He based the Rabbittes and their equally colorful neighbors on people he grew up with, and initially took elaborate steps to protect their identities. Though he later realized his efforts were in vain—everyone knew what he had done, and no one really cared—Doyle remains protective and proud. "You must remember," he says, "that Ireland's greatest export is people."

MAUREEN CALLAHAN



Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Breakdown*.
Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *A Chef in Love*; *Sling Blade*.
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Chasing Amy*; *Grosse Pointe Blank*; *Traveller*.
Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Private Parts*; *Inventing the Abbotts*.
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Double Team*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Love Jones*; *Murder at 1600*; *Underworld*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Romy and Michele's*....
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Daytrippers*.
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Romy and Michele's*....
Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *The English Patient*; *The Godfather*; *Scream*.
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Grosse Pointe Blank*.
Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Paradise Road*; *Sling Blade*; *Sprung*.
National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Liar Liar*; *Return of the Jedi*.
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Anna Karenina*.
State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Anaconda*; *Austin Powers*; *The Saint*; *Truth or Consequences*, N.M.
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Austin Powers*; *Underworld*.
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Breaking the Waves*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Fools Rush In*; *Jerry Maguire*; *The People vs. Larry Flynt*; *Waiting for Guffman*.
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Volcano*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Designated Mourner*.
72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Anna Karenina*.
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Liar Liar*; *Volcano*.
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Grosse Pointe Blank*; *Romy and Michele's*....
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Commandments*.
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Breakdown*; *Kolya*; *Liar Liar*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Donnie Brasco*; *The Fifth Element*.
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Father's Day*.
Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Anaconda*; *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Chasing Amy*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Murder at 1600*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Saint*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Traveller*.
84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *Grosse Pointe Blank*; *Murder at 1600*; *Romy and Michele's*....
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Daytrippers*; *Diary of a Seducer*; *The English Patient*; *Flamenco*; *Kolya*; *Secrets & Lies*.
Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Austin Powers*; *Broken English*; *Chasing Amy*; *Children of the Revolution*; *Commandments*; *The Dev-*

il's Own; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *The Saint*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Volcano*; *Liar Liar*.
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *The Fifth Element*; *Volcano*.
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Breakdown*; *The Fifth Element*.
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Underworld*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Anaconda*; *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Double Team*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Murder at 1600*; *Romy and Michele's*....; *The Saint*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Murder at 1600*; *The Sixth Man*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Anaconda*; *Father's Day*.
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Anaconda*; *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Murder at 1600*; *The Sixth Man*; *The Saint*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *Liar Liar*; *Romy and Michele's*....; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Volcano*; *Chasing Amy*.
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Breakdown*; *The Fifth Element*; *Volcano*.
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Anaconda*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Grosse Pointe Blank*; *Romy and Michele's*....
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Anaconda*; *Austin Powers*; *The Fifth Element*; *The Saint*. Opening 5/14: *Sprung*.
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *The Fifth Element*; *Sprung*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*.
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Anaconda*; *The Fifth Element*; *Murder at 1600*; *Volcano*.
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *Liar Liar*; *Romy and Michele's*....
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Murder at 1600*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Marvin's Room*; *Private Parts*; *Star Wars*.
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Anaconda*; *Liar Liar*.
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *The Fifth Element*; *Volcano*.
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Anaconda*; *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Murder at 1600*; *Romy and Michele's*....; *The Saint*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Murder at 1600*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-side (428-4040) *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *Grosse*

Pointe Blank; *Murder at 1600*; *Romy and Michele's ...*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Anaconda*; *Austin Powers*; *The Fifth Element*; *Romy and Michele's ...*; *The Saint*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations*.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Anaconda*; *Chasing Amy*; *The Fifth Element*.

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Austin Powers*; *Murder at 1600*; *The Saint*; *Volcano*.

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Romy and Michele's ...*; *Scream*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Romy and Michele's ...*; *The Saint*.

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Father's Day*.

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *Liar Liar*; *Romy and Michele's ...*; *Volcano*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Breakdown*; *The Fifth Element*; *Volcano*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Commandments*; *Liar Liar*; *Murder at 1600*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglass (423-7200) *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Murder at 1600*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Paradise Road*; *Waiting for Guffman*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Volcano*; *The Fifth Element*.

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Austin Powers*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Volcano*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Grosse Pointe Blank*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Grosse Pointe Blank*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Anaconda*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Anaconda*; *Austin Powers*; *Breakdown*; *Father's Day*; *The Fifth Element*; *Liar Liar*; *Murder at 1600*; *Romy and Michele's ...*; *The Saint*; *Volcano*; *Warriors of Virtue*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Passionate Grids: A Peter Greenaway Retrospective." 5/17: Short Films: *Water Wrackets* (1975), *H is for House* (1976), *Vertical Features Remake* (1978), and *Rosa* (1992). 5/17 and 5/18: *The Baby of Macon* (1993). 5/18: *Drowning by Numbers* (1988). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$8.

Angelika 57—5/13-5/15: "Thessaloniki USA '97." Call for program info. 225 W. 57th St. (586-1900); \$8.

Anthology Film Archives—5/12-5/15: *Les Cousins* (1959) and *Le Beau Serge* (1958). 5/12-5/16: *L'america* (1994). 5/13: *The Travelling Players* (1975). "Robert Gardner." 5/14, 5/15, and 5/17: *Dead Birds* (1964) and *Blunden Harbour* (1951). 5/14 and 5/18: *Rivers of Sand* (1974) and *Mark Tobey Abroad* (1973). 5/15: *Deep Hearts* (1988) and *Ika Hands* (1988). 5/18: *The Nuer* (1971) and *Sons of Shiva* (1985). 5/17: *Forest of Bliss* (1986) and

Mark Tobey (1952). 5/18: *The Blue Danube Waltz* (1992) and *Dancing With Miklos* (1992). 5/16-5/18: Wim Wenders's *The American Friend* (1977) and Jack Arnold's *The Incredible Shrinking Man* (1957). 5/17 and 5/18: *One Hundred Years of Chinese Cinema* (1995). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—5/17: "Silents Please! An Evening of Silent Comedy Shorts." Call for program info. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); \$6.

Casa La Femme—5/18: *My Life as a Dog* (1985). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Cinema Village 12th St—"Michelle Yeoh: Queen of Action." 5/5 and 5/8: *Project S* and *Supercop*. 5/6: *Stuntwoman* and *Yes, Madam*. 5/7: *Heroic Trio* and *Executioners*. 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); \$8.

A Different Light—5/18: *Mildred Pierce* (1945). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—5/14: *Gold Diggers of 1933* (1933). 5/15: *Virgin Machine* (1988) and ... *And the Earth Did Not Swallow Him* (1994). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Capra 100." 5/12: *So This Is Love* (1928) and "Frank Capra, Gagman," a series of five silent comedy shorts. 5/13: *Bitter Tea of General Yen* (1932) and *The Miracle Woman* (1932). 5/14: *Platinum Blonde* (1931) and *American Madness* (1932). 5/15 and 5/16: *The Matinee Idol* (1928) and *Broadway Bill* (1934). 5/17-5/19: *Frank Capra's American Dream* (1997). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"R.W. Fassbinder and His Friends." 5/13 and 5/14: *Fox and His Friends* (1974) and *Katzelmacher* (1969). 5/15 and 5/16: *Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?* (1969) and *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* (1972). 5/17: *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (1980), parts 1-7. 5/18: *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (1980), parts 8-13 and epilogue. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); \$8.

French Institute—5/13: *Le Fille seule* (*The Single Girl*) (1995). 5/20: *The Sexual Life of the Belgians* (1994). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, seniors, \$5.50.

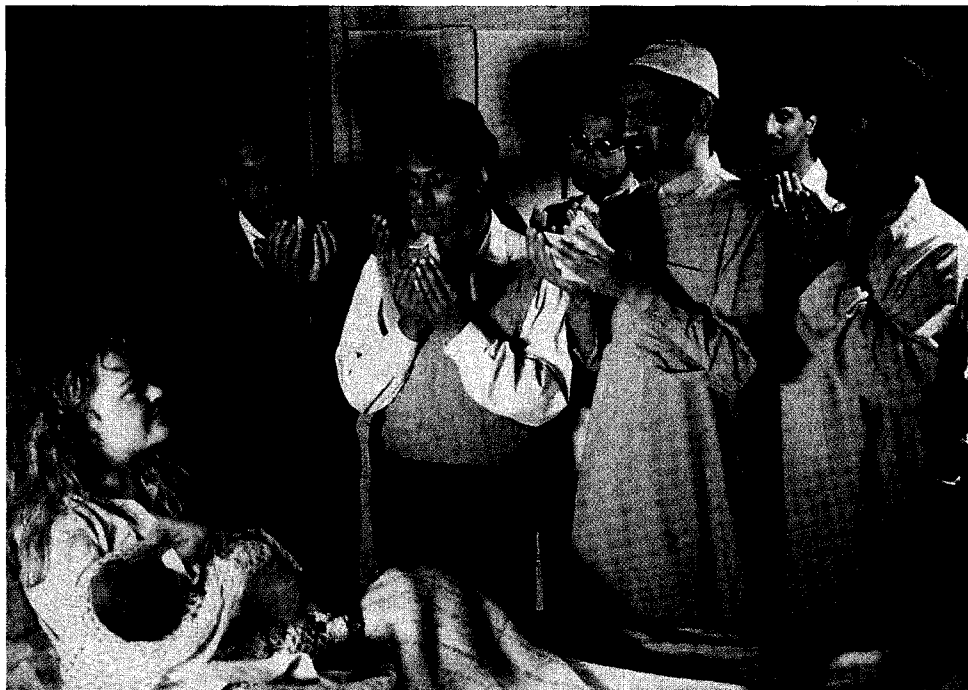
Goethe-Institut New York—"Not Straight From Germany: Lesbian and Gay Films Since 1919." 5/16: *Seduction: The Cruel Woman*, *Beloved Murderer*. Center's Assembly Hall, 208 W. 13th St. (620-7310); \$6.

Museum of Modern Art—"CinemaDracula." 5/12: *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (1969) and *Double Possession/Blood Couple* (1973). 5/13: *Hollywood on Parade: Betty Boop Meets Bela Lugosi* (1934) and *Blood and Roses* (1960). 5/13 and 5/16: *Daughters of Darkness* (1970). 5/15: *Deafula* (1975). 5/15 and 5/17: *The Last Man on Earth* (1964) and *Dance of the Damned* (1988). 5/16: *The Hunger* (1983) and *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (1992). 5/17: *Dracula* (1979). 5/18: *Transylvania 6-5000* (1963), *Night of the Living Duck* (1988), *Pink Plasma* (1968), *Blacula* (1972) and *Vampyr* (*The Strange Adventures of David Gray/Castle of Doom*) (1932). "Women Make Movies." 5/12: *Johanna d'Arc of Mongolia* (1989). 5/17: *Me and Rubyfruit* (1989-90), *A Spy in the House Ruth Built* (1989), *Cycles* (1989), *Two Lies* (1989), *The Match That Started My Fire* (1991), *Meeting of Two Queens* (1991), *History and Memory: For Akiko and Takashige* (1991), and *The Body Beautiful* (1991). 5/18: *The Lost Garden: The Life and Cinema of Alice-Guy Blaché* (1995), *Night Cries: A Rural Tragedy* (1990), *Sally's Beauty Spot* (1990), and *Sink or Swim* (1990). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Pilsner Urquell Film Festival—3/14: *The Producers* (1967). Tribeca Screening Room, 375 Greenwich Street (1-800-762-5959); free.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Singin' in the Rain* (1952). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Golden Voices/Silver Screen," with live cabaret keyed to the movie. 5/13: *Pal Joey* (1957). 5/20: *Yankee Doodle Dandy* (1957). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); \$8.



Opening House Arrest

Set in sixties Britain, *Brothers in Trouble* watches a houseful of illegal Pakistani immigrants through the eyes of Mary (Angeline Ball, left), an impoverished Irishwoman seeking refuge. Her presence, at first a comfort, slowly and subtly imperils their insular, underground existence. Udayan Prasad's bittersweet drama has a two-week run at Film Forum, beginning May 14. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

theater

Margulies... The Devils... Bullins

Broadway

Now Playing

An American Daughter—Wendy Wasserstein's new political comedy, starring Hal Holbrook and Kate Nelligan. \$35-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/13/97. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. \$40-\$70. Wed.-Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). \$25-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$70. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Candide—Voltaire with a Leonard Bernstein beat. Hal Prince revives this musical satire, starring Jim Dale, Andrea Martin, Harolyn Blackwell, and Jason Danieley. \$20-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/29/97. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton does out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and

Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. \$49.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 scenes from a marriage by Frank McGuinness. Starring Olivier Award-winner Janet McTeer. \$25-\$60. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/2/97. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring

Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Gin Game—D. L. Coburn's play, about two people in a retirement home, shows off the talents of two older actors. It is the thing the theater needs if its aging stars are not themselves to end up in like fashion. So we must be grateful to Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. Weller fancies himself a wizard at cards, and entices the seemingly frail Fonsia, new to gin rummy, to provide him with an easy mark. But Fonsia has both a canny and a lucky streak, and goes on, over a week or so, to win every single hand. This makes Weller angrier and angrier, and Fonsia sweeter and sweeter, enraging her partner until the otherwise uneventful play ends in a tragicomic climax. (Simon: 5/5/97). \$15-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Olympic gymnast Dominique Dawes joins the cast as cheerleader Patty Simcox, and Joe Piscopo plays D.J. Vince Fontaine. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—What do you think it's about? Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy*, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Epoune—what a story! Just synthesizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). \$15-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*



Previews What Is to Be Done?

For a good plot or a weighty theme, Elizabeth Egloff often turns to the classics—this time, Dostoyevsky. In her new drama, *The Devils*, Egloff follows a motley crew of Ukrainian revolutionaries and examines what human obstacles roll in the way of overthrowing a government. Opens May 20.



Opening Honor Thy Father

*Ed Bullins has never shied away from using angry men and racy dialogue to make a point. But the thrice-Obied playwright says his newest work, *Boy x Man*, is much mellower: a rumination on the African-American experience—this time examining the role of surrogate fathers—that has, Bullins jokes, “a PG rating.” For more information, call 582-5860. The play opens May 16.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. \$40–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre*, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

The Little Foxes—Stockard Channing stars in Lillian Hellman's 1939 play, in a role made famous by Bette Davis onscreen; directed by Jack O'Brien. \$35–\$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/27/97. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center* (239-6200).

London Assurance—Brian Bedford stars in Boucicault's nineteenth-century comedy of manners, courtship, fortunes, and fancy dress. \$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 4/30/97. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right*, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Carmen de Jesus.

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— Ben Brantley, THE NEW YORK TIMES

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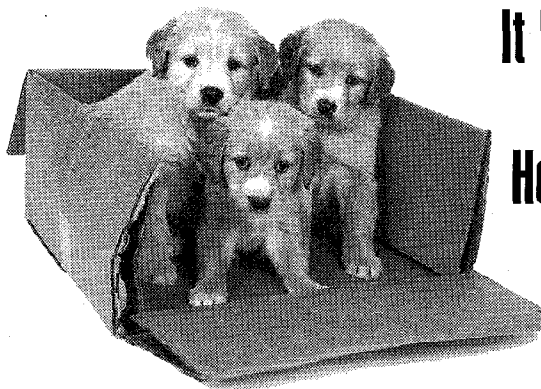
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MAY 19, 1997 NEW YORK 81

Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. \$32.50-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. \$40-\$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Play On!—Songs by Duke Ellington, plot by William Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*), and a setting in prewar Harlem. Written by Cheryl L. West; conceived and directed by Sheldon Epps. \$40-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/20/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).* 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is

rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$35-\$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Steel Pier—Think Atlantic City, 1933: dance marathons, lovebirds, and cotton candy. A new musical by Kander, Ebb, and Thompson, starring Gregory Harrison, Karen Ziemba, Daniel McDonald, and Debra Monk. \$35-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/24/97. *Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—Go down with the ship, directed by Richard Jones. \$45-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (307-4100).* 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Young Man From Atlanta—There's good down-home, Southern-fried atmosphere at the Houston house of Will and Lily Dale Kidder, but where the hell is the play? Rip Torn, terrific when he plays disturbingly shady characters, must here keep reinventing himself in Shirley Knight is stuck with the hard task of making a stupid woman lovable, which would tax a much better actress. Once again, the Pulitzer has gone to bogus profundity. (Simon: 4/7/97). \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/27/97. *Longacre Theater, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11. *Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Chez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. \$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Opens 5/16. Through 6/22. *DUO Theater, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's two-character tale of an aging writer and her protégé. Awarded by the Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle for best new play; stars Maria Tucci and Debra Messing. \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. In previews for a 5/20 opening. *The Manhattan Theater Club/Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Devils—Elizabeth Elgloff often turns to the classics for inspiration, and in this, her newest drama, it's a Dostoyevsky work by the same name. Her play follows a crew of Ukrainian revolutionaries as they grapple with the human obstacles to social change. \$25-\$30. Tues.-Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7, Sun. at 5. In previews for a 5/20 opening. Through 6/8. *New York Theater Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

To Catch the Lightning—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, now in its thirtieth season, presents a new absurdist drama by Carmen Rivera. \$20. English performances: Wed.-Fri. at 8. Spanish performances: Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 6:30. Opens 5/14. *Lambs Theater, 130 W. 44th St. (354-1293).*

Now Playing

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

All My Sons—A fiftieth-anniversary production of Arthur Miller's classic, starring John Cullum and directed by Barry Edelstein. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/4/97. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. \$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 3 and 5:30. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Previews

Copywrights

When a writer helps himself to the experiences of another—especially another writer—is he paying homage or committing theft? This ticklish question forms the premise of Donald Margulies's newest play, *Collected Stories*, and Margulies readily admits he stole it from a fellow writer's life.

But David Leavitt, the swindled author in question, would probably sympathize more than anything else. In 1993, the poetic éminence grise Sir Stephen Spender accused the young gay novelist of reprocessing portions of his 1951 autobiography into pornographic fantasy. A bitter feud broke out, the old man sued for plagiarism, and Viking Penguin wound up recalling Leavitt's *While England Sleeps* in order to cut the offending passages. The episode so wounded Leavitt that he made it the subject of his next literary effort. Margulies, for different reasons, decided to do the same. "I didn't know David Leavitt personally," says the playwright, 42. "But speaking as a dramatist who reads the newspaper, I saw a marvelous conflict, and I wanted to pursue it." Pursue, yes; solve, no. *Collected Stories* presents cogent, sympathetic cases for both literary plaintiff and defendant—who, in Margulies's version, are two women, a professor and her student. The real-life scrap between Leavitt and Spender struck Margulies as equally insoluble. "I think they both had justifications for their attitudes," he says. He also confesses to having



once had a skirmish with a famous author himself—namely, Arthur Miller. (Could it have had something to do with an earlier Margulies play, *The Loman Family Picnic*, in which the young protagonist attempts to write a musical version of *Death of a Salesman* called *Willy!*? Margulies won't elaborate). He does say, however, that he'd like Leavitt to come see *Collected Stories*, for which he became a Pulitzer finalist for the second time. "I think," says Margulies, "that he'd at least find it interesting."

JENNIFER SENIOR

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$39–\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Bunny Bunny—Alan Zweibel's three-character play about his fourteen-year relationship with Gilda Radner. \$35–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/23/97. *Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. \$40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Corn—A country-and-western musical by Charles Ludlam, originally produced in 1972. \$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 4/15/97. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (307-4100).*

Curse of the Starving Class—The Signature Theatre Company's Shepard season closes with this 1978 drama about a family, and a country, in decline. \$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/27. Through 5/25. *The Public/Susan Stein Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Disputation—The Jewish Repertory Theater presents a drama about the Barcelona Disputation of 1263, in which the Catholic church staged a grand debate for the purpose of converting the Jews. Based on Hyam Maccoby's book. \$35. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 5/4/97. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$35–\$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. (Simon: 10/14/96.) \$37.50–\$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

God's Heart—Craig Lucas's latest, starring Amy Brenneman and Julie Kavner, among others, as eight urbanites who form an unlikely connection; directed by Joe Mantello. \$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 4/6/97. Through 5/25. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50–\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

The Gypsy and the Yellow Canary—Irene Worth adapted and stars in this aria-free version of *Carmen*.

\$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened 5/5/97. Through 5/18. *The Public/Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Hairy Ape—The Wooster Group presents Eugene O'Neill's expressionist drama. Directed by Elizabeth LeCompte; starring Willem Dafoe. \$45–\$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 4/3/97. Through 5/25. *Selwyn Theater, 229 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Miss Vogel uses the topography and chronology of her own life for L.B.'s story; is this done merely to anchor fiction more firmly in reality, or are we nudged into speculating about her self-proclaimed lesbianism, even if we accept her asseveration that this is not autobiography? Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. David Morse is an utterly disarming U.P.: cunning pedophile and self-deluded good ol' boy in warm-hearted blend; Mary-Louise Parker dons several ages from 11 to 35 with the skill of a quick-change artist. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$25–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. \$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

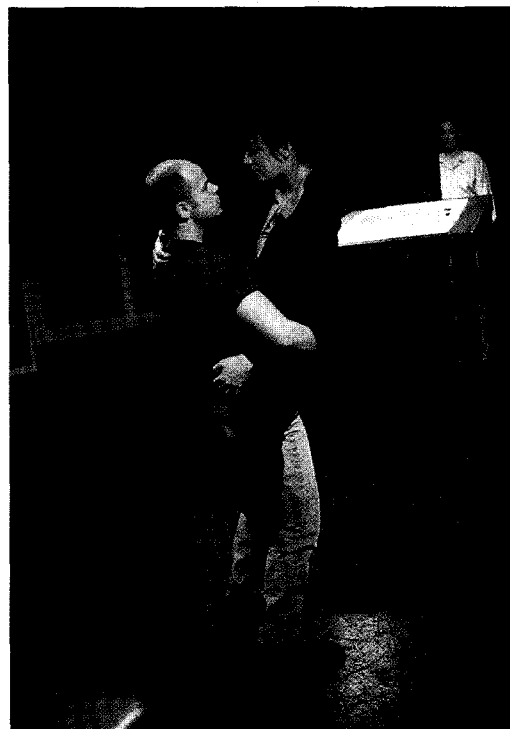
I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Joy of Going Somewhere Definite—The world premiere of Quincy Long's meditation on marriage, courtesy three unemployed (but philosophical) loggers. Directed by Atlantic Theater Company co-founder, and Academy Award nominee, William H. Macy. \$32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 4/7. Through 5/17. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: The management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. \$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. \$25–\$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*



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For a mere \$10, the 6degrees.com Charity Festival offers a marathon of fifteen-minute sketches from some of the city's best-known nonprofit theater companies, including Expanded Arts, Gorilla Rep, and New Dramatists. Half the proceeds of the event—sponsored by The Mark and One Dream theater companies—go to The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp, a sleep-away colony for chronically and terminally ill kids. For more information, call 802-8640.

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. \$30–\$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown—Multiple monologues about the gay Hispanic experience starring Felix A. Pire. \$30. Tues.–Sat. at 9, Sun. at 5. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Mere Mortals and Others—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. \$33–\$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley–Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, presented in rotating repertory. \$24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. Through 5/18. *Bowery Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogriorgio. \$30. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Othello—Set in the Mediterranean Renaissance, starring Abner Gencece and Joseph Menino. \$24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/16/97.

Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bouwerie, at Bond St. (677-0060).

Ourselves Alone—Irish playwright Anne Devlin won a Samuel Beckett Award for her script, which chronicles the lives of three women struggling in eighties Belfast. \$15–\$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Opened 4/26. Through 5/24. *HERE Mainstage Theater, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Secrets of the Celtic Heart—Brian Mallon's one-man show, which earned raves in the Celtic capitals before landing here. Through 5/18. \$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$29.50–\$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stonewall Jackson's House—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! \$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Sympathetic Magic—Lanford Wilson's new play hurls us into the worlds of anthropology, astronomy, religion, and art. Shamans and statuary, academic maneuvering and clerical politics, the art market and choir practice with rank amateurs are made palpable and, better yet, comprehensible. So too, are relationships, both homo- and heterosexual, both thriving and threatened. Overhanging all are the eternal opposites, science and faith, in a wrestling match not entirely unlike a lover's quarrel, which we also get. Such plenty would be of scant use if ineptly handled, the front teeth biting off more than the molars can chew. It would be lost on a writer who can deal with drama but lacks humor, is high on ideas but fumbling with people. Here, though, is Lanford Wilson encompassing it all, always landing, however daring the leap, on the balls of elastic feet. (Simon: 4/28/97). \$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 4/16/97. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. \$20–\$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$60–\$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (279-4200).

Under a Western Sky—Amparo Garcia's drama about the pain visited on a small Texas town after a gang rape takes place within its borders. \$12.50–\$25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 5/1. Through 5/18. *INTAR Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Waiting for Lefty—Joanne Woodward directs the Blue Light Theatre Company's revival of Clifford Odets's Depression-era workers' play. Marisa Tomei stars as one of the disenfranchised. \$25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 4 and 7. Through 5/18. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).*

Yiddle With a Fiddle—A new musical, based on the 1936 film that made Molly Picon a star. Now featuring Aileen Quinn. \$35–\$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. No 7 P.M. performances on 5/18. Extra 2 P.M. performances on 5/14. Opened: 4/19/97. Through 5/18. *American Jewish Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Benjamin continued from page 45

patrolmen, but it's not only minority officers who can sustain good relationships with minority communities," he argues. "When I was promoted from my beat in East Harlem, the community held a big march to get me to stay. But if the department had given in, I'd still be a black patrolman instead of a black chief."

Still, even Chapman concedes that the NYPD has "a tremendous length to go" in dealing with minority communities. "When I take off my uniform, I'm just another black guy and I face the same problems other black people face," he says. "When people are being shot and they're only of one ethnic group and nationality, it doesn't give you a whole lot of confidence." But he insists that "relations with the community are a lot better than they were when [drug dealer] Kiko Garcia was shot," sparking five days of riots in 1992. "In general, people are realizing that police have made Washington Heights a safer place for everyone." He points out that crime in the neighborhood has dipped 43 percent in the past four years, and 11 percent this year alone, statistics that are disputed by Gilmore and many area residents.

KEVIN TOTTEN, A BLACK OFFICER WHO WORKS the 19th Precinct on the Upper East Side, attended police academy with Gilmore but didn't get to really know him until years later. He believes Gilmore was removed from his Sugar Hill beat because his colleagues on the police force thought he was more loyal to the community than to the department. Totten admits there is also an "us against them" attitude among the officers who patrol his affluent precinct. "But the difference is that on the East Side, that attitude springs from the fact that cops are treated like a part of the servant class. Often we have to come through the service entrance when we are called to apartment buildings." Hence while the adversarial attitude of white cops working the East Side is based on class, says Totten, "in Washington Heights it is based on a feeling that the residents are inferior or subhuman."

Until now, no one at the NYPD has ever publicly acknowledged the protests or explained why Gilmore was reassigned, a failing that Chapman admits "made a bad situation worse. The people in the community certainly deserve an explanation of Gilmore's absence."

A BUNDLE OF ENERGY WHOSE WORKDAY ROUTINELY runs twelve hours or more, Yvonne Stennet has worked for the Community League for the past eighteen years. From the organization's headquarters on 159th Street, she administers a wide variety of programs that serve the residents of the

area covering 155th to 175th Street between Riverside Drive and Edgecombe Avenue. Stennet spearheaded the struggle to retain the officers who made community policing work. She is also the person Mrs. Cedeno turned to when she heard the news that her son had been killed by the police.

Stennet believes that incidents like the shooting could be avoided if the precinct would learn to collaborate with community leaders. Working in tandem, she says, they could teach young people how to act when approached by the police, and instruct the police, often white officers from the outer boroughs and the suburbs, on how to deal more effectively with black and brown teenagers raised on these streets. She envisions working out rules of engagement that could curtail conflict—especially violence—caused by misunderstanding.

Stennet's frustration is echoed by the Reverend Leroy Perry, pastor of the Church on the Hill. Perry observes that dope dealers seem to be able to operate openly on the streets surrounding his church and the nearby elementary school, while teenagers who socialize on street corners are often harassed. "This is why community policing is important," says Perry. "When officers like Rush and Gilmore came on the scene, the dope dealers automatically got off the corner. But the young people who weren't doing anything wrong had nothing to worry about. Policemen who know the community can tell the difference."

IN THE WEEKS SINCE CEDENO'S DEATH, friction between police and neighborhood youth has dangerously escalated. Wary policemen now patrol the neighborhood in teams of three. Last month, the department transferred Gilmore from the Bronx back to the 33rd, though he remains confined to a desk job and became a virtual pariah when he attended a prayer service with the Cedeno family following Kevin's death. "Now nobody speaks to me," he says. Meanwhile, as the rest of the city nervously awaits the D.A.'s investigation into the shooting, on the streets of Sugar Hill, the verdict is already in. Stennet, for one, finds the NYPD's failure to respond to community overtures inexplicable. "None of us can figure out a plausible reason for the precinct's policy," she says, "except that we are not white."

So, like the Simpson case, the shooting has become a racial Rorschach test: an indicator of how differently blacks and whites perceive the police. In the wake of the teen's death, says Yvonne Stennet, the department's attempt at damage control is all but meaningless. "The only time they make an effort is when things hit the fan," she sighs. "By the time they pay attention, the situation is boiling over."

art

Modern Still Lives...Elizabeth Murray

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

András Böröcz—Recent sculptures constructed from carved pencils, several of which involve multiple figures as structural or architectonic elements in the forms of spokes of a wheel or bristles of a broom; through 6/14. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Francesco Clemente—New paintings from the series "Anamorphosis" representing a deliberate distortion of an image that appears correct when viewed from an extreme angle; through 6/14. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

John Duff—Recent fiberglass sculptures; through 6/13. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

German Gargano—Expressionistic abstract paintings from the nineties by the Argentine artist; through 6/30. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Maria Izquierdo—A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist (1902-1955) known for her circus themes, portraiture, mythical allegories, and melancholy landscapes; through 7/27. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950).

Gwen John—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the British artist (1876-1939); through 6/13. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Maximilien Luce—Ninety paintings, most of which have never been on public view, by this French artist (1858-1941) known for his street views of Paris and industrial landscapes of Belgium; through 6/7. Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Henri Matisse—A suite of stencil prints from the artist's "Jazz" series that was published in Paris in 1947; through 6/20. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Richard E. Miller—Paintings by the American Impressionist; through 6/6. Jordan-Volpe, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

Wayne Thiebaud—New paintings; through 6/27. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

57th Street Area

Pat Adams—Recent paintings that continue the artist's use of geometric shapes on surfaces that appear to have been spackled and abraded; through 6/14. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Chuck Agro—Paintings that depict a figure from the back, as if looking into the painting's background; through 6/7. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Anne Appleby/Stephanie Rowden—Multi-panel encaustic paintings whose individual panels are distillations of

the essential colors of flora indigenous to North America/A sound installation. Through 6/6. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Richard Artschwager—New paintings that depict potatoes in a variety of containers and in the process of becoming increasingly abstract; through 6/28. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Hugo Bastidas/Mary Joan Waid—Paintings/Pastels; through 6/13. Haimé, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Nancy Fried/Joyce Kozloff—Recent terra-cotta torsos and heads on the theme of loss/Mixed-media maps and unique tables topped with glazed ce-

ramic tiles; through 6/6. D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Ida Kohlmeyer—A memorial survey of paintings and sculpture; through 6/14. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Alfred Jensen/Tony Smith—An exhibition of paintings by Jensen (1903-1981) and lifetime-cast sculptures by Smith (1912-1980) that compares the artists' idiosyncratic uses of geometry; through 6/20. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Jac Leirner—A conceptual work for which the artist collected business cards from hundreds of curators, critics, collectors, and artists and organized them in linear forms, backed on metal supports and attached to the wall or suspended from the ceiling; through 5/31. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Matisse and Tériade—Collaborative works by Matisse and the writer-publisher Tériade, including three issues of *Verve* devoted to Matisse and edited by Tériade, and their first book, *Lettres Portugaises*; through 6/28. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Masayuki Nagare—Carved-stone sculptures by the Japanese master stone-carver; through 6/28. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Odd Nerdrum—Recent allegorical paintings by the Norwegian artist; through 6/27. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Ray Parker—Abstract paintings made between 1958 and 1965 that the artist, who died in 1990, referred to as his "simple paintings," which depict large, colorful oblong and oval forms in varying compositions; through 5/30. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

George Segal—New figurative sculpture and charcoal drawings of the artist's family and friends; through 6/6. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Fernando Leal Audirac—Recent paintings that combine elements of Minimalism and Surrealism; through 5/31. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Radcliffe Bailey—Assemblage paintings inspired by the artist's African-American heritage; through 6/14. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

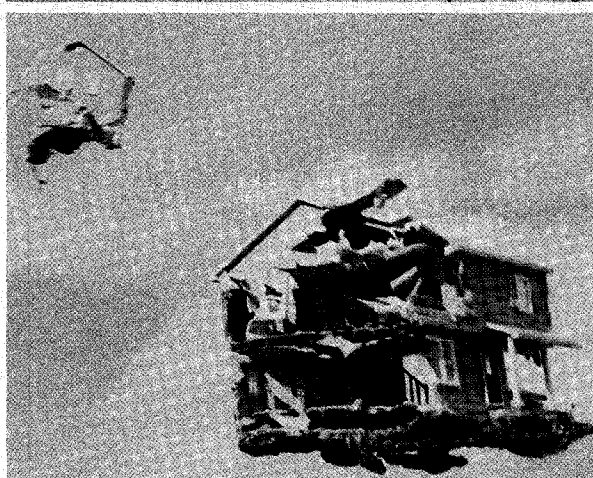
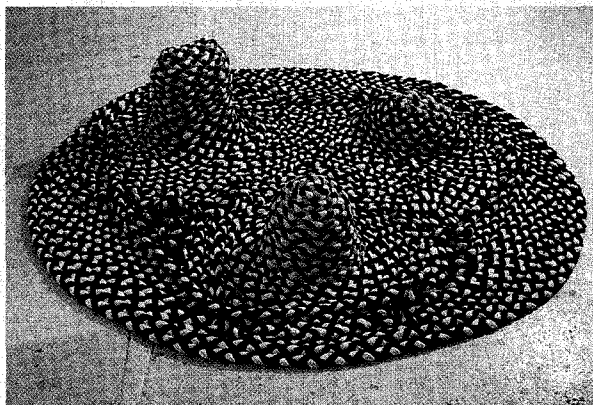
Nanette Carter—Recent abstract paintings that evoke aerial views of landscapes; through 6/4. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Elaine Lustig Cohen—Recent collages that incorporate vintage photographs; 5/15-6/28. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0742).

Emilio Cruz—Paintings from three separate series; through 5/31. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Gene Davis—Large-scale stripe paintings from the artist's estate; through 5/31. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Tristano di Robilant—Totemic sculptures composed of multiple interlocking forms of solid glass; through 6/14. Fung, 537 Broadway (334-6242).



Talent Suburban Set

Borrowing in equal measure from John Cheever and John Waters, the suburbia-inspired sculptures of Andy Yoder and photographs of Peter Garfield—the latter depicting a neo-colonial house being blown apart—are well paired in Art Resources Transfer Inc.'s third "Conversation Exhibition." 504 West 22nd Street; through June 1.

Photographs courtesy of Art Resources Transfer Inc.

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Mark di Suvero—A monumental new sculpture that completely fills the interior space of the gallery; through 6/14. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Suzanne Etkin—New kinetic sculptures that allude to everyday signage; through 5/31. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Gilbert & George—A two-gallery exhibition of the English artists' latest collaborative works, a series of photographs of blown-up microscopic images of bodily fluids titled "The Fundamental Pictures"; through 6/28. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753) and Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Peter Halley and Frank Kozik—Individual and collaborative works by both, including a wall-size flow chart and new diptych by Halley, and posters and a wall-size "picture puzzle" by Kozik; through 6/14. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Herzog & De Meuron—Drawings by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Guillermo Kuitca—New paintings from the series "Poema Pedagógico" that depict meticulously rendered architectural structures against a monochromatic background; through 6/7. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Sean Landers—New paintings and sculpture; through 5/31. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Leiko Ikemura—Roughly modeled clay figures and oil paintings on burlap that depict featureless little girls; through 6/14. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Robin Lowe—New works; through 5/31. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Oliver Marsden—Paintings whose imagery evokes liquid matter; through 6/7. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

John McCracken—Recent minimal sculptures; through 6/21. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Maria Miesenberger/Portia Munson—An installation on the subject of identity formation whose centerpiece is a large sculpture in the form of a playground swing that is in perpetual motion/An installation of found pink objects. Through 6/7. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

Elizabeth Murray—Recent paintings; through 6/20. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Elliott Puckette—Paintings on shaped wood panels in which calligraphic lines are etched into veils of painted color; 5/14-6/14. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

David Rankin/Lee Tribe—Paintings and works on paper/Recent welded-steel sculptures. Through 5/30. Steele, 420 W. Broadway (941-8388).

Hunter Reynolds—Three large-scale tapestries of color snapshots sewn together; through 5/31. Boesky & Gallery, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).

Alexis Rockman—Dioramas of objects, photographs, and painted and sculpted forms embedded in layers of resin; 5/16-6/28. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Medardo Rosso—A survey focusing on the relationship between the artist's sculpture and photographs, including seven lifetime waxes, sculptures cast in plaster and bronze, and 24 vintage photographs that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 6/18. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Edward Ruscha—New paintings and a related book; through 5/31. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Andreas Rüthi—Paintings and watercolors by a Swiss artist; through 5/31. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157), Wed.-Sat. 11-6.

Edwin Schlossberg—Drawings from the past two years, each of which attempts to describe one aspect of the world; through 5/31. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Fran Siegel—Grid paintings on layers of stretched translucent fabric; through 5/31. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Nedko Solakov/Noritoshi Hirakawa—An installation of tree trunks with their root systems suspended from the gallery's ceiling/An installation of stainless-steel hangers displaying undergarments. Through 6/7. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Linda Stojak—Paintings whose imagery suggests fragments of the human form; through 6/7. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Mark Tansey—Recent paintings that use clashing perspectives, anamorphic projections, and overlapping dimensions; through 5/31. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Abigail Varela/Diane Brawarsky—Sculptures of exaggerated female figures/Paintings of clothed female figures in which the figure is simplified to emphasize its clothing. Through 6/5. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Andy Warhol—A survey of paintings ranging in date from 1960 to 1986; through 6/14. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Paul Winstanley—Recent paintings; through 5/31. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Chelsea

Shonagh Adelman—Paintings from two ongoing projects; through 5/31. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Stephan Balkenhol/Jean-Luc Mylaine—New carved-wood sculptures/Color photographs of birds in their habitats. Through 5/31. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Tony Feler—Sculptures made with generic materials drawn from the contemporary urban environment; through 6/21. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Maureen Gallace—Recent paintings of imaginary landscapes; through 6/14. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Peter Garfield/Andy Yoder—A "conversation exhibition" of black-and-white photographs by Garfield and sculpture by Yoder; through 6/1. Art Resource Transfer Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

Tomás Gaspar—Light boxes that juxtapose images of the old seedy Times Square with the new sterile one; through 5/31. MBM, 529 W. 20th St. (691-6831).

Gary Hume—Portraits of men and women and images of flora and fauna in enamel on aluminum panels; through 6/27. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-1650).

Byron Kim—New paintings on the themes of autobiography and color; through 6/14. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Brice Marden—Two paintings completed over the past two years shown with five ancient Chinese stone memorial tablets and their covers, which served as the paintings' inspiration; through 6/27. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Marilyn Minter—Recent paintings; through 6/8. LaBoullenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Kellie O'Bosky—New paintings, including self-portraits based on photo-booth Polaroid photographs and images of the artist grouped with figures from magazine photographs; through 5/31. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Tony Smith—A monumental version of the sculpture *Moondog* (1964) is installed in the main gallery, and *Smog* (1970), cast in bronze, in the front; through 6/7. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Juan Usle—An overview of the Spanish artist's photographs, shown with a selection of his paintings; through 5/31. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

John Zisser—New abstract paintings in which broad bands of thick paint are spread across fields of unmodulated color; through 6/30. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St. (727-2845).

Other

Walter Biggs—Monochromatic, nonobjective paintings and works on paper whose granular mixed-media surfaces suggest sidewalks, lava beds, and meteoric matter; through 6/15. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0700). Paintings and works of art chosen by three dealers; through 6/7.

Goethe Institute—1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700). Turn-of-the-century images of transvestites; through 6/30.

Taggart—48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000). American fauves, 1906-1918, with works by Daugherty, Rice, and Weber; through 6/26.

57th Street Area

Adams—41 W. 57th St. (644-5666). Paintings and sculptures of horses, with works by Azaceta, Benedit, Bedia, and Roche; through 6/13.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Abstract Expressionist Ceramics," with works by Arneson, Bengston, Neri, Price, Voulkos, others; through 6/7.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). "Allegory," with works by Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Serrano, others; through 6/21.

Kraushaar—724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730). Paintings of Santa Fe, by Sloan, Bakos, Schuster, others; through 6/6.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Urban landscapes by Auerbach, Botero, Downes, Estes, Katz, and other gallery artists; small paintings and prints by Richard Estes; through 6/7.

Sheehan—20 W. 57th St. (888-4220). "Marilyn, Mao and Mick: The Prints of Andy Warhol"; through 5/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Feature—76 Greene St. (9041-7077). Drawings and photographs by Gordon, and memorabilia of Candy Darling; through 6/21.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works by Ayon, Lukacs, Mora, Ocampo; through 5/31.

Luhning Augustine—130 Prince St. (219-9600). Paintings by Johns, Pollock, Taaffe, others; through 6/6.

McKinney—526 E. 11th St. (677-7807). Works by Beckstead, Booth, Burman; through 6/7.

Visual Arts—137 Wooster (592-2012). Works by artists who have curated shows at the gallery, including Aycock, Wilke, Winsor, others; through 6/7.

Chelsea

Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). "Surface," with works by husband-and-wife team LoCurto and Outcault, as well as Greene, Battis, others; through 6/15.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770). "Broken Home," with works by Becker, Gonzales-Torres, and Graham; through 6/14.

Metro Pictures—519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). Works by Shaw, Simmons, and Oursler; through 6/7.

Other

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). Art from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas from the Wielgus collection; through 5/31.

Kenkeleba House—214-16 E. 2nd St. (674-3939). "Reflecting Pool," works by emerging artists, including Cruz, Earthman, Ji, others; through 5/31.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Vernon Blvd. at Broadway, Long Island City; open daily til dusk. "From the Ground Up," with new sculpture by Baron, Jagger, Micros, Van Alstine, others; 5/18-9/30.

Photography

Mario Algaze—Photographs of Latin American cities; through 7/5. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Bill Armstrong—Recent photographs, mostly re-photographs of posters seen on the street; through 6/27. Uma, 30 W. 57th St. (757-7240).

Forbes—60 Fifth Ave. (889-6633). "The Year in Pictures," with works by Watts, Johnson, and other press photographers; through 6/26.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Victor Friedman—Photographs of Nova Scotia; through 6/28. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Christopher Giglio—New cathode rayograms; through 5/30. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Lauren Greenfield—Photographs of Los Angeles's youth culture; through 6/28. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0742).

Lyle Ashton Harris—Photographs from the late eighties; through 6/21. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution); \$4, \$2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Cross-town." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7. . . . "Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood, Photographs by Lauren Greenfield." Photographs exploring the youth culture of Los Angeles by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Young Photographer; through 7/13.

Gustav Klutis—Photomontage by Stalin's favorite poster designer; through 6/28. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Shirin Neshat—New photographs and a film installation that focus on relations between men and women within Islamic culture; through 6/3. No-sei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Jose Picayo—Photographs of the artist's native Cuba; through 6/29. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Clifford Ross—Recent painted photographs; through 6/14. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Frank Stewart—Twenty-five years of the artist's photographs; through 6/14. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Pierre Verger—Black-and-white photographs of Brazil in the forties; through 6/28. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Catherine Wagner—Photographs of the objects and subjects in contemporary science; through 6/15. ICP, 1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777).

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (633-1317). A *Blind Spot* exhibition, with photographs by Eggleston, LaChapelle, Stipe, others; through 5/29.

Joel-Peter Witkin—Photographs of the artist's travels through Europe in the last few years; through 6/21. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute." A retrospective of the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramic work; through 6/15. . . . "Messengers of Modernism: American Studio Jewelry 1940–1960"; through 6/8. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . . "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders"; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; \$7 suggested contribution, \$5 students and seniors, \$4 children.

Asia Society—"Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; through 7/20. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; \$3, \$1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Barid Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960–1994." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 8/10. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part II"; through 6/22. . . . "Cathleen Lewis and Michael Richards: Recent Works." Installation and sculpture by both artists; through 6/22. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; \$3 suggested donation; \$2 students; \$1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"From Pockets to Pouches: Three Centuries of Handbags at the Brooklyn Museum of Art." A selection of historical and period handbags from the museum's own collection; through 6/22. . . . "American Paintings: Ashcan and Modernist, A Centennial Exhibition"; through 6/30. . . . "Mistress of the House, Mistress of Heaven: Women in Ancient Egypt." 250 objects and artworks from public and private collections, including works from the collection of the Brooklyn Museum of Art; through 5/18. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed., Thurs., Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. . . . "Disegno: Italian Renaissance Designs for Decorative Arts"; through 5/18. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: A Place Called Abroad." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschichte 1880–1983"; through 6/1. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. . . . "Virgen

de la Soledad de la Victoria by José Campeche." A loan exhibit of an important painting by Puerto Rico's earliest native artist (1751–1809); through 5/28. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"The Proud Republic: Dutch Medals of the Golden Age." A selection of seventh-century Dutch medals; through 7/27. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"The Art of the Everyday: France in the 90s." Works that explore the quotidian by eight young French artists; through 6/28. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., and Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; voluntary contribution of \$2.50.

Guggenheim Museum—"A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection." The New York premiere of the collection formed by Patsy R. and Raymond D. Nasher, with sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through 6/1. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Rooms With a View: Environments for Video." Video viewing environments by contemporary artists Vito Acconci, Angela Bulloch, Dan Graham, Jorge Pardo, and Tobias Rehberger; through 6/15. . . . "Art/Fashion." An exhibition illustrating the ways in which art and fashion have converged over the years; through 6/8. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"The Art of the Japanese Buddhist Sculptor (7th–14th Centuries)." A selection of carved images of Buddha dating from the 7th to the 14th century, by Japanese Buddhist sculptors; 5/15–7/6. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; \$3 suggested donation.

Jewish Museum—"Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigrant experience in the United States over the past century and a half; 5/18–8/17. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and

Photography The Hollywood Effect

Are the kids of Los Angeles any different from their counterparts in New York or Chicago or Dallas? Photographing and interviewing L.A.'s youth over a period of four years, Lauren Greenfield found her subjects deeply preoccupied with money, heavily influenced by the media, and commonly deprived of the simple pleasures of childhood. The results, which won Greenfield awards from the National Press Photographers' Association and the International Center for Photography, can now be

seen in a book, *Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood* (Alfred A. Knopf/Melcher Media; \$35), as well as in two exhibitions (at ICP Midtown, 1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd Street, through July 13; and the Julie Saul Gallery, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street, through June 28).

The project was a particularly personal matter for Greenfield, 30, who grew up in Los Angeles herself and left to attend college (she graduated from Harvard University in 1987). After documenting the unfamiliar worlds of French aristocrats and Mayan Indians, Greenfield moved back to L.A. in 1992 and began photographing the students at Crossroads, the prep school she'd attended. They introduced her to the kids of East L.A. and South Central, who in turn introduced her to their "world of tagger crews, party crews, and gangsters." She also photographed public-school students at Hollywood High hoping to break into show business, as well as some children who are already stars. Overall, her work is a critical look at the way kids have become obsessed with the Hollywood dream. "I have tried," Greenfield writes, "to make pictures that reveal an element of our culture as it manifests itself in the lives of children."

EDITH NEWHALL



Celebrations"; through 6/28. . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. . . "Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's 'D'Est.'" A film-and-video installation of the Belgian film-director's feature-film documenting her journey to eastern Germany, Poland, and Russia in the early nineties; through 5/27. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45; Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Cartier: 1900-1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . "The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (A.D. 843-1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; through 7/6. . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900-1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . "American Tonalism: Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Photographs." Works by James Abbott McNeill Whistler, George Inness, Arthur Davies, Edward Steichen, and others that illuminate a phase of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American art that emphasized subdued poetic mood and muted coloration; through 6/1. . . "Indian Court Painting: 16th-19th Century"; through 7/6. . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Passion for the Past: The Collection of Bertram K. and Nina Fletcher Little." A collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and furnishings gathered by the Little family over several decades for their eighteenth-century summer retreat, Cogswell's Grant, in Essex, Massachusetts; through 7/6. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects." Highlights drawn from the portfolios, sketchbooks, and models of the ten architects asked to submit designs for the museum's expansion and renovation; through 7/8. . . "From the Grace M. Mayer Collection." Photographs and prints bequeathed to the museum by its former curator emeritus; through 7/15. . . "Projects: Architecture as Metaphor." Painting, sculpture, and photography by seven artists who use architectural motifs and imagery as a basis for their work; through 6/3. . . "Projects: Rirkrit Tiravanija." A child-size model of an International Style glass pavilion erected in the museum's Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden; through 6/3. . . "The Photomontages of Hannah Höch." The first U.S. retrospective of the German artist's pho-

tomontages; through 5/20. . . "Manuel Alvarez Bravo." A retrospective of photographs by the twentieth-century Mexican master; through 5/18. . . "American Photography 1890-1965: From the Collection"; through 7/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8.50, \$5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Gets Married: Dressing for a Special Day, 1765-1997"; 5/21-6/21. . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . "The Streets and Beyond: New York Photographs." Photographs of New York street life by well-known New York photographers; through 6/8. . . "A Museum for a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Landscapes: Nature." A limited-edition print portfolio of works by fifteen artists, the sale of which benefits the National Academy of Design; through 5/21. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley." through 9/13. . . "Wild New York: The Printmaker and the Natural Landscape From the Age of Exploration Through the Twentieth Century"; through 6/28. . . "Let There Be Light: William Tyndale and the Making of the English Bible"; through 5/17. . . "Richard Tuttle: Books and Prints at the New York Public Library." A survey of the artist's books and prints from 1965 to the present; through 5/31. . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Historical Society—"An Unquenchable Thirst: Springs and Wells of New York City"; through 6/1. . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Water-

colors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

P. S. 1's Clocktower Gallery—"21st Annual National and International Studio Artists Exhibition." Works by twenty artists who have been selected for the 1997 Studio Program; 5/16-6/14. 108 Leonard St. (233-1096), Tues.-Sat. 12-6; \$2 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Queens Artists: Highlights of the 20th Century." Works by Benny Andrews, Joseph Cornell, James Brooks, Alex Katz, Melissa Meyer, Isamu Noguchi, Ad Reinhardt, Art Spiegelman, and other artists who have lived or worked in Queens; through 7/6. . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection"; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3 suggested donation, \$1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986-1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"1997 Biennial Exhibition." The sixty-ninth Biennial exhibition, featuring 200 works by approximately 70 artists; through 6/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 5/14 at 10 and 2: "Contemporary Prints and Multiples." On view from 5/9. 5/14 at 7: "Impressionist Paintings and Sculpture From a European Estate," and "Impressionist and Modern Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 5/8. 5/15 at 10 and 2: "Impressionist and Modern Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture, Part II." On view from 5/9.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 5/14 at 1: "Autographs." On view from 5/10.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/14 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." 5/15 and 5/16 at 10 and 2: "Prints." On view from 5/10. 5/17 at 10 and 2: "Contemporary Prints." 5/19 at 10: "Books." On view from 5/16. 5/19 at 6:30, 5/20 at 10, 2, and 6:30, and 5/21 at 10 and 2: "Harriman Estate." On view from 6/16.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 5/15 at 10:30: "19th-Century Literature, Miniature Books." On view from 5/10.

On View Though she's said she owes a debt to Philip Guston's images of flattened shoes, Elizabeth Murray has lately pushed that symbolism a step further. Among her recent paintings is the macabre *Formerly Fleet* (left), in which two shoes, placed sole-to-sole, seem to form a death's head. At PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene Street; through June 20.



restaurants

Fish du Jour... An American Takeout... Monzù

Manhattan

Lower New York

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like home-made gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. 341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. 340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. 4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

I Tre Merli—Bustling SoHo loft-like space, specializing in Northern Italian (specifically Genovese) cuisine. Try the homemade pastas and focaccia sandwiches. 463 W. Broadway (254-8699). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBeCa and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. 317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Talesin—This power dining room inside the Millennium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for \$42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. 55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. 59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.

Oso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in *rodizio*, a dramatic procession of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selection of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. 417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

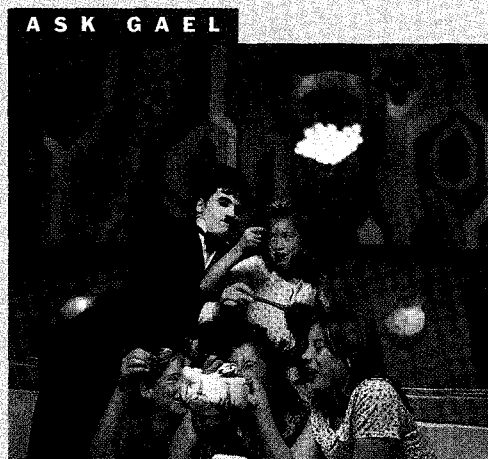
Greenwich Café—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valen-



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restaurants

ciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiophiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. 70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean

cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. 243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable \$18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. 560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and low-



Monzù men: Manager
Thomas Mikolasko,
Matthew Kenney, and
chef Adam Perry-Lang.

Opening Napoleon Complex

Matthew Kenney, of Matthew's and Mezza, is partly responsible for New York's ongoing infatuation with Mediterranean cuisine. Now, at his new Monzù—ensconced beneath the Guggenheim SoHo (142 Mercer Street)—Kenney has taken a turn to the esoteric. Aiming to revive the fusion cuisine of the monzùs—French chefs who remained in Italy after Napoleon's conquest; the name comes from the Italian pronunciation of *monsieurs*—Kenney sent his chef de cuisine Adam Perry-Lang on a trek to Sicily to study with a descendant of the monzùs, famed for melding classic French technique with Italian ingredients. The menu, mostly Sicilian with dabs of Middle Eastern and Provençal, includes zucchini-flower risotto with burst cherry tomatoes and saffron; quail with sun-dried figs, pine nuts and thyme honey; and bitter-almond and ricotta gelatos.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

er budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. 40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over fifty microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. 587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel sevice to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. 200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (S) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



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Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V

Domingo—The opera star's very own Spanish kitchen right in midtown Manhattan. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. 209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V

East Side Ale House—Beer drinkers—and people who love them—would be very happy in this

unpretentious East Side pub. The extensive selection of all-American microbrews and single-malt Scotches is supplemented by the requisite bar food: wings, burgers, what-have-you. 961 Second Ave., at 51st St. (752-3615). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Il Postino—This elegant midtown Italian restaurant offers an interesting variety of daily specials, focusing on imported and domestic seafood. (Under the same ownership as the much-lauded Scalnatella.) 337 E. 49th St. (688-0033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive

Franco-Oriental cooking. The \$44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd St. and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Café—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

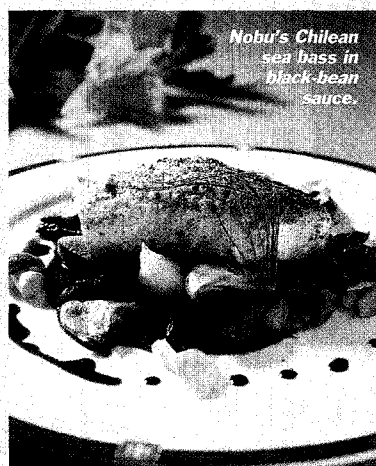
Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Restaurant Spawning a Trend

People say it's like halibut, but actually it's the total opposite," says Joe Lucchese, of the Citarella fish market. "When you run a knife through halibut, it comes out practically clean; run it through this fish and you can see the oil." Lucchese is talking about Chilean sea bass, the snow-white fish—not really a bass at all—that is already wildly popular in Miami and has been appearing with increasing frequency on Manhattan menus. The fat, of course, adds flavor and keeps the fish moist, and the mild taste lends itself to a wide variety of presentations. Here are a few.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL



RESTAURANT	DESCRIPTION
AJA 937 Broadway, at 22nd Street	Chilean sea bass with jícama, kimchi, tapioca pearls, kaffir lime leaves, and lobster sauce
PATRIA 250 Park Avenue South, at 20th Street	Chilean sea bass with gratin of hearts of palm, coconut salad, and ginger-date vinaigrette
NOBU 105 Hudson Street	Chilean sea bass rubbed with garlic paste and steamed with sake and black-bean sauce
OCEANA 55 East 54th Street	Seared Chilean sea bass with lobster risotto, corn, watercress, red onion, and saffron vinaigrette
THE POLO 840 Madison Avenue, at 69th Street	Roast Chilean sea bass with ramps and fingerling potatoes, drizzled with a marsala glaze
OYSTER BAR Grand Central Terminal, lower level	Seared Chilean sea bass with an avocado-black-bean salad
DOCKS 633 Third Avenue, at 40th Street	Steamed Chilean sea bass on mesclun salad with cherry tomatoes, sliced new potatoes, and sesame-ginger vinaigrette

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

D'Angelo—This casual Italian establishment offers all the usual favorites, from a dozen varieties of pasta to more elaborate creations like shrimp Catalina. Well-situated for pre- or posttheater dining. 242 W. 56th St. (307-0700). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a \$21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. 1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this theme diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. 1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. 152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. 60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.

Les Pyrenées—French Provencal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. 142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. 859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M-E) AE, DS, MC, V.

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienne vegetables. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant, a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall, offers classics like ginger chicken, chutney poori, and lamb shashlik. 58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (M) AE, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato

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restaurants

skins. 761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. 160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Match Uptown—Younger sibling of SoHo's trendy restaurant-lounge-sushi bar, with an equally eclectic menu featuring things like seared sea scallops with chive-oxtail risotto and seared pepper tuna with ginger-roasted pineapple. This branch has a cigar room. 33 E. 60th St. (906-9175). (E) AE, MC, V

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. 42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

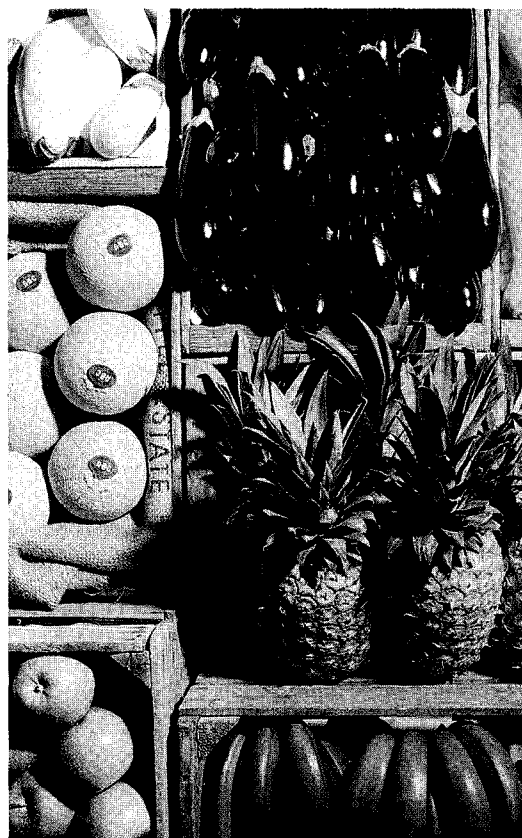
San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cook-

ing in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Above 60th Street, East Side

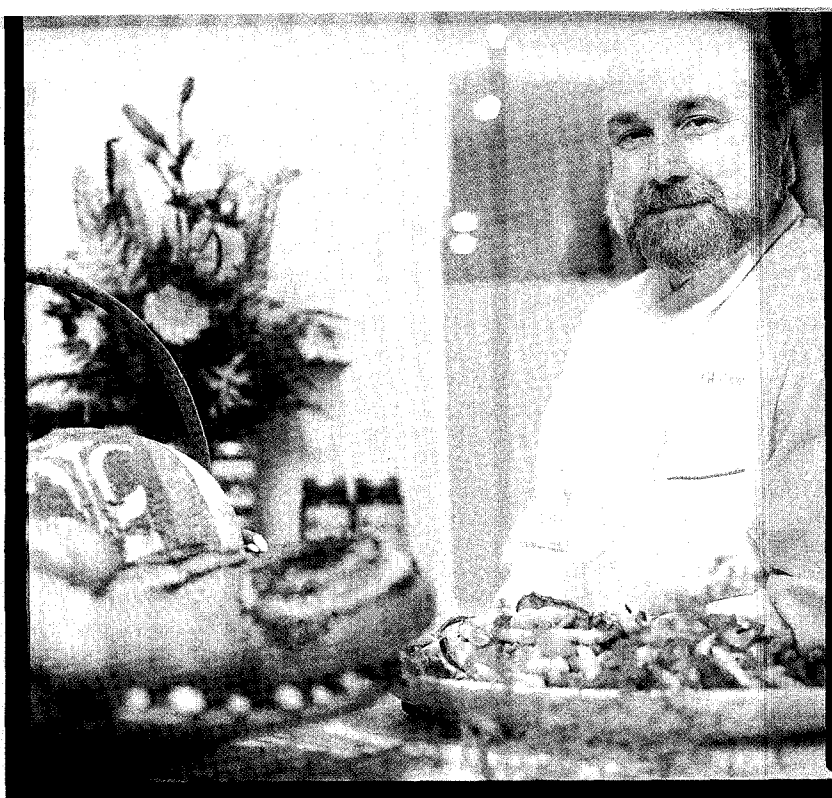
Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like grilled swordfish with basil mashed potatoes and pan-roasted Moroccan crusted salmon. For postprandial excitement, rent a rowboat or a gondola. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V



Shopping Cheese Whizzes

While rife with restaurants, the Flatiron District has been relatively barren of gourmet groceries. Aiming to remedy this, veteran cheesemongers—and fourth-grade pals—Steven Kaufman and Adam Gershuny present FoodWorks, with its well-priced selection of breads, produce, fresh fish, flowers, barrel-pumped oils and vinegars and, of course, cheese. Up front, a cluster of tables and chairs constitutes a snug café, the future site of occasional art shows. (10 West 19th Street.)



Preview Office-Mate

The Grill Room, opening next week, provides chef-owner Larry Forgione (above) with a second Manhattan location for the sort of refined, regionalized cooking he pioneered at An American Place. For desk-lunchers, he's opened the adjacent Market Place Express, a deluxe takeout shop where the poultry is free-range, the lettuce is organic, and nearly everything else—ice cream, donuts, sour-cherry biscotti, even potato chips—is made from scratch. (2 World Financial Center.)

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed French fare—like the appetizer of Dungeness-crab risotto with glazed salmon—and a fashionably chic clientele. 19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad

and garlic bread as you can eat. 1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trattoria Libertà—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. 1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.

Tucci—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. 206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. 584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tiramisu. In warm weather, eat outdoors. 351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. 519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—and a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a DJ tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. 48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. 70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ifed steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

Queens

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. 5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) (\$).

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Davis continued from page 69

sel, and France in the twenties—actually not such a bad place to be, particularly when Gidon Kremer is playing the strenuous solo part with such commitment and virtuoso flair. The second new Adams score on the program was *Slonimsky's Earbox*, another high-energy orchestral romp no doubt destined to join the composer's *Short Ride in a Fast Machine* as a popular concert opener.

A generation ago, few American composers bothered to write large-scale orchestral pieces—who could afford to play, let alone record, them?—but today the grand gesture is definitely back in fashion. Richard Danielpour makes a lot of them on the first Sony Classical disc devoted to his music (SK 62822), two works performed by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by David Zinman: a Concerto for Orchestra, written last year, and the 1995 ballet score *Anima Mundi*. According to Danielpour, to be an American composer is by definition to be an eclectic—or, as he styles himself, an alchemist who mixes all sorts of potions into a heady brew that will, he hopes, come out tasting new. I'm not entirely convinced that happens here, although the Concerto is certainly a cleverly stirred neoromantic draught that delivers a generous kick: The music may sound overfamiliar as it heaves, sighs, and works up a sweaty lather, but at the very least this disc serves as a useful tool to put a state-of-the-art CD system through its paces.

The British-based record label Argo is putting its money on Aaron Jay Kernis, whose music has also become increasingly flamboyant, colorful, and accessible over the past decade. There is usually a concrete poetic image behind each Kernis piece, and on his third Argo disc, with Hugh Wolff conducting the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra (448-900), the composer gives us a musical impression of the mosaics in Ravenna's cathedrals (*Invisible Mosaic III*), the poetry of the medieval mystic Hildegard of Bingen (*Musica Caelstis*), and the Persian Gulf war (Second Symphony). The loss of innocence resulting from the latter "international absurdity" apparently prompted Kernis to adopt a darker world view (born in 1960, he was too late for Vietnam), and the symphony reflects this in an orchestral fabric that quite literally threatens to tear itself apart and self-destruct—the news of the day is not reported with more brutal clarity than this. The other two pieces show Kernis in a less angry mood but just as securely in control of his musical materials and concentrated on his poetic message. Opera, it would seem, is the next step for this determined and vigorously creative musical talent.

Greene continued from page 72

a broth with Swiss chard, onion, and tomato. Startlingly lush duck shepherd's pie, with meat and skin folded into root-vegetable purée. Lemon-curd mille-feuille with lemongrass granité. And an almondy strawberry financier with chopped rhubarb.

Just two days later, the doors open, and the mob sweeps in. Folks tuned to the floor show might not mind the dawdle, but the hungry are complaining. Sure, the bread may be sliced too thin—we're eating too much of it anyway. But once dinner finally finds the table, the food is remarkably good. It's judiciously priced, too, with entrées \$14 to \$23, though a shellfish orgy costs \$27 or \$48 a person. Now and then, a hit of salt or a squeeze of lemon is needed. And the flavorful prawn-and-field-mushroom risotto is a tad overcooked. But you're safe with morel-studded artichoke soup or baby artichokes and tortellini in a pungent broth to start, followed by the excellent steak au poivre and seared salmon with porcini in a dark chicken jus on soft polenta. Rabbit fricassee with gnocchi gets a nod from not one but two fussy French pals.

The fixed plat du jour is available at lunch and dinner: Lobster in a fennel-carrot-sweetened nage on Wednesday. A small tub of old-fashioned cassoulet on Thursday. Marvelous beef short ribs on Saturday. Not much of this is designed with a thought for washboard midriffs or free-flowing arteries, but, as chef Nasr points out, "Daniel bends over backwards for his customers. We can do it, too. In France I made hamburger and haricots verts for Christian Millau's dog."

I rush uptown from jury duty for lunch, rediscovering the room in soft daylight. Vivacious salads and sandwiches—tuna bagnat, lamb with vegetables, grilled portobellos, and a plump burger on a parade of breads from the bakery—are so satisfying I am back again two days later. Suddenly menus elsewhere seem too precious. I'm seeing food that's abused and exploited, women too blonde, too overdressed. I find myself craving Balthazar's soap opera and the splendid côte du boeuf.

It's late one evening and we reluctantly abandon McNally's cocoon, helping ourselves to the bagged rounds of bread left in the vestibule for the taking. We trudge along the dark and seemingly deserted block, speculating on how rentals there have certainly doubled overnight.

Balthazar, 80 Spring Street (965-1414). Lunch, noon–6 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m.–12:30 a.m. daily. Brunch, Saturday and Sunday 11 a.m.–4 p.m. After-hours menu, Sunday through Thursday 12:30–2 a.m., Friday and Saturday till 3 a.m. Bakery open 7:30 a.m.–8 p.m. daily. A.E., M.C., V.

in concert

American Ballet Theater...American Symphony Orchestra

Classical Music

Tuesday, May 13

Los Angeles Piano Quartet—Performs Beethoven, Villa-Lobos, Valencia, and Rolon. *Americas Society*, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (935-6075); \$25.
Mitsuko Shirai, Mezzo Soprano—Performs Schumann, Franz, and Pfitzner, with pianist Hartmut Holl. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 7:30; \$25.
Sejong Soloists—Perform works by Corelli, Turina, and Bach; Hyo Kang, conductor. *Merkin Concert Hall*, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330); \$8.

Wednesday, May 14

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs Brahms and Dvorak; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 8; \$18-\$45.
David Oei, Pianist—Performs Mozart with the Clarining Chamber Players. *Cami Hall*, 165 W. 57th St. (832-9420), at 8; free.
Russian Chamber Chorus—Performs selections from Rachmaninoff's *Liturg* and works by Tanev; Nikolai Kachanov, conductor. *St. Ignatius of Antioch Church*, 552 West End Ave., at 87th St. (928-1402); \$15.
The Little Orchestra Society—Performs Vivaldi. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 7:30; \$20-\$30.
Cerdorion Chorale—Performs Italian madrigals by Hawley, as well as works by contemporary composers Beaser, Rorem, and Levine. *The Church of St. Luke's*, 487 Hudson St., near Christopher St. (774-4105); \$15.
David Eggar, Cellist—Performs Magnussen, Moorefield, and Lampl. *Merkin Concert Hall*, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330); \$17.

Thursday, May 15

Japan Society—Buddhist ritual chant, and ceremonial music and dance. 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015), at 8; \$25.
Seder in a Flat—Featuring a rap singer, Japanese Okoto player and two cantors. *LeFrak Concert Hall, Queens College, Casino Blvd. and Horace Harding Blvd.* (718-997-3800), at 8; free.
Orchestra of the S.E.M. Ensemble—Performs works by de Alvear, Kotik, Lucier, and Oliveros; Petr Kotik, conductor. *Merkin Concert Hall*, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330); \$10.
Bargemusic—Works by Chopin, Beethoven, and Schumann. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge*, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.

Friday, May 16

Manhattan School of Music Symphony—Performs Ginastera, Dvorak, and Ibert; Julius Rudel, conduc-

tor. *Borden Auditorium*, 120 Claremont Ave. (749-3300), at 8; free.
Collegiate Chorale—Performs Brahms's *A German Requiem*. *Marble Collegiate Church*, Fifth Ave. and 29th St. (664-1390), at 16; \$15.
Japan Society—See 5/15.

Saturday, May 17

I Cantori Chamber Chorus—Performs Bantock, Flecha, Brahms, and Dellaira. *Cavalry Episcopal Church*, Park Ave. at 21st St. (439-4758), at 8; \$15.
Music of Armenia—Performed by Djivan Gasparyan, grand master of the duduk, and oud player George Mgrdichian. *Symphony Space, Broadway and 95th St.* (864-5400), at 8; \$14-\$18.
Carlo Grante, Pianist—Performs Platti and Liszt. *Merkin Concert Hall*, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330); \$15.
Bang on a Can—Performances commemorating the group's tenth birthday, by Phillip Glass, Eliot Field, and others. *Connelly Theater*, 220 E. 4th St. (777-8442); \$25.

Sunday, May 18

Bang on a Can—An all-day music marathon, with performances by oud master Simon Shahcen, Michael Gordon, Leroy Jenkins, and a Debussy invention by DJ Spooky. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), 2-10:30 P.M.; \$15.
Danis Sedov, Bass—Performs Handel, Ibert, and Gershwin. *Kosciuszko Foundation*, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; \$10.
Long Island Philharmonic—Performs Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*. *Tilles Center, Greenwale* (516-293-2222), at 7:30; \$24-\$36.
Handel's Samson—Performed by the Canterbury Choral Society. 2 E. 90th St. (289-3402), at 4; \$15.
Gerald Ruzicka, Guitarist—Performs his own works. *Enrichment Center Hall*, 1459

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Third Ave., at 82nd St. (861-1166), at 2; \$10.
Queens Symphony Orchestra—Performs Yeh, Tchaikovsky, and Beethoven. *Colden Center, Queens College in Flushing* (718-786-8800), at 2; \$23-\$27.
Evening Bread—Readings from Jewish texts by Alan Alda, and musical settings by Hankus Netsky. *Merkin Concert Hall*, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330); \$8.
Bargemusic—See 5/15, at 4.

Monday, May 19

Composers Concordance—Contemporary music, including works by Pritsker and Oteri. *NYU Frederick Loewe Theater*, 35 W. 4th St. (564-4899), at 8; \$9.
Helicon Ensemble—Performs Mozart wind chamber music on period instruments. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall*, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$15-\$45.
Three Flute Moms—Flutists Wincenc, Chesis, and Gilbert perform Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Schickele, and Paget, to benefit the city's oldest nursery school. *St. Paul's Chapel*, 116th St. and Broadway, 7:30; \$25.
Mordecai Shehori, Pianist—Performs Schubert and Liszt. *Merkin Concert Hall*, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330); \$17.

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs Lehar's *The Merry Widow*, 5/17 at 7:30 and 5/18 at 2:30. 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. (228-8200); \$20.

Dance

David Neumann—Performs *Don't Just Do Something, Stand There*, 5/16-5/18 at 8. P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. at 10th St. (477-5829); \$12.
Louis Johnson—Performs *Forces of Rhythm*, 5/17 at 7:30, 5/18 at 3, and 5/19 at 7:30. *Harry De Jur Playhouse*, 466 Grand St., at Pitt St. (598-0400); \$5.
Gestures Dance Ensemble—Performs *Full Speed Ahead*, 5/17 at 8. *Aaron David Hall*, 134th St. and Covenant Ave. (427-2244); \$10.
New York City Ballet—Performs works of Balanchine, including *Prodigal Son*, *Scotch Symphony*, and *The Cage*, 5/13-5/17 and 5/20 at 8, 5/17 at 2, and 5/18 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center* (870-5570); \$22-\$65.
American Ballet Theater—The season begins with *Swan Lake*, 5/13-19, at 8; 5/14 and 5/17 at 2. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center* (362-2000); \$15-\$65.

Previews The Miraculous Merce

Far-flung devotees of Merce Cunningham—everyone from Tharp and Baryshnikov to Meredith Monk and Garrison Keillor—join in performance to help commemorate the modern-dance patriarch's fifth decade of choreography. **BAM, May 19.**

Photograph by Arnold Eagle.



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nightlife

Cheatham and Payton...Eitzel and Buck

Concerts

"The Caffeine Nation Tour"—The Descendents headline this aptly named summit of the leading lights in amped-up, surfy punk-pop, old and new. Having seen their mid-eighties odes to fast food, fishing, and masturbation (which often clocked in at under a minute, and sometimes at as little as one second) mutate into the commercially viable, if less irony-laden, work of Green Day and the Offspring, the Southern California quartet recently regrouped to try to catch up with the wave they'd unwittingly set in motion. With Less Than Jake, Guttermouth, Handsome, Weston. 5/16 at 6 P.M. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$10.

Roseanne Cash—A benefit concert honoring St. Ann's 150th anniversary. The higher-priced tickets include dinner afterward at the funky, gaslit Gage & Tollner restaurant. 5/15 at 7 P.M. Arts at St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights (718-858-2424). \$45-\$225.

Chemical Brothers—Is this British art-school duo a pair of rock-and-rollers who tweak nobbs instead of pounding power chords, or are they techno-geeks with a rock sensibility? If they're the former, then these Brothers represent the future of rock and roll, pure and simple; call them the latter, and they simply demonstrate that even dance music needs structured songs (and not just free-form explorations of texture set to an endless drum loop) to be appealing beyond the confines of Twilo. The Great Electronica Debate isn't likely to be settled anytime soon, if at all. Fortunately, even without a tidy definition in hand, you can expect one of the most electrifying shows of the year out of these aural chemists. 5/17 at 10 P.M. Hammerstein Ballroom at Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). \$22.50-\$25.

Crosby, Stills & Nash—5/21 at 8 P.M. The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$35-\$50.

Djivan Gasparyan & George Mgrdichian—The Armenian *duduk* and *oud* players, respectively. 5/17 at 8 P.M. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). \$18.

David Liebman/Phil Markowitz Duo—With Ben Allison & Medicine Wheel. A presentation of the Jazz Composers Collective. 5/15 at 8 P.M. Jazz Performance Space, the New School, 55 W. 12th St. (995-1552). \$5-\$10.

"Lust for Life"—Iggy Pop, Debbie Harry, Spacehog, and a number of "unannounced surprise guests" headline this tribute-benefit for photographer Mick Rock. As the unofficial but prolific chronicler of the seventies glam-punk scene, Rock shot Pop, Lou Reed, David Bowie, and countless other specimens of the particular brand of freak that the era produced. In fact, it's largely through his work (on the covers of albums like Reed's *Transformer* and Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust*, for instance) that the image of the rock star as glamorous, tragic hermaphrodite propagated through that decade's consciousness. 5/15 at 8 P.M. Hammerstein Ballroom at Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). \$35-\$100.

Maceo Parker—The saxist who made his name with James Brown and Parliament, now his own bad

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.



Opening Night Moves

While Broadway's *Titanic* might seem the riskiest of recent New York openings, it's practically a safe bet compared to Carbon (605 West 55th Street). Right at the peak of the Giuliani disco purge, an investor has put \$600,000 into a new 30,000-square-foot pleasure dome right at the edge of Hell's Kitchen. In the space of the former Mirage—close to that other nightlife behemoth the Sound Factory—David Marvisi has created a "club without a copy," hoping that Carbon will not only survive the city's anti-dancing crackdown but also entice hip downtowners to spring for a \$10 cab ride along with the \$20 cover. The three-tiered, industrial-kitsch interior is certainly *Titanic*-formidable, featuring a green-tinted glass ceiling—which exposes thirteen feet of internal structure—along with four roomy lounges, plush velvet banquets, and a gargantuan crystal chandelier. And while Ian Schrager's designer Philippe Starck would sniff at Carbon's cement-paved "Sky Deck"—a wannabe answer to L.A.'s Skybar—the stiletto-heeled fashionistas sipping *Cosmopolitans* under the stars last weekend had no complaints.

JAMES PATRICK HERMAN

bandleader. With Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise. 5/15 at 8 P.M. The Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. (307-7171). \$22.50.

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 5/13: Michael Kroll; Vonda Shepherd. 5/14: The Drovers. 5/15: Voodoo Martini. 5/17: Semi-Gloss; Camus. 5/21: Dame Darcy; Mens Club; Earwig. 95 Stanton St. (358-1633). \$.

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced.

Shows nightly at 9. 5/13: By Divine Right. 5/15: Sugarsmack. 5/16: Travis Pickle. 5/17: Chavez. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

CBGB & OMFUG—Sleater-Kinney. Proving that riot grrrls do, in fact, have a sense of humor, these ex-Bratmobilers harness the aforementioned movement's visceral power with a poppier, nearly dancy sensibility, leading to one of the freshest and downright best sounds going this year. Catch them here 5/15 or opening for Yo La Tengo two days later at Tramps. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 5/15: Queen Bee & the Blue Hornet Band. 5/16-5/17: Johnny Clyde Copeland. 5/19: Susan

Ryan. 5/21: Delta 88. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 5/20: Gene Loves Jezebel. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corroded home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 5/16: Belizbeha; Cooly's Hotbox. 5/17: Majek Fashek; Prisoners of Conscience. 5/19: Irving Claw Trio; the Tower Recordings. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Irving Plaza—As alumni of the Knitting Factory's bouncy art-jazz scene, Skeleton Key knows how to get an audience jumping up and down and thinking at the same time. Though the downtown rock quartet's stage setup looks like a junkyard (thanks to a percussion rig built out of, well, junk), its sound can actually be quite spare, leaning on swampy-sounding Tom Waits-by-way-of-Kurt Weill verses that give plenty of room to bassist-singer Eric Sanko's whacked-out tales to work their magic. But close your eyes when they launch into one of their anthemic, crunchy choruses, and you'd swear Nirvana had re-formed. They play 5/15 with Firewater and White Hassle. 5/13: Collective Soul. 5/19: Buckshot LeFonque. 5/20: Gene—the band that would be Morrissey. 5/21: Neurosis. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 5/13: Eugene Chadbourne & John Zorn; Phil Minton & Roger Turner. 5/14: Juini Booth's Jazz Jazz VP, featuring Chico Freeman, Jerry Gonzalez, and Hilton Ruiz; Micha Gaugh, Marc Ribot, and Friends. 5/15–5/18: John Zorn's Chamber Masada. 5/19: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. 5/20: Larry Ochs, John Zorn, Dave Douglas, and Friends. 5/21: Poster Children; Failure. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 5/16: Fatty Lumpkin. 5/17: The Gekfens. 5/22: Karen Black. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).

Mercury Lounge—Mark Eitzel (see essay, page 100) headlines an all-star three-night stand that also features Seattle's vocal-less supergroup Tuatara (R.E.M.'s Peter Buck plus members of Screaming Trees and Los Lobos) and the Minus Five (Buck again, plus sometime R.E.M. sideman Scott McCaughey). With an exhausting nightly schedule like that, whether Mr. Buck will still be able to play when it's time for him to accompany the headliner is anybody's guess. Shows 5/19–5/21. 5/13: Lisa Hogan; Bloom. 5/14: The Friggs. 5/15: Ripdizzy; Jonny Kaplan & the Lazy All Stars. 5/16: Plexi; Babe the Blue Ox; Vitapup. 5/17–5/18: Gloomy eighties Britpop legends Echo & the Bunnymen reunite for what are billed as their only Stateside appearances. Relive those high-school memories while supplies last. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 5/13: Keith & Tex; Audrey Hall. 5/14: Hassan Hakmoun. 5/15: Pasion Flamenca. 5/17: Juliana Aquino. 5/20: Dobby Dobson. 5/21: Last Poets; Sundiata. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band. 5/14–5/15: The London Suede. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Tramps—For the past three years, Boise's Built to Spill has been inviting the unlikely hypothesis that Idaho is home to America's last great indie-rock band; that theory became all the more convincing with the recent release of its major-label debut, *Perfect From Now On*. Spill singer-guitarist Doug Martsch crafts some of the most beautiful,

complex, and fragile tunes we've ever heard; he layers a loose-limbed fretboard virtuosity over unpredictable chord progressions and beats that, though played on natural drums, are reminiscent of the techno subgenre drum-and-bass; and he can change a broken guitar string while singing over the rest of the band. Martsch's lyrics occasionally sound a bit adolescent coming from a balding family man (e.g., "There's a mean bone in my body / I would hurt a fly"), but for fans, it's all just part of the appeal. Martsch & Co. play 5/16, with Satisfact and Les Savvy Fav. 5/13: Dave Davies Band; the Reducers. 5/15: BR.5-49; Wayne Hancock; Sara Evans. 5/17: Yo La Tengo, New York's great Bohemian hope (so what if they're from New Jersey?); Sleater-Kinney; Sleepyhead. 5/20: Spearhead; Camp Lo; Coolbone. 5/21: Jorma Kaukonen. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 5/13–5/14: "Nutt-Stalk '97," starring Trulio Disgracias, a jerk-rock supergroup comprising three Fishbone members, two ex-Red Hot Chili Peppers, and a Circle Jerk. With Thelocious Monster and four other SoCal scenesters. 5/15: Irridescence; 5/16: Royal Crowns; Crescent City Maulers. 5/20: Rainbow Family Benefit with Wig Jam, Catfish John, and Bear's Choice. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Jazz

Birdland—When Jimmy Scott (5/16–5/17) performs, he makes a point of smiling doggedly at the audience; but every so often, as he dips his head pensively during an instrumental passage, a look of raw, unself-pitying despair crosses his face. That small gesture, as much as the inherent beauty of Scott's voice, makes it obvious that when he sings lines like "Heaven is a place where nothing ever happens" (from his cover of a Talking Heads tune), his conviction is as sincere as his desire not to believe what he's saying. 5/13–5/14: Andy Bey Trio. 5/18: Larry Gelb Trio. 5/19: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 5/21–5/24: Tommy Flanagan Trio, with Peter Washington and Lewis Nash. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 5/12: Ed Hamilton. 5/13–5/18: Diane Schuur. 5/19: Gil Goldstein's Zebra Coast Orchestra. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall-style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).

Iridium—As trumpeters, 91-year-old Doc Cheatham and 23-year-old Nicholas Payton have more in common than their two-generation gap would indicate: Both worship at the altar of Satchmo, and both play with an irrepressible warmth that doesn't preclude making intelligent, surprising musical statements at every opportunity. Their new collaborative CD, *Doc Cheatham & Nicholas Payton*, also demonstrates a shared disposition to *laissez les bon temps rouler*, New Orleans-style, without reverting to cheap nostalgia. Saturday's and Sunday's sets feature a comparative whippersnapper, the septuagenarian

Clark Terry, filling in for Cheatham. The trumpet summit, in its various permutations, lasts 5/13–5/18. 5/20–5/25: Joe Williams. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

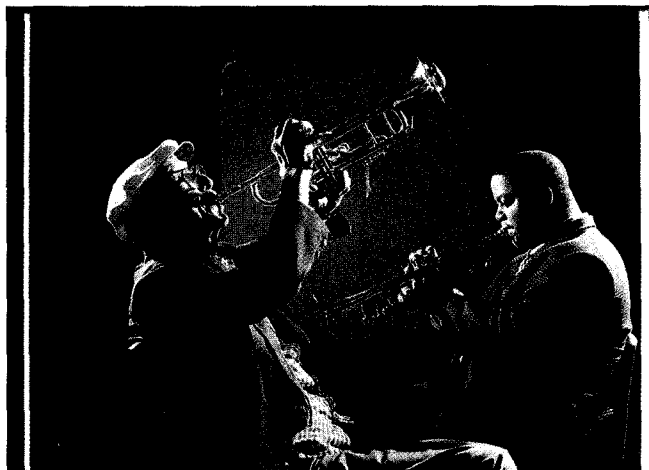
Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. Every Monday in May: The Mike LeDonne Trio. 5/14–5/17: Pierre Hurel and Jonathan Robinson. 5/21–5/24: Bill Mays and Jon Beal. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. 5/16–5/17: Jimmy "Preacher" Robins. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. 2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). \$.

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, Guillermo Klein. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. Thursdays, the Peter Bernstein Quartet. 5/16–5/17: Spike Wilner Quintet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 5/13–5/18: Veteran hard-bop pianist Kenny Barron leads a quintet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleeker St. (242-1785).

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 5/15–5/18: Scott Hamilton Quartet. \$10 cover; two-drink minimum. 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).



Talent To Louis, With Love

Ninety-something legend Doc Cheatham and young comer Nicholas Payton—both avowed and worthy devotees of Louis Armstrong—trade warm, witty licks at Iridium, May 13 through 16. (The equally simpatico Clark Terry fills in for Cheatham May 17 and 18.)

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 5/13-5/18: Excellent, bluesy soul-jazz tenorman Stanley Turrentine, with a quintet. 5/20-5/25: Jimmy Heath & the Heath Brothers. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. 5/13: Bill Mobley Quartet. 5/14-5/17: Youthful altoist Sherman Irby leads quartet of fellow Smalls alumni, including pianist James Hurt. Oxymoronic as it may sound, Irby's a bop devotee who eschews showy freneticism in favor of thoughtful, rhythmically savvy phrasing. His new Blue Note release, *Full Circle*, marks him as one to watch. 5/18: Tom Rainey Group. 5/20: Tommy Campbell Quartet. 5/21-5/24: Jerry Bergonzi Quartet; Adam Nussbaum. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. 125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Every Sunday in May, the Dena DeRose Trio. 5/12-5/17: John Bunch and Steve Lespina. 5/19-5/24: Joanne Brackeen and Cecil McBee. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy," Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy," Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 5/13: "Ladies of Comedy," 5/14: Dr. Dre and Ed Lover's "Phat Comedy," 5/15-5/18: Jake Johannsen. 5/21: Salsoul sketch-comedy troupe; "Off-Off Broadway" music and comedy contest. \$12.50-\$18.50; two-drink minimum. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace is in the process of broadening its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 253 West 28th St. (244-3005).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 5/12-5/18: Greer Barnes; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Vic Hanley; William Stephenson. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 and 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun-Thurs. at 9 P.M. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 5/12-5/18: Richie Byrne; Quentin Heggs; Nancy Redman. 5/19-5/25: John Rizzo; Lenny Varndoe; Joe Mulligan. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 and 10:30 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun-Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district.



Talent Tangled Up in Blue

'M'aybe the reason people think my music is depressing," says singer Mark Eitzel, "is that they see me play live and see someone they *know* they don't want to be. Because I've got no hair and no chin." Maybe. But Eitzel's rep for hard-bitten melancholia probably has more to do with lyrics like "You know she loves you / You could make her pain count for something," which he sang in 1994 with his former band American Music Club. In that excellent San Francisco group, Eitzel mixed even his warmest sentiments with the elegiac, heart-rending fatalism of a Beat poet, making the 35-year-old one of rock's finest lyricists of street-corner despair. This might change, though, with Eitzel's new solo album, *West*, and his current tour (Mercury Lounge, May 19-21). Both are collaborations with R.E.M. guitarist Peter Buck. "Peter takes a more objective view of music than I do," Eitzel says. "[He'll say] 'Well, how do you want this song to be? It can be hooky, it can be quiet, it can rock. . . .'" Buck's ease with a range of moods seems to have rubbed off. In the album's soaring first single, "In Your Life" (based on a discarded R.E.M. riff), Eitzel sings, "You threw away your life / Throw it to me"—a relatively buoyant song (given its author) that may or may not betoken a change in direction. On that count, Eitzel remains modest and circumspect. "I just try to write lyrics that I won't feel embarrassed to sing in front of people night after night," he says. "A great songwriter—I believe he was in Ratt—once said, 'All I really try to do is write words that sound good with the music.'" ETHAN SMITH

5/16-5/17: Frank Vignola; Paul Mercurio; Marc Maron; Jeff Stillson. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 5/16-5/17: Sunda Croonquist; J. R. Havlin; Paul Michael Mercurio; Gerald Kelly. Sun.-Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). \$7-\$12.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 6/21: Susannah McCorkle. Tues.-Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.-Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$35; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder and bolder to bolder), are the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Cafe Carlyle—Perennial New York fave Bobby Short returns for the thirtieth year. Tues.-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel*, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Danny's Skylight Room—Every Monday and Tuesday, Ronny Whyte is in the piano bar. 5/16: Laurie Krauz; Marty Linz. 5/17-5/18: Ronny Whyte & Daryl Sherman; Marty Linz. 5/21: Lynne Charney. \$6-\$15, plus \$10 minimum. 346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).

Maxim's—Midtown's monument to hefty Art Nouveau interior design and hefty French-bistro fare. Every Monday, Maxim's national talent search. 5/15-5/17: Yanna Avis. \$20-\$30 cover. 680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).

Rainbow and Stars—Through 5/24: Rosemary Clooney. Sunday nights, Rainbow hosts a rotating lineup of songwriters. \$25 cover. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Windows on the World—The "Greatest Bar on Earth" (or the loftiest, anyway) reanimates itself with a new Saturday-night theme-party series. Every Wednesday, D.J. Lucien spins "lounge-core." 5/15-5/16: Slapmeat Johnson & the Titans. 5/17: "Saturday Night Swing," featuring the Blues Jumpers. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).

Bars

Full Moon Saloon—Hell's Kitchen's truly skanky dive bar, with signs advertising hot dogs plastered all over the façade and inebriated patrons pasted all over the floor inside. Watch naïve, out-of-towner businessmen hit on the transsexual bartender; witness terrifying scenes of acerbic sexual harassment; hear the Charlie Daniels Band (repeatedly) on the jukebox; drink cheap pints of Bud—the only draft available. Who says Disney's spoiled the fun? 725 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (no phone).

Subway Inn—Twenty minutes here and you're practically waiting for the latest update on the Cuban Missile Crisis. The Subway is 64 years old and looks it: Communist-red walls studded with Americana and photos of Marilyn Monroe; a beautifully maintained old oak bar (and a beautifully maintained old bartender); an unstudied mix of blue- and white-collar patrons. If someone lit up a cigar in here, it would be an old bald guy reading the *Post*, not some yuppie talking Dow after the final bell. 143 E. 60th St. (223-8929).

Vain—Right next door to 2A (a bar so genuinely East Village that Dictators singer Handsome Dick Manitoba tends bar four nights a week), Avenue A now has its first velvet-ropes-and-all fashion-crowd hang. Faced with the prospect of navigating between the Scylla of an evening with the neighborhood's plentiful supply of multiply pierced *Singled Out* rejects and the Charybdis of sipping Cosmopolitans among the coltish aspiring Kates and Naomis, we might turn around and go home. Then again, we might not. 9 Ave. A (253-1462).

Photograph by Minette Lew.

the mix

Blue Velvet Boxing...The Specialist's Village

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Drew Carey Show (5/14; 9 to 9:30 P.M.; ABC) sends the gang on the road, in an ice-cream truck full of beer, on a misbegotten journey from Cleveland to New York City and Yankee Stadium that is worth sticking around for, after Donald Trump, Carol Channing, and Nicholas Turturro, just to get home again for a mind-boggling and gender-bending midnight "dance-off" between cult adherents of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and freaky fans of *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*.

Columbo: A Trace of Murder (5/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) stars Barry Corbin as a tycoon (and cigar aficionado) framed for murder by his unfaithful wife, Sheri Danese, who in real life is actually married to Peter Falk, who is the executive producer of this latest TV-movie spin-off of his departed network series and who therefore should have known better than to allow it to get so sluggish, although there's some funny stuff about bananas, apples, protein bars, NutraSweet, cough drops, and a cat, not to mention David Rasche, the enemy within.

Todd McFarlane's Spawn (5/16; midnight to 12:30 A.M.; HBO) is the first of six animated episodes deriving from the adult-gothic comic book about an African-American C.I.A. operative who returns from the dead to find his wife remarried to his best friend, his ex-partner up to no good, and Mafia goons wasting reporters from the *Washington Post* who are on the trail of a story about a senator that could embarrass the Department of Defense. Next Friday he will "find allies among those already damned by society," track down an ice-cream-truck serial-killer of little girls, and fight off a monster who objects to Spawn's "faggy clothes" and wants him to "get with the fuckin' program." And the Friday after that he will dream of helicopters and Vietnam while also spying on his ex-wife and ex-best friend engaging in anal sex. Are we having fun yet?

Weapons of Mass Distraction (5/17; 8 to 10 P.M.; HBO) is a send-up of media moguls like Rupert Murdoch and Robert Maxwell, pro football as a Roman circus, and television journalism as a Salem witch trial that, even with Gabriel Byrne, Ben Kingsley, Mimi Rogers, Jeffrey Tambor, Kathy Baker, and Chris Mulkey, is not as consistently pointed as we've come to expect from the Larry Gelbart who gave us *Barbarians at the Gate*, his burlesque of vulture capitalism, and *Mastergate*, his deconstruction of the Reagan-Babbar subtext. I did like the chitchat about Sri Lanka cable operations and South African satellites and an all-Vatican channel, the Jane Seymour-Scott Baku-

la TV-movie joke, and the Emperor Tiberius sex tricks. But real TV is more ridiculous.

Legend of the Lost Tomb (5/18; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) asks a game Stacy Keach to run around all over Egypt, as an evil archaeologist dressed up either like Lawrence of Arabia or Sidney Greenstreet, in search of the treasure of Ramses II, while all Ramses wants for himself is his missing "ka," which a good archaeologist, Rick Rossovich, will find for him with the help of an estranged son, Brock Pierce, and a resourceful grad student, Kimberlee Peterson, after many camels, several pyramids, some Luxor, some Aswan, and an Abu Simmel. This is one of Showtime's "Original Pictures for Kids," and it's more fun to look at than think about.

Volcano! (5/19; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC) may be piling it on after two Hollywood movies back-to-back have already tough-lava'd Los Angeles and the Pacific Northwest, but this National Geographic special does tell the extraordinary story of the French volcanologists Maurice and Katia Krafft, who talk so confidently to the camera just before they are incinerated by Mount Unzen in Japan. We go also to

Colombia, Tanzania, Indonesia, Alaska, and Pompeii, with a backward look at the island of Santorini in the Aegean, where Atlantis went so sadly down.

Detention: Siege at Johnson High (5/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) looks on terrified while Rick Schroder, jobless, loveless, and unappreciated by his mother, decides to take as one big hostage all of the kids and some of the teachers at the school from which he failed to graduate. Who should talk him into doing no more damage than he has already done but Henry Winkler, a cop with low self-esteem but a surprising amount of common sense and a gift for improvisation. It's a jumpy, hophead sort of movie nicely acted by Schroder and Winkler and tightly directed by Michael Watkins, with time out for puppy love, brutal death, and the contemplation of one's own ambivalent, Carrie-like feelings about high schools and what they did to all of us.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—Weeknights at 8. 5/14: Beethoven's *Consecration of the House Overture*; Schu-



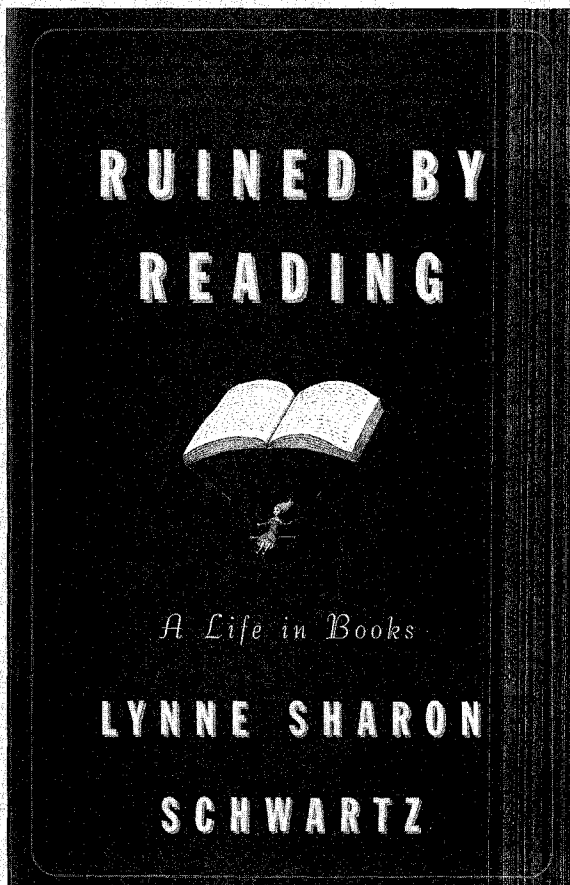
Happening He Takes a Village

Few tours of Greenwich Village would interest anyone who actually lives there, given as they are to pointing out such neighborhood gems as, say, the Washington Square arch. Arthur Marks, however, offers a different specialized Village tour almost every week; the remaining spring walks include "John Jacob Astor's World," "Greek Revival Architecture," and "Art & Politics: SoHo & Fiorello." (Call 254-1200.)

mann's *Spring Symphony*. WQXR, 96.3 FM.
On the Line—Weekdays at 11 A.M.: Topics to include: the history and origins of rent control, the housing market, neighborhood profiles, and the housing shortage. There will be a special radio-television simulcast premiere on 5/15 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.
New York Kids—5/18 at 6: "Radio Movies." Hear the winning entries in Terry the Taxi Driver's "One-Minute Radio Math Movie Contest," fully produced with actors and sound effects. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

The Written Word

Peter Trachtenberg—5/14 at 6: Reading from recent work. The Salon, 597 Fifth Ave. (593-0290); free.
Mark McMorris and Jennifer Moxley—5/14 at 8: Reading from their recent work. Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); \$7.
Devotional: Writers' Retrospectives: Robert Creeley—5/15 at 6:30: At Mad Alex/Biblio's, 317 Church St. (334-6990); \$15.
Lois Hirschowitz, Cynthia Tedesco, Maureen Owen, Nicholas Christopher—5/15 at 7:30: Reading from their recent work. Greenwich House Music School, 46 Bower St. (242-4770); \$7.



In Print Lynne Sharon Schwartz's *Ruined by Reading* is an odd little book—really an extended essay—that was quietly received when it was published last year; it looked almost actionably precious. It deserves a better fate in paperback. Contained in this digressive, intensely personal response to a lifetime with books is the most civilized and persuasive sort of literary criticism. (Beacon Press; \$10.)

Michael Klein—5/15 at 7: Reading from his recent work. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.
Terrence McNally—5/15 at 7: Reading at Barnes & Noble, Lincoln Triangle, 1972 Broadway (595-6859); free.
Fred Gardaphé—5/15 at 8: Reading from *Italian Signs, American Streets*. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (429-1322); free.
The 25th Anniversary of City College's Annual Spring Poetry Festival—5/16 at 9:30 A.M.: At City College's Aaron Davis Center, 133rd St. at Convent Ave. (650-6343); free.
Leslie Feinberg—5/16 at 7: Reading from her recent work. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.
Julian Barnes, A. S. Byatt—5/20 at 8: Reading at 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$12.
Joan Aleshire, D. Nurkse, Bruce Weigel—5/18 at 3: Reading from their poetry. Civic Center Synagogue, 49 White St. (966-7141); \$7.
D. McClatchey and Elizabeth Macklin—5/19 at 7:30: Reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.
Selected Shorts: Unusual Couples—5/21 at 6:30: Readings by Maria Tucci, Isaiah Sheffer, and Kate Burton. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, (864-5400); \$16.
Deborah Solomon—5/21 at 7:30: Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave. (727-1672); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Frank Gehry's House of Dreams"—5/16 & 17 at 7:30: This symposium will examine the American architect's commission to build a house for international businessman Peter B. Lewis. The two will speak with critics Herbert Muschamp and Kurt Foster. The Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave. (423-3587); \$15.
"Jews in the Cradle of India"—5/15 at 6:30: A lecture on the Jewish cultures that have existed for centuries in India. Cooper Union's Wollman Auditorium, 51 Astor Pl. (353-4195); \$12.
"Sunday Biography: Patrick Samway"—5/18 at 3: A discussion on Walker Percy. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.
"Race and Science, the Tuskegee Syphilis Experiment"—5/14 at 7: A discussion on the U.S. government's 40-year experiment on the effects of untreated syphilis on (unconsenting) African-American men. Panelists to include civil-rights lawyer Fred D. Gray, author James Jones, Dr. Vanessa Gamble, Dr. Ben Roy, and investigator Peter Buxtun, who helped expose and end the experiment. Moderated by Utrice Leid. Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Malcolm X Blvd. (491-2200); free.
"The Courage to Stand Alone: Letters From Prison and Other Writings"—5/13 at 6: Author Wei Jingsheng, arguably the most significant political prisoner in the world, remains imprisoned in Tianjin, China. His writings will be read from and discussed by a distinguished panel of writers

and human-rights activists, including Don DeLillo, Rose Styron, Arthur Miller, and E. L. Doctorow. The New York Public Library's Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (366-2870); free.
"Weighing the Options"—5/14 at 8: A discussion of the latest medical research on weight control with Dr. Louis J. Aronne, author of *Weigh Less, Live Longer*. The 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

Events

12th Annual AIDS Walk New York—5/18 at 9 A.M.: The world's largest AIDS fund-raiser, benefiting Gay Men's Health Crisis and 70 other AIDS services agencies. An expected 35,000 New Yorkers will join hosts Tony Randall, Susan Sarandon, Tim Robbins, and Nell Carter for the event. Central Park's North Meadow. Call 807-9255 for further information and to register.

Tours

Columbia University Walking Tour—5/18 at noon: A walking tour, reception, and slide lecture on the interiors and grounds of Columbia. Meet at the Faculty House, Morningside Drive at 117th St. (426-8522); \$12.
Ellis Island Walking Tour—5/17 at 12: A tour of the museum and grounds and a discussion of immigrant history. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park (439-1090); \$15.
Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights at Twilight—5/17 at 4: A walk across the Brooklyn Bridge and through the city's first suburb. Meet at the Front Steps of City Hall. (439-1090); \$9.
The Jewish Lower East Side—5/18 at 1: A tour through more than 150 years of Jewish settlement on the Lower East Side. (439-1090); \$9.

Exhibitions

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400).
"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31: Explores the effect this period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Sports

Basketball Challenge—5/17 at 11:30 A.M.: The first 400 children to show up can enjoy a clinic given by former Knicks like Cal Ramsey and Ray Williams and area television personalities like Channel 2's Warner Wolf (with music from Hot 97), and three-on-three tournaments. Rain date May 31. Ages 8-17. North Meadow Recreation Center, Central Park at 97th St.
Siwanoy Trail Tour Hike—5/17 at 2: The marsh, the forest, and the meadow of Pelham Bay Park are waking up for summer; Urban Park Rangers guide this easy hike. Meet at Split Rock/Pelham Golf Clubhouse, off Shore Road. Call 800-201-7275 for information.
Canoe Launching—5/17 at 2: Shades of a more civilized city and a great way to enjoy your tax dollars (at least those that help to maintain our parks): a city-sponsored free guided canoe ride on the Hudson and Harlem rivers. Registration required; call 304-2365 to sign up. Meet at the Inwood Hill Urban Ecology Center, inside the park at 218th St. and Indian Rd. Tour by the Urban Park Rangers.



Opening Kinder, Gentler Boxing

1 "I'll tape your hands with the same love I would a heavyweight champion," says Victor Machado, who has, in fact, trained twelve world champs. Having taped hands for some 40 years, Machado has also honed a strikingly gentle ringside manner: dispensing inspirational tales, carefully attending to form and poise, and generally providing an almost maternal level of care for his charges. Machado's brand of professional, not-so-tough love sets the tone for the surprisingly genteel Blue Velvet Boxing Club (opening May 13). The gym has all the earmarks of a classic boxing club: sawdust, yellowing posters of legendary bouts, and an 81-year-old greeter named Jimmy, whose craggy smile and pressed pinstripes seem to have stepped right out of *Raging Bull*. But the club mixes this brooding, waterfront ambience with the kind of Chelsea *politesse* that's more commonly seen in places like Crunch and Equinox. Its canny presentation has lured more than a few from the Stairmaster to the ring. "It makes me feel very powerful," says one slight slugger, Elizabeth. "Especially because it's usually associated with men. Plus, the hand-eye coordination of it makes me focus in a more concentrated way than any other workout." And it's glamorous. Not only do Naomi Campbell, Daniel Day Lewis, and Bijou Phillips make frequent appearances at the subtly chichi sparring site but, with Madison Square Garden eight blocks away, so do the likes of heavyweights Buster Douglas and Dickie Ryan, who also come by, tape up their hands, and get ready for the big fight.

ONDINE COHANE

Photograph by Dave Krieger.

Baseball—5/13–14: Mets vs. Houston Astros at 7:40 P.M., Shea Stadium (Sportschannel); 5/16–19: Mets vs. Colorado Rockies at 7:40 P.M., 1:40 P.M., 1:40 P.M., and 1:40 P.M., Shea Stadium (Sportschannel); 5/20–21: Yankees vs. Toronto Blue Jays at 7:35 P.M., Yankee Stadium (MSG Network)

Online

True Lies—This site is a hall of fame, of sorts, for that insidious variation on traditional folklore: the Urban Legend. Browse here to get the low-down on things like fun with gerbils, the darker side of Snapple, and whether Texas really has the legal right to secede from the union. (That one is actually more complicated than you might think.) In the most bizarrely fascinating area on the site, the Disney corporation (which rates a section of its own, so numerous are the creepy rumors spawned by the purveyor of squeaky-clean Americana) is debunked: We learn that Walt is not actually frozen cryogenically, but that the names of various Disney characters really do mean things like "excretion from under the foreskin." www.urbanlegends.com

Holy Cow—Last fall, a Tennessee baker accidentally whipped up a cinnamon bun that bears an uncanny resemblance to Mother Teresa. This immaculate confection has come to be known as the NunBun, and is available for your inspection on this site, which functions as a kind of Web-based shrine (with a gift shop added, of course). Those without religious conviction are advised to steer clear; one look at this miracle will shake your lack of faith to its foundations. www.qcmedia.com/nunbun

Pearls Before Swine—This page, an homage to Dorothy Parker, is the right place to visit when you really need to smile. The plain-vanilla presentation relies on the power of Parker's wit to sustain it, and that's more than sufficient. Selected bon mots and Parker poetry ("Why is it no one ever sent me yet / One perfect limousine, do you suppose? / Ah no, it's always just my luck to get / One perfect rose) are worth enduring the tortuously slow server. www.users.interport.net/~lynda/-dorothy.html

Wackos on the Web—If you're planning to join a militia, or take part in a prison uprising, or wish to ruin the life of someone who has wronged you, check out this site. This publisher specializes in books on how to pick locks, change your identity, fashion deadly weapons from household objects, and thwart homicide investigations. Sample title: *The Prisoner's Handbook*. Of course, you don't actually get any of this information unless you order the appropriate book, but just browsing the titles is enough to give you the willies. www.loompanics.com

Know Your Enemy—This clearinghouse for information about hate groups provides daily updates about the fight against intolerance, both nationally and locally, along with direct links to sites maintained by various organizations advocating bigotry, and those combatting it. Very serious, and very worthwhile. www.hatewatch.org

Leonard continued from page 70

day and Tuesday, May 18 and 20; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), a chick-flick mini-series directed by Karen Arthur with the weepie quotient of *Stella Dallas* and the epic sprawl of *The Winds of War*. In Christopher Lofton's adaptation of Janice Woods Windle's historical novel about her own ancestral foremothers, Powers Boothe, Jeffrey Nordling, Charles Dutton, Michael York, and Michael Greyeyes ride a lot of horse and lose a lot of Alamo. But their wives, sisters, and daughters are the genuine heroines. Whether facing up to race hatred or facing down disgruntled Indians, surviving kidnapping, rape, lynching, cholera, and infant mortality on the nineteenth-century lonesome range or campaigning for women's suffrage in a Texas legislature more primitive than Mycenae, they age like oak and are a splendor to behold. See Dana Delany smoke a pipe, take an arrow, and shoot a Mexican. Watch Angelina Jolie plant cotton, read Frederick Douglass, and free plantation slaves. Hear Annabeth Gish, on a white stallion before she goes to law school, tell her snotty nephew, "Only mermaids ride sidesaddle, Travis—because they have to."

TELEVISION The time line here is the 1830s to the 1890s. The history includes the Texas revolution; the fall of the Alamo; the "Runaway Scrape," in which a pregnant Sarah Ashby McClure (Delany) leads thousands of women and children across the swollen Brazos River. Also, the Battle of San Jacinto, the declaration of a Republic, the Trail of Tears, Comanche raids, Plum Creek, statehood, a Civil War, a Thirteenth Amendment, and Reconstruction. The emphasis throughout is less on glory, mayhem, and Manifest Destiny than on cycles of birth and death, seasons of planting and reaping, strategies of getting by. While Delany's Sarah sends her younger sister Euphemia (Gish) off to college to become a feminist, she also needs to be alone with her portfolio of grief. Even so, she will turn the ranch into a bed-and-breakfast. The Comanche Tarantula (Greyeyes) tells her, "You can make horses fly."

While this *True Women West* is strangely innocent of horse theft, mortgage foreclosure, and family dysfunction, it manages to confront our bad faith about mixed blood, our original sin of slave-holding, and our genocidal attitude toward the original Americans without ever indulging in the cross-dressing pieties of *Dances With Wolves*. Pioneer women weren't all schoolmarms or saloon whores. From Delany, it is possible to extrapolate an Ann Richards and a Molly Ivins.

Kids

Feathered...Tip-Top Tap...Oz

Children's Events

When I Was a Kid—Lou Del Bianco's songs, like the Motown-esque anthem "Separate on the Plate," show that the man remembers... everything. May 18 at 1. **SYLVIA AND DANNY KAYE PLAYHOUSE**, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448); \$10. ●

The Wizard of Oz—Roseanne is the Wicked Witch of the West in a 90-minute musical adaptation of the L. Frank Baum classic, with plenty of splashy special effects. Through June 1. **THE THEATER AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**, 2 Penn Plaza; 307-4111. Tickets are \$19-\$54.

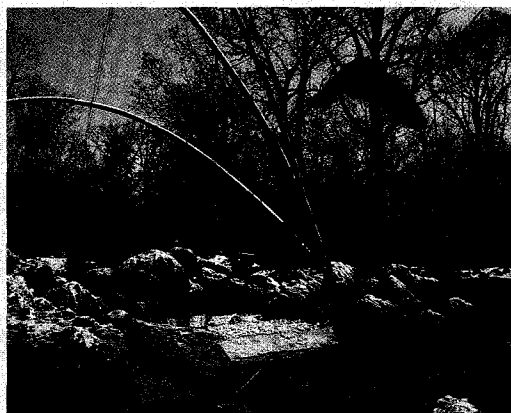
Brooklyn Brouhaha—Highlights for kids at **PROSPECT PARK's** You Gotta Have Park! (or YghP!) are a

chance to get wet (and possibly covered in whipped cream) at a Nickelodeon Game Lab at the Bandshell (May 17 at noon and 3) near the entrance at Prospect Park West and Ninth St., and PBS's Slim Goodbody's sliding, slithering, and jumping challenges, also at the Bandshell, Sunday May 18 at 2. For further details, call 718-965-8999. ●

Music Man—Locally based children's recording artist Bill Gordh, popular for his made-up "story songs" of kings who hate haircuts as much as for his renditions of traditional tales from around the world, appears with his trademark toys that double as instruments. May 18 from 2 to 4 at **MANHATTAN COUNTRY SCHOOL**, 7 E. 96th St. (348-0952); \$10.

Installation Winged Victory

Every time a South American tern got tangled in the Bronx Zoo's aviary—usually dangling upside down from one leg on a cable—chairman of ornithology Don Bruning had to be the hero. Thirty feet up on a ladder, perched atop a pointed rock, he would gingerly untangle the injured bird and carry it down to put its leg in a splint. It was the part of his job Bruning's wife, Barbara, always had difficulty accepting. Such were the perils of the 97-year-old aviary, which—despite its endearing appearance as a kind of asymmetrical, earthbound Eiffel Tower—had fundamental limitations as both a bird house and an observation deck. So when a high wind tore apart the ice-encrusted structure in February 1995—and allowed 32 birds to escape, most to almost certain death—that wind was also a harbinger of some much-needed change. With it blew in the public interest and resources necessary to rebuild the aviary altogether—increasing soaring space for the terns, nesting possibilities for penguin couples, and the number of opportunities for human families to see the birds at closer range. A larger, much less restrictive aviary, The Russell B. Aitken Sea Bird Colony, opens May 17 (paid for with insurance money as well as contributions from local schoolchildren and other bird lovers). Supporting metal



arches are all on the outside of the steel-mesh enclosure this time, so birds can't get tangled in the cables. Now that these feathered natives of the southernmost tip of South America have more open space, says Bruning, it's easier to see their distinct strategies for hunting down a meal. Penguins fly through the water "at lightning speed," gray gulls plant themselves on land before grasping at the fish with their beaks, and Inca terns fly in graceful circles, much larger ones than they could manage before, "swooping for their prey and gulping the fish down, without ever interrupting their arc of flight."

BARBARA ENSOR

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Cyberkids—**SONY WONDER TECHNOLOGY LAB**, a glorious temple to interactive technology (that's free of admission), celebrates its third birthday with high-tech surprises. May 17 from 10 to 5:30; 56th St. at Madison Ave. (833-8100). A retrospective of 25 years of arcade and computer games at **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER** includes games like Battlezone, Asteroids, Pong, and Ms. Pac-Man. Liberty State Park, 251 Phillip St. (201-451-0006). Admission is \$9.50, \$8.50 seniors and students, \$6.50 children.

Meet the Maestro—**THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY's** Lolli-Pops' Spring Concert introduces audiences in the 3-to-5 age group to works by Bach, Sousa, Strauss, Beethoven, and Shostakovich. May 17 at 10:30 and noon and May 18 at 2. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100); \$32. ●

"Birdy Gras"—**WAVE HILL's** bird-inspired family weekend includes seed-rattle-making demonstrations, a chance to meet rehabilitated hawks and owls, and a Native American performance. May 17 and 18 from noon to 4:30. Admission is \$4, \$2 seniors and students, free on Saturday mornings. 675 W. 252nd St. (718-549-3200). ●

Shiver Your Timbers—All you need to do is dress up like a pirate on May 17 (whether you're an adult or a child) to take a free (**HERITAGE TRAILS**) tour of Lower Manhattan (if you're among the first 100), followed by a free (**NEW YORK WATERWAY**) "Pirate's" Harbor cruise (if you're among the first 500). Tours leave at 11 from Federal Hall, 26 Wall St.; cruises leave at 12:15 and 1:15 from the South Street Seaport's Pier 17. For further trail info., call 888-487-2457; for cruise info., call 800-533-3779. ●●

Tri-State Tap Conference—Young hoofers from all over have been practicing for an annual invitational tap-dance showcase. May 18 at 2 at Murry Bergtraum High School Auditorium, 411 Pearl St. (at the corner of Madison St., opposite Police Headquarters, near City Hall); 718-837-1905; \$10 adults, \$5 children under 12. ●

The Apple Tree—In this **CITY LIGHTS** musical performed by kids ages 9 to 17, the idiosyncratic plotline twists together stories by Mark Twain, Frank Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. May 16 at 7:30, May 17 at 3 and 7:30, and May 18 at 2. Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (262-0200); \$5. Reserve. ●

"Dancing Up a Story"—Several hundred school children in the fourth to seventh grades—who have participated in Jacques d'Amboise's **NATIONAL DANCE INSTITUTE's** school outreach programs—bring poems by William Carlos Williams and stories by E. L. Doctorow (and many others) to life on a vibrant spring afternoon in Central Park. May 17 at noon, 2:30, and 5. Delacorte Theater, at the foot of the Great Lawn; enter the park at 81st St. and C.P.W. or 79th St. and Fifth Ave. (226-0751). ●●

Circus Tent—**BIG APPLE CIRCUS's** "Medicine Show" is back for its only outer-borough stop, in Queens's Cunningham Park. At Francis Lewis Blvd. and Union Turnpike in Fresh Meadows, from May 16 to May 25. Tickets are \$10-\$28. Call 212-268-2500 for additional information.

Central Park Be-In—Children ages 2 and under with parents can learn what's on offer in the park for the very young. May 15 from 10 to 11:30 (raindate is May 16). The **JAMES MICHAEL LEVIN PLAYGROUND**, 76th St. and Fifth Ave. (315-0385). ●●

C U E	
Maureen Callahan	Movies
Barbara Ensor	Kids
Patricia Falvo	Sports
Matthew Fenton	Online
Vanessa Grigoriadis	In Concert
Linda Hall	Books
	Events
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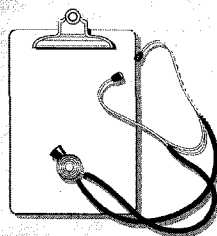
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Pretty Woman Seeking Woman—With open heart, bright mind and joyful spirit for friendship first. I am 36, 5'6", brown hair, blue eyes, slim athletic build and sparkling smile. I have focused predominantly on my Wall Street career over the past several years. Now that I am comfortable in business, I want to broaden my prospects personally. I ultimately seek a partner who, like me, can be open, honest, prepared to confront issues as they arise, loves laughter, music, the company of friends and family, is spiritually aware and emotionally and financially sound. I'm not in a rush to find a partner, and seek the intimate friendship of someone special - someone who will want to understand me as much as she seeks to be understood, and seeks for herself the kind of relationship where we are both better off because of it. Interests include travel, photography, tennis, golf, film, theater, music, good food and wine. If this ad speaks to any part of you, please send letter and photo. 6502 ☐

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Seeking LI Female—30-40, for friendship, romance and eventual partnership in life. I'm 49, 5'10", financially secure, with stability, brains, good looks and a secure future. I'm seeking an honest, monogamous, non-smoking female who still respects old-fashioned values and fidelity. Respond with note/phone/photo a must. 6437 ☐

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Beautiful, Green-Eyed Girl—31, 5'6", slender, very sweet, Ivy-educated, Manhattan resident. You're a never-married Jewish male, 5'10" plus, 28-38. 6542 ☐

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A Lot To Offer—From this handsome, 6', fit, single, white professional male, Italian-American, 38, financially secure, humorous, spontaneous, romantic, family-oriented. Seeking same in an attractive, slender, commitment-minded, single, white professional female with a great smile, 30-38. Note/photo. NYC/Westchester/southern CT preferred. 6520 ☒ ☐

Sparkling Asian Beauty—Elegant, spirited businesswoman, mid 30s, seeks tall, handsome, highly successful, sagacious sweetheart for lasting relationship. Photo appreciated. 6565 ☒ ☐

Romantic Hero Wanted—For fun. Slim, petite, sophisticated, sensual former model turned psychologist, with wide-ranging passions, very attractive 50 (looks 35)...wants attractive male soul mate with time and financial security to enjoy life, travel, interests. Note/photo. 6445 ☒ ☐

Fit, Fun And 41—Male pianist/author into karate, seeks female who loves to laugh. Note/photo/phone. 6547 ☒ ☐

Beautiful Wall Street Professional—36, seeks sensitive, communicative, spiritual, open-minded, solvent male with good sense of humor, for friendship first. I enjoy tennis, golf, theater, music, film, photography, the sound of laughter, the company of family and close friends. I have brown hair, blue eyes, a great smile and slim, athletic figure. You are attractive, emotionally available, have a warm, loving heart, the ability to talk openly about issues that concern you while still being able to appreciate the lighter side of life. If you are willing to take your time to get to know and understand your partner, and are not just in a rush for a relationship, take the time to write a letter and send me a photo. 6504 ☒ ☐

Our Time Is Now—Our paths were meant to cross. You've wanted that great guy: handsome, classy, caring, communicative, CPA mensch, 5'11", jazz/theater lover, who can play tennis, golf, ski, sail or scuba with you. Make us happen! Let me know you're a smart, sweet, slim, playful, adorable, accomplished Jewish gal, 32-38, who laughs easily, has a twinkle in her eye and is ready for the love, nurturing and family we both deserve. Photo helpful. 6560 ☒ ☐

Anything But Boring—Exciting, fun-loving, single white male, 35, 180, 6'3". Creative professional with inquisitive mind and zest for life, seeks smart, slim, attractive woman, 25-35, for love, lust and life's other pleasures. Photo/note. 6475 ☒ ☐

Attractive, Sensual, Spiritual Lady—Keen sense of humor. Seeks man of integrity, down-to-earth, masculine, spiritual, intellectual, over 50. Nonsmoker. Recent photo/note. 6333 ☒ ☐

Former CA Girl—Now (914), 42 and slim, with wicked sense of humor, two tame teens and successful career, desires passionate, loving man with a quick wit, for great family life. Note/phone. 6518 ☒ ☐

Four Keys To A Great Relationship—Honesty, communication, respect and... Hi, I'm 38, 6', super-personable, very successful, outgoing, athletic Jewish guy, who enjoys life. If you're 25-38, fun, bright, slender, personable, then let's find that elusive fourth key. Photo. 6532 ☒ ☐

Handsome, Athletic Executive—33, 6' with great smile and humor. Romantic and financially secure. I am looking to meet an attractive woman, 27-36, who enjoys fine dining, weekend get-aways and laughter. Note and photo please. 6579 ☒ ☐

Sassy, Sexy And Smart—Divorced Jewish business executive, North Shore mom, 40 - likes tennis, biking and humor. Seeks upbeat, upscale man, 35 plus, for fun and future. 6523 ☒ ☐

Pretty Professional—Very attractive, 38-year-old, dark-haired, dark-eyed, olive-skinned mom of two - shapely, warm and sweet, media exec - seeks equally successful, warm professional man, 35-49. Please send photo and letter. 6456 ☒ ☐

Handsome Male—Preppie Wall Street banker type, 40s, athletic (ski/tennis), Jewish, lives in country. Seeks pretty, intelligent woman in 30s, for fun, romance, family. Note/photo. 6472 ☒ ☐

Attractive, Financially Secure—Professional, 5'9", slim, divorced Jewish gentleman in late 40s, intelligent, classy, good conversationalist, who enjoys the very fine things in life, the outdoors and skiing, in search of an emotionally available, slim, attractive, sophisticated, classy woman in 30s-early 40s, with European or South American background, who enjoys same. Photo and note. 6491 ☒ ☐

Four Stars—Great Neck widower, Jewish, 5'11", healthy, handsome, 60ish, slim, unpretentious, humorous - likes classical music, movies, CNN. Seeks long-term relationship with cultured female, nonsmoker, 54-64. Note/recent photo. 6441 ☒ ☐

Gay NYC Woman—Literate, professional, 46, seeks attractive, feminine playmate/soul mate for an intimate, caring relationship. 6481 ☒ ☐

Blue-Eyed Psychologist—36, 5'10", fit, attractive, Jewish. Seeks kind, pretty, literate woman, 25-36. Note/photo. 6509 ☒ ☐

Passionate About Life—Bright, attractive, slim professional woman, 49, with style, warmth and playful spirit, is ready to fall in love for the last time. Seeks sincere, successful, nice guy (50-62) to treasure. Nonsmoker, please. 6535 ☒ ☐

Caring CT PhD—Mid 60s, humorous, bald, Catholic, fit, into travel, cooking, gardening, walking, dancing, theater. Are you bright, honest, attractive, spiritual, classy/special? Letter/photo. 6479 ☒ ☐

Entertainment Business Professional—38-year-old Jewish male - world traveler, extremely interested in music, film and sports. Looking to meet Jewish female, 25-35, for friendship and possibly more. Manhattan resident preferred. 6468 ☒ ☐

Sassy Redhead—With sensational looks and an engaging mind, seeks versatile businessman, 50 plus, who's grounded and wants to meet his match. 6526 ☒ ☐

Physician, 61, Seeks Woman—We're healthy, happy, helpful, have sense of humor, love hugging. 6510 ☒ ☐

Can't Play Forever—40s male, world traveler, arbitrager, filmmaker, educator, seeks fit, attractive, secure, positive, intelligent 30s female - fun and serious stuff. Note/pic to: POB 1011, NYC 10023

SEND

**A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:**

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Charismatic, Sincere, Very Handsome—Professional male, 36, 6', blond, blue eyes, muscular, educated, romantic, financially secure, sense of humor. Interests: travel, dining, tennis, music, friends/family. Seeking attractive, trim female with similar chemistry. Note/photo/phone. 6465 ☒ ☐

Cat Wants Dog—Loyal, affectionate, bright, her own. This pretty, fashionable, seductive professional, very private feline (blond, blue eyes, 5'2", 100 lbs), will treat him real well... Dreaming of a South American... Be over 49. Photo. POB 160, Murray Hill Station, NY 10156

Well-Bred, Pretty MD—36, 5'5", 105, sexy shape, traditional values, no kids, seeks attractive, kind, accomplished, well-bred university grad, 30s-40s. Argentinean of Irish/German extraction, visits US very often - open to relocating. Photo/fax number. 6568 ☒ ☐

Full Of Life—Professional female seeks nonreligious Jewish MD/DDs, 45-58, to love, honor and cherish. 6480 ☒ ☐

Lovable Guy, 40s—Enjoys career, art, music, cinema, cooking, humor as much as making life dynamic. Seeks upbeat woman. Respond in most comfortable way to: 6498 ☒ ☐

Gentleman, 43, 6'2"—Nice-looking, slim. Seeks a professional, contemporary, slender Jewish woman, 35-39, settled with old-fashioned values, sophisticated yet earthy, capacity to appreciate a nice guy. Passionate for laughter, cooking, dancing and life. Optimistic and a communicator. Ready for honest and committed relationship. Note/photo, please. 6557 ☒ ☐

Joie De Vivre—A must. Widowed female, 50s, foreign-born, very attractive, seeks friend/mate up to very young 70, to share theater, London, museums, Neruda. Note with phone appreciated. 6406 ☒ ☐

Five-Figure Reward Offered—To the person who can make a match between this nifty 50s woman and a man, 60-65, with brains and humor. 6533 ☒ ☐

NYC, Brown-Eyed, Pretty—Single, 33, 5'1", Spanish female - sincere, warm-hearted, fit and grounded. Seeks handsome, professional man, 33-39, easygoing, secure and fit. Note/photo. 6559 ☒ ☐

Retired Publishing Executive—Jewish, 50s, seeks lady to travel the highways and bi-ways of America. Loves Nantucket, egg creams and kosher delis. 6578 ☒ ☐

Summer With Me In Southampton—Knockout Wall Street exec - 5'8", sophisticated brunette, great legs; fit and fun, seeks refined, 40-55, successful Manhattan exec of comparable interests, for marriage. 6527 ☒

Striking, Black-Haired, Hazel-Eyed—Professional female, 39, 5'5", slim, athletic, educated and quick-witted - searching for 35-plus, fit, confident professional male with a great wit and a good heart, who'll love both me and my dog. Note/photo. 6517 ☒

Neither Bashful Nor Brazen—This attractive, professional, stately and shapely blond lady in 60s, seeks "doctor, lawyer, Indian chief"...a cultured, sophisticated man, 55 plus. My residences are in NYC and Berkshires. 6457 ☒ ☐

Leggy, Playful, Pretty Lady—Fun, sensual, sultry, single Jewish female, 36", seeking dynamic, kind, romantic, fit, single/divorced male, 38-50. 6516 ☒ ☐

Beauty—39, Ivy-educated, likes skiing, sailing - seeks successful man for serious relationship, 40-55. Photo/bio. 6570 ☒ ☐

Let's Play Together—Gently sparkling, sultry, savvy, green-eyed, (212) writer/creative director - easy to look at and love. Ready to cherish a caring, secure, non-smoking, health/marriage-minded mensch, 45-60ish. Note/photo/phone. 6552 ☒ ☐

Beautiful Blue-Eyed Brunette—Kindhearted and caring, 36, shapely, single, white Jewish female, highly educated, seeking a Jewish professional, sincere, easygoing, serious-minded male (33-46) who's looking for a meaningful relationship with someone special. Manhattan/northern Jersey area preferred. Phone response is necessary. 6488 ☒ ☐

I Have It All - Almost—Divorced, 36, attractive, athletic, 5'2", 115 lbs, bright, perceptive, professional, confident mom of two (7 and 9), who can handle a racquet and a club, seeks handsome, successful, educated man, 35-50, to complete the picture. Note/photo/phone. 6558 ☒ ☐

Bright, Attractive, Italian—Professional lady, 43. Lover of sports, the beach, travel, museums. Healthy attitude. Seeks counterpart for monogamous relationship, age 42-52. 6513 ☒ ☐

LI Woman—Tall, attractive, 49, professional, Christian. Aims for physical, emotional and spiritual fitness. Enjoys theater, jazz, doo-wop, city lights and stillness of nature, togetherness and solitude. Looking for a regular guy with good sense of humor, early 40s-55, financially secure, unpretentious with spiritual values, to share and enhance each other and the joy of living. Drug/alcohol/smoke-free. 6521 ☒ ☐

Wants It All Now—NYC, LI doctor, 6', fit, blue eyes, 50ish, seeks soft-spoken, slim lady (size 4-7) who believes in chemistry, commitment, forever(?). NYC/Queens/LI only. Photo, please. 6482 ☒

Attractive, Fun-Loving Gay Female—31, 5'6", slim, outgoing and successful. I enjoy adventure and new experiences. Looking for an intelligent, feminine counterpart to share time with me. 6435 ☒

Jewish Male—44, athletic, not religious. Seeks petite woman, 29-40. NJ. 6551 ☒ ☐

Gay Man—Early 40s, fit and good-looking, with successful creative career... enjoys art, jazz, the beach and good food. Seeks gentleman who takes good care of himself, has friends and family, and generally has a life. Photo and note. 6449 ☒

Sensual, Sweet And Snuggly—Feminine, attractive, intelligent professional, 36, brown hair and beautiful eyes, looking for a best friend and lover. I enjoy traveling, the arts, restaurants, Disney World! Looking for an attractive professional, nonsmoking male, 30-43, who is fun and funny. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 6528 ☒

Naughty-Nice—Affectionate beach guy, trim 5'7", white, divorced, seeks warm, curvy babe, 40s, to love. Photo. 6519 ☒

Blond Beauty—Child of the '60s, Jewish, jazz dancer, entrepreneur, seeks primitive yet cool gentleman. Photo a must. 6464 ☒

Heartaches Cured—Cardiologist, 43, tall, slim, Pierce Brosnan type, jazz pianist, tennis champ, author, MBA, successful, sincere gentleman with high moral values, Catholic. Seeking marriage-minded lady. Note/photo. 6540 ☒

Loverboy—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 49, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 6490 ☒

It's Time—We found each other! Warm, compassionate, professional, pretty Jewish female - 39, 5'5", brunette. Values family and friends; enjoys travel, biking, skiing, rock music, quiet evenings at home. Seeks down-to-earth, emotionally secure professional man, 34-49, with integrity, sense of humor - ready for a relationship leading to marriage, family and to share all that life has to offer. Note/photo. 6563 ☒ ☐

Attractive Professional Gentleman—47, needs bright lady to love. 6434 ☒

Gay White Male, 35, Blond—6', attractive, athletic build, warm and caring. Professional chef, challenging schedule. I love music, theater, athletic activities and lots more. I seek a warm, sincere man my age, who speaks my heart's language and takes my breath away. Are you out there and ready for a substantive relationship? Note and photo, please. 6496 ☒

Very Successful Businessman—Wishes to fall in love with a pretty and fit Jewish lady, 38-45, nonsmoker, successful, educated, with both feet on the ground, who is financially independent and emotionally secure and enjoys the finer things of life. I am of European background, financially and emotionally secure, and have many diverse interests such as travel, skiing, fine art, etc. If you have similar interests, I look forward to hearing from you. Note/photo, please. 6501 ☒

Uncle Needed—For my incredible, beautiful, caring, professional, smart Jewish aunt (late 30s). Requesting an active, warm, generous, successful professional Jewish male, late 30s-mid 40s, to make my aunt laugh when I am not there. NY/NJ. Please send note/photo. 6474 ☒

All The Good Ones Aren't Taken—I am a bright, attractive, warm and outgoing, Jewish professional female, 34, with sincerity, wit and style. I'll put you at ease and make you feel right at home. You'll find me romantic, passionate and an easy conversationalist. An NJ resident (with an ocean view to boot), I would like to meet a professional Jewish male, 32-40, who is intelligent, genuine, attractive, sensitive, fun-loving and communicative. If you have a love of life, plenty of room for love, desire marriage and children, and want proof that all the good ones aren't taken, let me know. Note/photo essential. NJ/NY. 6462 ☒ ☐

HOMEcoming QUEEN/CEO

And recently voted entrepreneur of the year by a national magazine. One of a kind. Beautiful, tall, very athletic, sexy, bright, and charismatic, now in her 30's, she happily passed along the crown and built a successful business that employs hundreds of people. Elegant, yet down to earth she possesses a high energy and a pervasive curiosity. She describes herself as a woman who loves to laugh, hates to cry and is forever optimistic. The partner she seeks is exciting, successful, of good mind and wit. Ounce for ounce her equal. If you are that person, Call us;

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Cosmopolitan, Slim Manhattan Lady—Financially secure, seeks soul mate, 60 plus, with joie de vivre. 6534 ☒

Gentleman, Mid 40s—Healthy nonsmoker, very successful, living idyllic country life in Bedford horse country. Seeks attractive city/country gal for the best of both worlds. Divorced, no children or unusual baggage. Friends first, then let's see. Recent photo a must. 6575 ☒

Pretty, Vivacious LI Brunette—Seeking fun-loving, sensitive, sincere, warmhearted, single Jewish male, 48-60, who enjoys golf, movies, theater, travel, dining and a good woman. 6467 ☒ ☐

Attractive, Fun-Loving, Creative—Woman enjoys nature, tennis, movies, art, travel, seeks open, energetic, late 50ish-60s man. 6529 ☒

Scarsdale Mom—36, 5'7", son (8). Seeks caring Jewish man, to 43. 6197 ☒

Handsome, Passionate—Professional male, 39, 5'11", 160 lbs, dark features, educated and adventurous - loves art, music, travel, culture and the outdoors. Seeks bright, sensitive and loving female, 26-36, with big heart and open mind, for fun, romance and hopefully more. Photo, please - will exchange. 6458 ☒

Renovating My Apartment—So why not the rest of my life? Very handsome and fit, successful professional male, seeks pretty and witty partner in crime. I am 40, 5'8", athletic, Jewish (nonreligious), real hair. Live and work in NYC. Enjoy music, movies, skiing, dining and working out, etc. 6573 ☒ ☐

Great Gay Guy—55, who wears his heart on his sleeve, is looking for a long-term relationship with spontaneous, intelligent, fun, fit fella, to share the best of everything. 6576 ☒

Young And Very Attractive—Desirable, sincere female, 27, 5'5", slim, European background. Seeking successful, handsome, intelligent man, 30-40. We can complete each other. 6544 ☒

Businessman—Jewish, 45, likes theater, movies, travel, dancing, sunsets. Seeks caring woman, 30-39, not a time waster, marriage-minded. Photo/phone. 6493 ☒

I'm All That—Female, 36, Jewish, NYC, seeks male equal and then some. 6514 ☒ ☐

The Hills Are Alive!—Have and am a steadfast sedan (3x7 not 7x24); yearn to also ride and be a mount'n bike. Attractive, degreed, unconventional male, medium build, 55, seeks steady female with the right stuff, likewise put-off by promiscuity. Object: keen knowing and being known via personal exploration, not going "out" and doing "things" together. 6443 ☒

From An Exotic World—Latin, 50, European descent - comes from an educated family. Financially secure, wonderful hostess, very attractive, feminine, petite, classy, sophisticated. Wide culture, well-traveled, loving, bright, traditional values, good conversation. Wide interests: all the arts, gardening, science, nature, animals, wood-working, art festivals, foreign travel, flea markets, antique shops, home projects. Relocating in '98. Looking for a man, marriage-minded, of equal standing. Photo. 6471 ☒

Me: Beverly Hills Model—Attorney/investor - stunning, chic, slim, leggy, long blond hair, dazzling smile, witty, multi-degreed, often in NY. Love arts, film, theater, travel, restaurants, horses, symphony, cabarets. You: tall, lean, elegant dresser, clean-shaven, prominent Patrician, cultured, well-heeled, generous, refined, bicoastal a plus, 40-65. 6506 ☒ ☐

Looking For My Soul Man—Attractive, blue-eyed blond, 44, looking for her mate. He is tall, attractive, successful, 44-55, and friendly. 6505 ☒ ☐

Sane, Sincere, Fit, Unpretentious—Marriage-minded Jewish MD, 46, 5'7", 150 lbs - enjoys movies, reading, art, jogging. Seeks smart, pretty, slender, professional, unencumbered woman, 28-43. Photo/phone. 6470 ☒ ☐

Pretty, Clever, Caring Blond Lawyer—(Divorced mom), seeks intelligent, successful, attractive, altruistic man, 35-45, who loves kids and dogs. Photo/phone. 6483 ☒ ☐

Special Package—Jewish widow, 66, slim, attractive, fun, easygoing, family-oriented, secure, seeks warm, sincere male counterpart. Lives in NJ and FL. 6515 ☒

Gay Woman Seeks Gay Man—Warm professional female, 41, elegant, very attractive, seeks sincere, successful, kind, marriage-minded gay man. 6499 ☒ ☐

NEW YORK
MAGAZINE
"Strictly Personals"
presents

SINGLES NIGHT ON BROADWAY

Join us Thursday, June 5th and experience
"The Best of All Possible Worlds"



Evening includes
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**MARTINI'S
RESTAURANT**
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Very Attractive, Passionate, Loving—Latina, 29, seeks loving, understanding, cultured, sophisticated but down-to-earth, marriage-minded, successful European/white male, 30-45. Note/photo. 6571 ☐

Vegetarian—Jewish male, 34, 5'10", computer professional - enjoys theater, museums, travel, loves animals and kids. Seeks fun-loving female, 25-34. Note and photo appreciated. 6484 ☐

Handsome, Athletic, Successful—33-year-old, 5'10", 165 lb white male who loves sports and travel, seeks adorable, kind lady, 27-33, to share lots of fun and great times. Note/photo, please. 6538 ☐

Classy, Large-Sized Ebony Beauty—Seeks male, any race, any age. 6439 ☐

Standout—Beautiful blue-eyed blond, Jewish woman, 5'6", thin, sweet. Interests: cyber to scuba. Seeks outstanding Jewish man, 34-42, nonsmoker. Photo. 6466 ☐

Wanted—Special man, 40-55, to share life's joys with a smart, slim, shapely 50s woman. 6447 ☐

Circle This One—Marriage-minded Jewish male, 44, tall, well-built, teacher - enjoys children, travel and nature. Looking for serious relationship with female, 30-39, with affinity for fun. 6446 ☐

Pretty Blond—Divorced Jewish professional, 52, sweet, slender, seeks non-smoking, tall, loving man to enjoy music, opera, movies, art, travel, cooking and cuddling, 48-65. Photo, please. 6469 ☐

Not Bad-Looking—Sincere, marriage-minded attorney, Jewish male, 35, 5'11", 185 - enjoys bicycling, rollerblading, skiing, travel, music. Seeks slim, attractive female to share all life has to offer. Note/photo/phone. 6550 ☐

Have We Exchanged Glances?—Affectionate, sincere, down-to-earth, educated, fun(ny), fit, handsome Jewish male, 31, 5'7", professional, lived in Europe and Asia. Speaks English and French. Enjoys photography and visual arts, hiking, food, friends, etc. Seeks female soul mate. Note/photo. 6492 ☐

Sophisticated, Slim, Sexy—Jewish, 37-year-old MD, nonsmoker, seeks intelligent, successful, witty, warm male to settle down and start a family. Photo preferred. 6477 ☐

European, Brainy Blue-Eyed Blond—I'm in my 40s, seeking a sophisticated, intelligent and sincere, professional black male, 40-55, for a lasting relationship. Nonsmoker. Note/photo appreciated. 6497 ☐

Great Man Sought—With a love of Israel and for a terrific Jewish woman. Appealing, accomplished, fun, dynamic, adventurous guy for a very attractive, petite bombshell, 38, with professional/philanthropic lifestyle. Note/photo/phone. 6577 ☐

LI Gal—Warm, creative, down-to-earth, very pretty, 39, Jewish, divorced - seeks male counterpart, 5'10" plus, 35-48, nonsmoker. Must love dogs! Photo. 6442 ☐

Hit The Jackpot—Incurable romantic, enjoys travel, laughter, theater and golf. If you're a special, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman, 43-55, let's talk. Photo. 6503 ☐

No Broken Promises—Alluring brunette, 5'5", great figure, warmth, brains and charm, seeks intelligent, fit, divorced male, 40-early 50s, who knows who he is, where he's going and desires a meaningful relationship all the way. Photo. 6548 ☐

Too-Shy Guy—But a nice one - 35, Irish-Catholic professional, kind, honest. Enjoys family, skiing and NYC. Still looking for that special someone. Note/photo. 6459 ☐

Vibrant Redheaded Skier—Sexy, slim white female, mid 30s, seeks sincere, secure, white, marriage-minded male, 32-45, to enjoy life with. Note/photo. 6549 ☐

Warm, Compassionate, Pretty—36, academic MD, slim, Jewish and fit, would like to meet an attractive, intelligent, caring man who is interested in friendship, partnership, and building a family and home. Photo appreciated. 6512 ☐

Former Jeopardy Contestant—Twist contest winner and delectable eye-fel, seeks confident, attractive, funny, 50ish, financially secure, affectionate other half. Must have all your teeth. Photo please. 6461 ☐

Tall, Dark, Pretty, Slender—And athletic, 37-year-old professional, seeks tall, handsome, accomplished, athletic, capable, fun guy. A mensch, please. Photo/note. 6530 ☐

Blue-Eyed Brunette—Editor, singer, student of the city, baby boomer, slim and pretty; seeks nonsmoking single man, 45-60, who likes classical music and cats, for companionship, affection, fun. Photo, please. 6453 ☐

Chief Executive—Tall, athletic, late 40s, very successful, very romantic, generous - enjoys fine dining, theater, sports and lots of travel. Seeks romantic, affectionate, beautiful, slim, shapely lady, 25-40, for serious and fun relationship. Photo/phone. 6451 ☐

White Male, 46, MBA/JD—Spiritually/financially/physically fit, open and honest, fun, caring, sharing and intelligent. Seeks same in lifetime female partner. All inquiries are welcome. 6545 ☐

Handsome CT Gentleman—55, seeks soul mate. Let's go 50/50. Photo. 6562 ☐

30-Year-Old, Single White Female—Physician, truly beautiful, refined, romantic, feminine, physically fit, 5'8", 132 lbs, with multiple interests (theater, classical music, playing piano, skiing...), is looking to meet that special man who is attractive, intelligent, successful, warm and caring. Photo/note. 6444 ☐

Fully Energized NJ Executive—Turns 50 this year, looks 40ish, white, 190 lbs, 5'10", seeks caring, successful woman, 35-45, to share spring, summer, fall, winter. Must love chocolate/wine. 6448 ☐

Huggable—Tall, athletic, successful, Jewish professional man, 48, handsome, good sense of humor, seeks lady, 36-49, very bright, sense of humor, attractive, thin to average, who feels communication is essential for a close relationship and who enjoys good conversation, music, tennis, ballet, drives in the country, doing Saturday errands together and just hanging out. Photo/phone/note. 6546 ☐

SEND A WRITTEN RESPONSE Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Lively, Petite, Retired Teacher—Would like to share her good life with educated gentleman, mid 60s. Plays golf, tennis, bridge. LI. 6574 ☐

Jewish Male, 42—Investor, seeks sweet, adorable, petite female, 30-42. 6561 ☐

Easygoing, Romantic—Single Jewish male, 46. No past marriages, no children, just regrets. Equipped with love handles, mustache, balding top and a non-traditional view of the world. Nice guy looking for a down-to-earth babe. Please be Jewish, nonsmoker, 36-43, and enjoy US travel (long hair a plus). 6524 ☐

Still Sweet—At 40 - slim, pretty, green-eyed brunette, playful, vulnerable, literate and curious for more. Seeks a scholarly sports fan who loves good conversation, occasionally loses himself in great rock 'n' roll, and can rip the phone book in half with his bare hands... Actually, a kind heart is enough. 6522 ☐

Best Market Value—Detached Jewish female in prime area. Stable foundation, newly refinished blue-eyed blond, 35 years. Fully equipped with personality, humor and sensitivity. Furnished with success, love of animals and quiet romantic evenings. Best offer. Spacious rooms to be filled with laughter, love and warmth. Act now. Limited time offering. Truly a steal. Serious offers only from responsible, fabulous Jewish man, 35-45, with terrific sense of humor. Photo/note please. 6525 ☐

A Genuine Quality Jewish Man—40s, self-employed, athletic, versatile, a good listener/communicator. Photo/note. 6507 ☐

Handsome, Athletic Professional—Single white male, 37, 5'9", 170 lbs, loves jazz, travel, working out. Seeks sensuous, sophisticated lady, late 20s-mid 30s, for serious relationship. Photo a must. 6455 ☐

Lovely LI Lady—Looking for special mensch, 50 plus. My interests are theater, arts, music, tennis. What's yours? 6553 ☐

Elegant Christian Blond—Journalist, warm, late 30s, seeks traditional gentleman for a lasting marriage. 6495 ☐

Single White Female, NJ—50, slightly full-figured, with interests from Yankees to theater, looking for a great guy. 6419 ☐

Ellen Seeking Anne—Retired professional has it all except that special 50 plus, adventurous, fit, intelligent, caring woman to share life's bounties. 6494 ☐

My Golden Retriever And I—Have decided to place this ad. This very intelligent, creative female professional, 38, enjoys reading, learning, exploring, gardening, golf, quiet times. He enjoys long walks and playing ball. We seek a best friend for life: an intelligent, kind, sincere multifaceted man of substance to share with us the many simple pleasures of this complex world. Note/photo please. 6500 ☐

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

heirpin—the fastener for a diaper.

Halston Purina—designer dog food popular in the seventies.

Hisspanic—the speech pattern of Barfelona.

horrorscope—when the moon is in the seventh house and Listerine aligns with Mars.

Above, H Neology. Competitors are invited to invent and define (briefly) one word beginning with the letter **H**.

Results of Competition 879, in which you were asked to devise and describe best-selling books.

Report: So, the thing of it is, we asked for, like, you know, best-sellers. Commercial. Faddy. Trendish. As a consequence, these topics: Lose Weight. Gain Self-Esteem. Spies. Space. Cooking. Food. Cooking Food. Cyberantics. Scandalbios. Starnovels. Surviving Today's Economy. Multiple Murders. And, Relationships. Oh, God. If you take our meaning. And we see that you do.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

SMOKE AND MIRRORS—Grand larceny at a Los Angeles cigar bar.
Steve Walsh, Kissimmee, Fla.

PRIDE AND SENSIBILITY—A novel by A. Ripley, author of *Scarlett*.
Melinda Kevis, Kansas City, Mo.

GATES' HEAVEN—Peaceful aliens come to Earth and order billions of PCs.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

MIDNIGHT IN THE GARBAGE OF GOOD AND EVIL—A *National Enquirer* reporter tells all.
T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

HOOP SKIRT—Biography of a transexual basketball player.
Taki Damaskos, Bristol, R.I.

And Honorable Mention to:

LUCKY DUCK—The Julia Ormond Story.
Ivy Stroud, Salem, Ore.
sp. ment.: Kenneth Levine, Washington, D.C.

I WAS ATTILA THE HUN—The cruel conqueror tells his life story.
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

RETURN TO SENDER—The Graceland Diet.
Scott McLoughlin, San Diego, Calif.

GET READY TO PROFIT FROM COMPUTER SNAFUS IN THE YEAR 2000. How your 101-year-old toddler can collect Social Security.
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.
sp. ment.: Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.; John Buchin, West Hollywood, Calif.

SAY CHEESE—Diet fondue recipes.
Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

THE CHICKEN LITTLE SYNDROME—How to panic markets and reap the benefits of selling short.
Dorothea Scher, N.Y.C.

CRUISE CONTROL—A screen idol's career is destroyed when he marries a dominatrix.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

MARION: MAN OR WOMAN?—Two people with the same name meet and marry.
Marion R. Hays, Milwaukee, Wisc.

"HOW'M I DRESSIN'?"—The Rudy Giuliani Paper Doll Book. The old gray mayor, he ain't what he used to be.
CeCe Trachy, Westfield, Mass.

LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION—The saga of a retailing family with a large inventory of human frailties.
John Faxon, San Antonio, Tex.

NOT EVEN A MOUSE—An army of robot cats invades New York.
Helene Davis, Somerville, Mass.

THE NAME BELOW THE TITLE—Adventures of a Hollywood featured player.
Edwin P. Rapport, Shaker Heights, Ohio

FUTURE FACE—Makeup tips for the twenty-first century.
Ruth Machover, N.Y.C.

AUTOEROTICS FOR DUMMIES—A manual.
N. Kuperberg, N.Y.C.

WEBSITE UNSEEN, or The Case of the Disappearing Home Page.
Fred Buffa, Staten Island

AL FRANKEN IS A COMMIE PINKO WIMP—Rush Limbaugh strikes back.
Carly Mary Cady, North Hollywood, Calif.

THE TURNER DAIRIES—Militia members infiltrate farm co-ops in Wisconsin and threaten the nation's milk supply.
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

WHILE ARKANSAS SLEEPS—Stephen Spender's novel based upon the life of David Leavitt.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

TRAIN SPOTTING—A Man's Illustrated Guide to Bridal Fashions.
Lucy Oblonsky, Middle Island, N.Y.

HIP-HOP WITH THE BARD—Gangsta rap meets Shakespeare. Vol. 1: *Measure 2 Measure*.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT—The making of a golf star.
Wendy Gottlieb, New Haven, Conn.

DICK SPOTS JANE—A pop-up primer.
Mary Olson, Springfield, Va.

A MORTALITY TABLE FOR TWO, PLEASE—An actuary stumbles on evidence that the insurance industry controls Wall Street and the White House.
Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

MOBY QUICK—Melville's classic reduced to haiku. From the publishers of Bible Bytes.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

A GARMENT BAG FULL OF TROUBLE—A novel by Robert Kardashian.
Andy Gordon, West Hollywood, Calif.

RICH AGAIN—How to tap the wealth you accumulated in past lives.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

THE AIRLINE-MILE DIET BOOK—How to earn frequent-flyer credit for each pound you take off.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

JAVA SCRIPT—Prequel and sequel to the television-soap-opera saga featuring woman, boyfriend, ex-husband, and Taster's Choice.
Alice K. Juda, Kingston, R.I.

Z IS FOR Z-Z-Z-Z—Aging author nods off in this, her final mystery.
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.
sp. ment.: Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richey, Fla.

BEANIE BABY MYSTERIES—The first in the kids' series, starring detective Inky the Octopus.
Marc D. Feldman, M.D., Birmingham, Ala.

FENG SHUI FOR DUMMIES—Simple steps to interior bliss.
Josh Silber, Port Washington, N.Y.

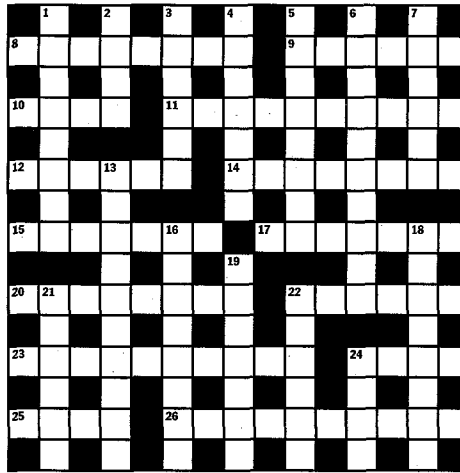
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Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 882, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by May 23. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the June 23–30 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 8 Quarter back priest's objectively immaterial identity. (8)
 9 Insubstantial, I agree. (6)
 10,24 Left blade in Texas? (4,4)
 11 Revolutionary stomachs return of fenny snake. (5,5)
 12 Was first called. (6)
 14 Sines curve? Very much so (when wearing a suit?). (2,6)
 15 See 20.
 17 Prophet's place of prayer? (7)
 20,15 Mum in no. 1 tailback where the Intercity stops. (4,4,7)
 22 See 25.
 23 Plumber, not so thin. (10)
 24 See 10.
 25,22 Mud in rotten tree by Roman road. (6,6)
 26 Irresponsible adventure—cease trading. (8)



DOWN

- 1 Cooking the roast affects resistance. (8)
 2 Barrie's pirate saying who he is? (4)
 3 Long ago counselled poor Davies (till black in the face?) (6)
 4 No chemicals wanted in cargo? (7)
 5 I'm a spy, so change conferences. (8)
 6 Bad lad in shelter from tough jobs in prison. (4,6)
 7 Goddess of 19 26. (6)
 13 Job of classical professor at a distance in study: could join Mensa? (5,5)
 16 Frank holds dim upper-class characters in drug scene. (5,3)
 18 Green stones for red males. (8)
 19 It's un-Christian to put the bird on the fire. (7)
 21 Sheltered in the British manner. (1,1'4)
 22 Tidy tree. (6)
 24 Enclosure for a month. (4)

'Manhattan Movies': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Cocktail-party tidbit
 7 One-celled animal
 12 Ali opponent of the '70s
 18 Like Schoenberg music
 19 One sporting clothing
 21 Hall of TV
 23 Manhattan movie, 1961
 25 Manhattan movie, 1937
 26 Murrow's "—Now"
 27 Middle of a simile
 28 Droughty
 30 Word for Willie Winkie
 31 Circus gymnasts
 36 "— I cared!"
 38 Big hit
 41 Manhattan movie, 1969
 47 Enlist in
 48 Taproom order
 50 External
 51 Corrida hero
 52 Meal-end words to baby
 54 33rd pres.
 55 Carp at
 57 Dissuade
 58 Manhattan movie, 1948
 60 Traits of a culture
 62 Cranny's go-with
 63 Law, in Lyon
 64 Cider source
 67 Rarer than rare
 69 Forerunner of the C.I.A.
 70 Manhattan movie, 1967
 75 Henry V, as prince
 77 More S. than E.
 78 "Here's looking —, kid!"
 79 Before: prefix
 80 Panache
 82 Blue-winged ducks
 85 Manhattan movie, 1949
 90 Also known as
 92 —Star Pictures
 93 Kind of boiler
 95 Social caller
 96 Gaucho's home
 98 Fourth deadly sin
 100 Longest Swiss river
 101 Director Wertmuller
 102 Manhattan movie, 1945

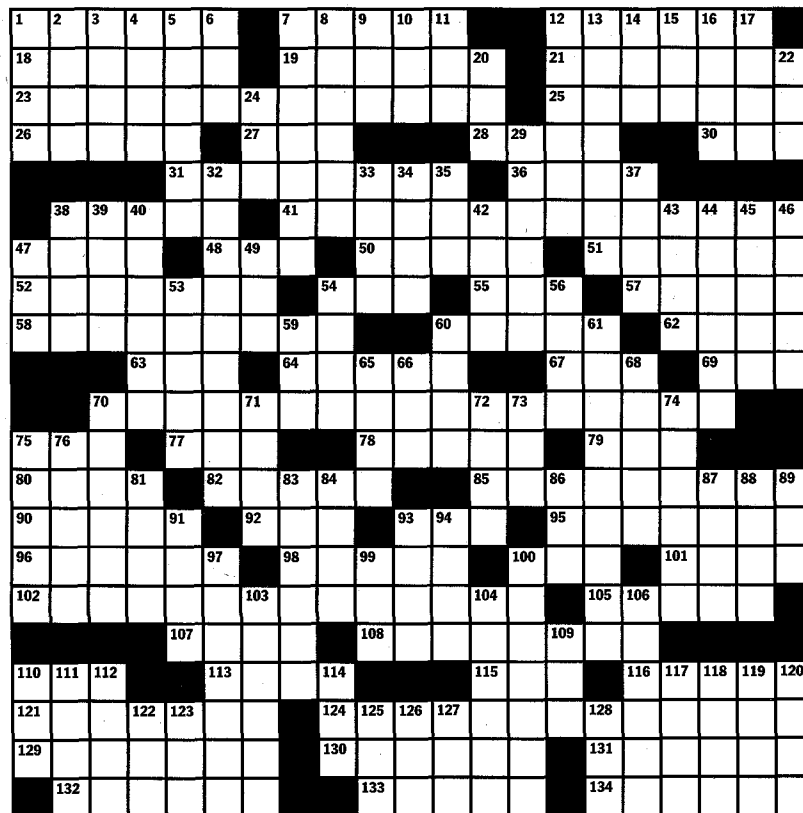
- 105 Standing straight
 107 Workplace-safety agcy.
 108 Transmit video
 110 Waikiki instrument, familiarly
 113 Vexes
 115 Wasn't colorfast
 116 Famine's opposite
 121 Manhattan movie, 1973
 124 Manhattan movie, 1957 (with "The")
 129 Sleeve feature
 130 Not comic
 131 Old Greek malls
 132 Lyndon Johnson's middle name

- 133 "Grand Canyon Suite" composer Grofé
 134 Certain races

DOWN

- 1 Crow conversation
 2 Fits to —
 3 It smells
 4 Opposed
 5 Ristorante servings
 6 New Haven undergrad
 7 Wondrous
 8 Minnesota range
 9 Urging from the cook
 10 Sis's sibling
 11 — Lingus
 12 No humanitarian
 13 Foretell
 14 "The Lady — Tramp"
 15 One of the Beattys
 16 Was acquainted with
 17 Trigonometry function
 20 Scandinavian rug
 22 Keats form
 24 — es Salaam, capital of Tanzania
 29 Having ardent college spirit
 32 Most risky
 33 Hubbubs
 34 Hardware screw-in
 35 Mind the kids
 37 Vittles
 38 By herself
 39 Morning delivery

- 40 Jessica portrayer
 42 Courteous chap
 43 Small songbird
 44 Got (oneself) to go
 45 Some layered cookies
 46 Michael and Susannah
 47 Painter Vermeer
 49 Floral necklace
 53 Airwick targets
 54 Nurse's needle, for short
 56 Quayle's successor
 59 Chinese philosophy
 60 Start of a choosing chant
 61 September birthstones
 65 School-support gps.
 66 On, as a lamp
 68 Merchandise
 70 Vivian of "Guys and Dolls"
 71 Chiroprodists' concerns
 72 Short horn blast
 73 Attila was one
 74 Do over the bathroom
 75 Valentine shape
 76 Abdul's Almighty
 81 Salt, chemically
 83 South American Indian
 84 Queue
 86 1933 power project: abbr.
 87 Pertaining to the ear
 88 Will not, contracted
 89 Gun org.
 91 Scat!
 93 Pom's acquaintance
 94 Pitcher Hershiser
 97 Little bone
 99 Obtain
 100 Move forward
 103 Pangs
 104 Sea nymph
 106 Sanctuary
 109 Bankbkk. entry
 110 "For unto — child is born"
 111 Sidewalk edge, British style
 112 Calderon or Bombeck
 114 Promoted cpl.
 117 Chemical ending
 118 City of a famed tomb
 119 Assassinate
 120 D'Urberville girl
 122 Honor-society letter
 123 Charged atom
 125 Greeting from Sandy
 126 "Norma —"
 127 Dept. head
 128 Kin of a bottle



No doubt about it.
You can switch
down to
lower tar and enjoy
the taste.

Really, truly yes!



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